

MY LIFE

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ALEXANDRE GRETCHANINOFF

MY LIFE

*Introduction and Translation
by Nicolas Slonimsky*

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Dedicated to Friends of My Music

FOREWORD

I AM NOT one of those fortunate people whose path of life is strewn with roses. From the very first I had to undergo a struggle with my father who did not want me to become a musician. Later, at the Conservatory, some of my teachers said I lacked talent. Even when I was well along in my career I had no support from great musicians who were my contemporaries. I must admit that the cause of this was my insurmountable shyness. I always imagined that my company was tedious and uninteresting to others, and so I avoided seeing people.

Even in my own soul I doubted myself. Was I sufficiently gifted, I wondered, to achieve success in life as a creative artist? There are so many composers in the world. They are here today; and tomorrow they are forgotten. I did not want to be one of them; I would rather have resigned myself forever to being a teacher, and settled for that. Such moods, fortunately, were not of long duration. Life without creative activity always seemed meaningless to me; besides, nothing could have repressed my creative urge.

Years passed, and I became more and more determined than ever to follow my true calling, and I began to see in it a vital duty. The performance of this duty has been arduous at times, but it has been immeasurably joyful and happy, as rarely befalls the lot of mortal man. My memoirs, written for friends of my music, reflect these varying aspects of my life.

ALEXANDRE GRETCHANINOFF

CONTENTS

GRETCHANINOFF AND THE MUSIC OF RUSSIA

by Nicolas Slonimsky. 1

I MY PARENTAL HOME

My father prospers in business — My mother, her friends, and her passion for card games — Our journeys to the Holy Places — Death of a little brother — My street accident — My school days — I have difficulties with language courses — I save my lunch money to buy a guitar — I learn to play piano 7

II DECISIVE MOMENT IN MY LIFE

My brother falls in love and marries despite the opposition of both families — I take piano lessons with my sister-in-law—I leave school and go to the Moscow Conservatory against my fathers will — My mother secretly pays for my tuition by selling extra milk given by the family cow — My gratitude to the cow . . 15

III THE MOSCOW CONSERVATORY

Piano studies with Professor Kashkin — I attend symphony concerts — My first public appearance at a students' concert, with disastrous results—My summer jobs as a piano teacher — I am in danger when my horse runs wild — I join the Conservatory chorus — Liszt's oratorio St. Elizabeth produces a great impression on me — I hear the historical concerts of Anton Rubinstein — I shake hands with Tchaikovsky . 18

IV PROMOTION TO GRADUATE COURSES

I leave Kashkin and go to Safonov who discourages me as a pianist and advises me to study composition—

My study with Taneyev and Arensky — I compose my Opus 1, Lullaby, which later becomes very popular, but Taneyev shows little interest in it—Arensky makes me rewrite my fugue several times—My violent quarrel with him — I leave the Moscow Conservatory . . . 26

V BETWEEN TWO CONSERVATORIES

My first published works — I show my song to the celebrated tenor Figner — He promises to sing it, but does not keep his promise — My Cherubic Hymn is scheduled for performance in a church, but is taken off the program—I despair of becoming a composer . . . 31

VI ST. PETERSBURG CONSERVATORY

I go to St. Petersburg carrying Safonov's letter of introduction to Rimsky-Korsakov, who accepts me as a pupil, and gives me a scholarship — Anton Rubinstein visits the choral class — My hope that he would hear my composition is not fulfilled — Rimsky-Korsakov's informal way of teaching — He approves of my compositions — My friend Cymbal recommends me as a teacher in a wealthy family — Vera Ivanovna Röhrberg — Our love is put on probation by her father — I am heartbroken because of a misunderstanding when my letter to her is not answered — Our marriage, with Rimsky-Korsakov as best man — Our summers in Pavlovsk, where I attend symphony concerts 35

VII MY FIRST SUCCESSES

My overture is performed at a symphony concert in Pavlovsk — My graduation from the Conservatory — I conduct my examination cantata at a public concert—Music critics, who are opposed to the Russian National School, rebuke my composition 45

VIII BEGINNING OF INDEPENDENT WORK

My summers on the Volga — Financial difficulties — I vainly try to get pupils in St. Petersburg — I hear

Tchaikovsky conduct his Sixth Symphony—Epidemic of cholera — Tchaikovsky's death and funeral — I write an Elegy in his memory, but the music does not satisfy me, and I destroy the manuscript — I submit my First String Quartet for the Belaieff competition, and begin work on a symphony 47

IX MY FIRST SYMPHONY

Rimsky-Korsakov conducts my Symphony in St. Petersburg — My choral work North and South is performed by Becker's chorus — I visit Cesar Cui and frankly criticize his attitude towards young composers . 53

X I BEGIN TO WRITE AN OPERA

I study Old Russian epics for the libretto of my opera Dobrinya Nikititch — I am offered a job to orchestrate an opera composed by a general's wife — My terrible experiences in the general's country house — I return to Moscow without finishing my task 58

XI MOSCOW AND THE VOLGA

We are back in Moscow — Playing two pianos-eight hands with my wife and her sisters — My new friends — My illness and recovery — I want to adopt a fatherless peasant girl Oletchka, but Vera Ivanovna objects to my plan — Oletchka's death and my disconsolate grief 64

XII STANISLAVSKY AND THE MOSCOW ART THEATER

I write an unsuccessful Cello Concerto — My First Liturgy — My first trip abroad — Return to Moscow — Stanislavsky asks me to write music for the newly founded Moscow Art Theater — My unconventional ideas on church singing result in polemic in the press — My trip to the Crimea — My friendship with Kalinikov — His premature death 68

XIII THE SNOW MAIDEN

The Moscow performance of my Symphony under Safonov—Stanislavsky asks me to write music for Os-

trovsky's fairy tale The Snow Maiden — I introduce realistic effects in my score — Favorable reception of my music. 75

XIV SERGEI TANEEYEV

Taneyev's greatness as a pianist, composer and theorist—I dedicate my Trio to Taneyev, and he dedicates his Trio to me — Our friendship — Taneyev's wit — Anecdotes about him — His bachelor life — False rumors about his love affair with Tolstoy's wife — His devotion to his childhood nurse—Her death—Taneyev dedicates an album of songs to her memory — Last years of Taneyev's life 79

XV MY OPERA DOBRINYA NIKITITCH

The Rubinstein banquets — Dissension among Moscow musicians — I play the score of my opera at a private gathering — The Bolshoy Theater accepts Dobrinya Nikititch for performance — I abandon my first publisher Jurgenson and join Gutheil's firm — My opera is published in vocal score — I write my Second Liturgy — Its successful premiere. 83

XVI MOSCOW PREMIERE OF MY OPERA

Long delays in production at the Bolshoy Theater — Count Scheremetieff performs excerpts from the opera in St. Petersburg — My meeting with Chaliapin — His strange attitude towards his part in the opera — Mistakes in production — Conductor Altani and his lifeless performance — The première attracts great attention, but I feel unhappy about it — Attacks on me by Moscow critics—Production of Dobrinya Nikititch in other cities 89

XVII I TEACH AT A CHILDREN'S SCHOOL

The Gnessin School in Moscow — I write music for the school chorus — My rehearsals and performances with children — I join the Ethnographic Committee

and arrange folk songs — One of my own melodies is mistaken for a folk song. 94

XVIII MARIA GRIGORIEVNA

I fail to obtain a Glinka prize — My disappointment — I carry the Belaieff prize for my String Quartet — My friendship with the Aksakov family — I meet Maria Grigorievna at their home — My passion for her — The unhappiness of Vera Ivanovna — Four years of torment — My new life — A marked change in my musical style 98

XIX MY OPERA SISTER BEATRICE

The Moscow performance of Maeterlinck's play Sister Beatrice inspires me to write an opera — I spend a summer with Alexander Olenin and his sister — Olenin's musical talent, undeveloped because of laziness — My trip to Berlin — I break with Gutheil when he refuses to publish my songs, and sign a contract with the German publisher Zimmermann — The interest of the Imperial family in my music — The Tsarina sings my songs — The Tsar grants me an annual pension of 2,000 rubles — The Holy Synod objects to the subject of Sister Beatrice as blasphemous, and the Imperial Opera House in St. Petersburg cancels its production — The opera is finally accepted for performance by a private opera enterprise in Moscow — Savage attacks in the press on the supposed irreverence of my opera. 103

XX I BUY A HOUSE!

We plan a trip to Spain — My meeting with Manuel de Falla in a Paris café — He gives me letters of introduction — Maria Grigorievna and I inspect a house for sale on the Spanish border, but decide not to buy it — I sing and play my Russian songs at the Conservatory of Cadiz — Bullfight in Seville — Maria Grigorievna faints — We take a cottage at Chambre

d'Amour — The assassination of the heir to the Austrian throne and the rumble of war — We return to Moscow 111

XXI REVOLUTION AND MY HYMN
OF FREE RUSSIA

Defeats at the front — Rasputin is assassinated — The Revolution — I write a Hymn of Free Russia, which is sung at the Bolshoy Theater — I turn to church music to calm my spirits in the revolutionary turmoil — My departure from orthodoxy in a choral work with instrumental accompaniment — My Cantata is performed by Koussevitzky in Moscow 117

XXII MY LIFE IN REVOLUTIONARY RUSSIA

Fighting in the streets of Moscow — Our home is invaded by Bolshevik soldiers — Resumption of concert life — My experience as conductor and accompanist in recitals of my songs — I go to a sanitarium to regain my strength — My apartment is burglarized — Our fantastic trip to the Crimea — A cold and hungry winter in Moscow 121

XXIII CHARLES CRANE AND OUR TRIP ABROAD

We spend a summer in the Caucasus—Charles Crane visits us — Hard times after the Bolshevik Revolution — I am arrested when I enter the American Consulate in Moscow to collect the money left by Mr. Crane for me — I am released after a brief detention — We leave Russia — My concert in Riga — Crane invites us to London and lavishes luxuries on us — I lead a Russian chorus in Prague — Our return to Moscow 130

XXIV THE ACADEMY OF IRREPRESSIBLES

Famine in Moscow — Dr. Hellmann and the gatherings at his home, jocularly called the Academy of Irrepressibles — Our enjoyment of the food served at Dr. Hellmann's home — My musical toast for the

poet Viatcheslav Ivanov — He receives a gift of two logs of wood — The New Economic Policy brings relief from hunger 136

XXV MY LAST YEARS IN RUSSIA

I conduct my Third Symphony in Kiev — My sixtieth birthday — My friendship with the Italian Ambassador — My stepdaughter marries a commercial attaché at the Italian Embassy — I write music for the Belorussian Theater, but have difficulties in collecting my fee — I leave Russia forever 139

XXVI PARIS AND AMERICA

My second concert in Riga — My successful concerts in Paris — I conduct my works in Rome — I leave behind the orchestral parts of my Third Symphony, which causes me several days of great anxiety before the parts are retrieved — My first trip to America — I visit California, and salute Russia across the Pacific Ocean — My return to Paris — The moving observance of my seventieth birthday — Koussevitzky refuses to perform my Fourth Symphony, which is finally played by the New York Philharmonic fourteen years later — Stokowsky visits me in Paris — His enthusiasm for my Fifth Symphony, which he performs in Philadelphia 143

XXVII MY FAREWELL TO EUROPE

The pitiful death of Vera Ivanovna in Moscow — My pangs of conscience — I receive first prize for my Missa Festiva at a Paris contest, against thirty-eight competitors — I write a Universal Mass — Its performance by Koussevitzky in Boston — Mrs. Anna Block, and her villa in Switzerland — Our visits there on the eve of the war — We leave Europe — Our arrival in America — We settle in Detroit 153

XXVIII DETROIT AND NEW YORK

My eyesight is impaired — I accompany a recital of my songs, but can hardly see the notes — I undergo

*an operation and can see again — We move from
 Detroit to New York, where I find many friends —
 I continue to compose, but most of my works remain
 unpublished — My great financial difficulties — I am
 helped by generous friends — My eightieth birthday
 is celebrated at my home with performances of my
 music — Moscow marks my birthday.* 159

XXIX CONCLUSION AND CODA

*My opera The Marriage is given a partial perform-
 ance in America, and a complete performance in
 Paris — The illness and death of Maria Grigorievna —
 My loneliness without her — I reach my eighty-fifth
 birthday — My ideas about musical modernism —
 Fulfillment of my life's task.* 164

CATALOGUE OF WORKS BY ALEXANDRE GRETCHANINOFF 173

GRETCHANINOFF AND THE MUSIC OF RUSSIA

by NICOLAS SLONIMSKY

IN THE SECOND HALF of the twentieth century, Gretchaninoff* is the last living link with the traditional music of Great Russia. During his thirty years of emigration, in Paris and in New York, he has remained a Russian in his heart, and a Russian in his music. He says himself that his feeling for the Russian folkways is even more pronounced, more intense, in his self-exile from Russia than it was when he was a Russian composer in Russia. Like the historical patriots who carried a handful of native earth with them into foreign lands, Gretchaninoff preserves a spiritual parcel of Russia wherever he makes his residence.

In Gretchaninoff's music, Russian culture is three-fold: the great melodic treasure of Russian folk songs, the traditional chants of the Russian Orthodox Church, and the style of the Russian National School as it evolved towards the turn of the century. Russian folk songs are to Gretchaninoff the fountainhead of his melodic inspiration; Russian religious music is the heritage of history, in which the Orthodox Church played so important a part. The style of composition developed by the Russian National School is the sum of musical civilization, received by Gretchaninoff during his formative years.

Of course, these three traditional elements are not literally followed in Gretchaninoff's music. They are merely points of departure. Occasionally, Gretchaninoff uses authentic Russian

* The correct pronunciation has the accent on *the third syllable*: GretchaNIⁿoff.

folk songs as raw material in some of his works and arrangements, but in his creative imagination he molds his own melodies out of the pattern of these songs. In his church music, too, he departs from orthodoxy. Indeed, Gretchaninoff challenged the Russian Church ritual, when he incorporated instrumental parts into his sacred works, a development which culminated in his composition of the *Missa Oecumenica* (Universal Mass), which is to serve all churches regardless of denomination.

In his music, Gretchaninoff refuses to make concessions to the modern ideas of harmony; the evolution of his harmonic language is a measure of progress of an artist whose personal convictions cannot be swayed by the changing ways of modern society. But there is no stagnation in the cautious growth of Gretchaninoff's harmonic idiom from Opus 1, the ever-popular Lullaby that he wrote for his fiancée in his early youth, to the quasi-impressionist songs of his maturity.

The first breath of a new style in Gretchaninoff's songs is felt in his Opus 43, *Two Autumnal Sketches* (September and October). Here, he departs from simple cantilena of his early Russian period, and adopts a more nostalgic, more introspective mood. His harmony, as well as melody, grows more tense in these autumnal inspirations; the tonality becomes more fluid.

In his series of seven songs under the general title *Poème Dramatique*, Gretchaninoff advances considerably into the realm of modernism. There are series of altered chords combined of the degrees of the whole-tone scale, and thus free from definite tonality; there are strident chords of the minor second; there are lingering suspended harmonies on pedal points, at times suggesting bitonality (as, for instance, when the F major chord passes over the pedal on C sharp); passing dissonant notes; scales of alternating half-tones and whole-tones, and unexpected modulations effected by a single melodic line, leading directly into a new tonic.

In Gretchaninoff's *Sonetti Romani*, the harmonic idiom is advanced still further. There are runs in whole-tones; progressions of consecutive seconds, formed by a sequence of seventh-chords;

and there is an arpeggio on a chord of the thirteenth, comprising all seven notes of the diatonic scale. It is interesting to note that Gretchaninoff makes usages of these modernistic harmonies only in song cycles that lie halfway between simple lyric expression and music drama, with the text for separate numbers linked by a common mood, as in *Poème Dramatique*, or by geographic impressions, as in *Sonetti Romani*. Still, these usages never became a part of Gretchaninoff's familiar style. It is as though he wished to prove to himself and to others that modern musical means are not repugnant to him, when the subject matter justifies such application.

Most remarkable are Gretchaninoff's harmonic innovations in sacred music, the most traditional of all branches of the art. Thus, in his Liturgies, he applies extremely unconventional cadential progressions, leading from ninth-chords, or from the seventh-chord of the subdominant, directly into the tonic harmony of the principal key.

In his orchestration, Gretchaninoff adheres to the nineteenth-century idea of instrumental balance. He does not seek special effects; he is satisfied with the orchestral dimensions of the romantic era. In his five symphonies, Gretchaninoff speaks the language of the Russian National School, but the inflection is all his own. Perhaps the most characteristic is his Third Symphony, which is also Gretchaninoff's favorite. Its music radiates these personal and yet very Russian moods—now joyously festive, then broodingly eloquent.

Gretchaninoff's chamber music—he has written quartets, trios, and works for a variety of instrumental combinations, including the balalaika—reflects the same purpose of personal expressiveness. Gretchaninoff regards musical instruments as human voices without speech, and his writing for them is always natural, clear and effective, without any attempt at virtuosity and false originality. Equally direct and purposeful are his piano works, which include two sonatas, two sonatinas, and numerous suites of small pieces with picturesque tides.

Gretchaninoff wrote three operas: *Dobrynya Nikititch*, *Sister*

Beatrice, and *The Marriage*. The first opera is entirely in the style of the Russian National School. It is clearly segmented into arias, recitatives and choruses. Its musical language combines the elements of national lyricism, expressive narrative and exultant laetification, the qualities that are in correspondence with the epic subject of the opera.

The second opera, *Sister Beatrice*, belongs to the period when Gretchaninoff became interested in psychological drama. The traditional segmentation of operatic numbers is here all but abandoned, and the music follows the speech of Maeterlinck's drama in a continuous stream.

At the age of eighty, Gretchaninoff wrote a comic opera, *The Marriage*, after Gogol's comedy of manners involving a hesitant bridegroom who jumps out of the window to save himself from impending matrimony. In this opera Gretchaninoff combines free musical speech with traditional operatic arias, in the style of an opera buffa.

Among Gretchaninoff's works, his music for children occupies an important place. He has a natural affinity with the small but rich children's world, and he has written little operas and innumerable songs for them.

The catalogue of Gretchaninoff's works comprises 199 opus numbers and many compositions without opus number, so that the total of his individual works, if each song of a group is counted as a separate composition, runs into several hundreds. Practically all of his works of the Russian period, written before the Revolution, are published. The proportion of published works falls sharply during his years abroad, even though Gretchaninoff continued to write music as prolifically as ever. Still, his best known compositions remain his earliest songs, the *Lullaby* and *On the Steppe*, which are sung in every corner of the world, in dozens of different languages. During his lifetime, Gretchaninoff has become a classic of world music.

MY LIFE

Chapter I

MY PARENTAL HOME

My father prospers in business — My mother, her friends, and her passion for card games — Our journeys to the Holy Places — Death of a little brother — My street accident — My school days — I have difficulties with language courses — I save my lunch money to buy a guitar — I learn to play piano.

A YEAR before I was born, my parents left the little town of Peremyshl in the Kaluga district and moved to Moscow, where they settled on Smolensky Boulevard. I was born there on October 13 (25), 1864. My father was a small merchant, and enjoyed a fairly good income, so that there was no want in the family. Indeed, our prosperity soon increased to such an extent that my father was able to purchase some land and build a two-story house for us. We occupied the upper floor; the lower space, partitioned into two small apartments, was available for rent.

My father was almost illiterate. He could read, but could barely write. However, literacy was not essential in his trade. As to my mother, she was completely illiterate, although she was greatly endowed by nature and had ambitions for self-improvement. It was at her insistence that my father decided to move from the backwoods town of Peremyshl to Moscow. In Moscow, my mother was fortunately able to find friends who

stood above the cultural level of her former milieu. Among them was a midwife. My mother, who bore eleven children, often needed her services; they became friends, and my mother was introduced through her to a new circle of acquaintances. As a result, her general outlook on life was broadened. I recall her vividly, busy with her needlework (she made clothes for the whole family). While she cut her patterns and sewed, one of the children would read aloud to her, and towards the end of her life, she even became familiar with the classics of Russian literature.

My memory retains only a few fleeting impressions of my earliest childhood. I recall sitting on the windowsill one day, playing with my toys. To keep me from falling out, wooden bars had been nailed in front of the window. My old nurse, Stepanida Semenovna, was sitting nearby, knitting stockings. She went out of the room for a few minutes, leaving her glasses and knitting within my reach. Her glasses attracted my attention. I played with them for a while, then became bored and tossed them into the street. When Stepanida Semenovna returned, she became very angry, and gave me several slaps on my backside. This must have been very painful to me, as the episode has remained etched in my memory to this day.

I recall some of our children's games. I used to play with my younger sisters Claudia and Nadia. I liked to pretend I was a chef, concocting all kinds of dishes out of raw carrots and turnips. In the summer I would cook acacia pods, then grind them and make a coffee that looked so wonderful that, at least to the eye, it was quite indistinguishable from real coffee.

As I grew older, I learned how to rig up a kite with a rattle and a long tail, made of hemp. The kite would soar some three hundred feet in the air, and even higher; then I would send up a "telegram," a piece of paper with a hole in the center. It was thrilling to watch this "telegram" being carried by the wind up the string, and be "delivered" to the kite.

During the summers I used to visit my uncle's estate in the Kaluga district. There I had a flat-bottomed boat to play with. I

would pretend it was a steamship; I sailed up and down the little river some five hundred feet. Sometimes my cousin accompanied me; sometimes I went alone. There was never any danger—the river was too shallow—and so I was allowed full freedom. In my imagination I conjured up docks, passing ships which I saluted; a storm, a wreck, my heroism in rescuing the passengers, etc.

I never played skittles, a game very popular at the time. (Chekhov was fond of skittles.) I preferred the company of little girls, and was not ashamed of playing at dolls with them. I wonder if the feminine element, which I believe is a part of my artistic nature, is traceable to these early experiences.

Occasionally I was given educational toys, such as a cardboard theater set comprising the scenery and a complete cast of characters for the fairy tale “Russlan and Ludmila.” What a thrill it was to put on theatrical shows for my sisters with this set! Little did I think that some fifteen years later I would learn to appreciate the genius of Pushkin’s poem and the great music which Glinka wrote for this fairy tale!

My mother was passionately addicted to card games. She was particularly fond of games of chance, but when she was with her midwife, they played the classic whist, even though she was unable to write down the numbers on the slate. How far her gambling instinct went, can be judged by the following episode.

One day she traveled to Kaluga on a visit to her brother. My father had to stay in Moscow on business, and my mother went without him, taking me along. After we arrived in Kaluga, and had eaten our dinner, my mother chatted for a while with her brother and sister-in-law. An hour later she sat down with them at a card table. It was still daylight. Evening came, and all of us children were put to bed. But the card game continued into the night. When I woke up the next morning they were still at the card table. My mother had not gone to bed, but she took a nap for an hour or so, rejoining the game later. Other players left the room from time to time, but still the game went on.

Then the church bell rang—it was Saturday—for Vesper ser-

vice. My mother rose from the table, crossed herself, and said: "I am going to church." What remarkable endurance she had! After more than twenty-four hours at the card table she stood unflinching through the long church service. But if the bell had not rung for Vespers, the card game might have gone on indefinitely.

I did not inherit this gambling instinct from my mother—my favorite game is chess. But I did inherit her passion for travel. During my lifetime I have traveled nearly all over the globe, on concert tours, or for relaxation after periods of hard work.

My parents frequently made pilgrimages to the holy places; at least once a year they visited the Trinity Sergius Monastery some forty miles from Moscow. As I grew older, they took me along. To this day I can recall the peculiar odor of the Monastery inn—a mixture of lantern oil and freshly baked black bread, and the glue of cheap wooden spoons and toys that we bought at the market place for the children left behind at home.

I clearly remember my fear, my horror, when I had to press my lips to the relics of St. Sergius. The anticipation of this ritual spoiled the pleasure of the whole trip for me. I also had to sink my teeth into the wooden coffin containing the body of St. Sergius. According to popular belief, this was a sure cure for toothache. I would never feel at ease until these rituals were over.

My parents once made a journey to Kiev, the center of Russia's religious world. This was a great occasion in our uneventful middle-class life. Impatiently we awaited our parents' return, and how we were thrilled by the presents they brought back: little silver crosses on chains, ikons, booklets illustrated with pictures of holy places, and, of course, toys. Is it not true that our most lasting memories are associated with the sense of smell? The scent of cypress wood from the ikons still lingers in my memory.

Of my ten brothers and sisters, six died in infancy. I recall vividly the final illness of my baby brother. I was then six years old. It was late at night. In the faint light of a tallow candle the

family was gathered around the cradle in our parents' bedroom. My baby brother, only a few months old, was dying of scarlet fever. We were inconsolable. We were losing our little idol. I remember how my heart turned ice cold when I saw the little white face in the coffin and the tiny hands crossed over the chest. This was my first experience with death. Something mysterious, unfathomable, and utterly fearful penetrated my little soul and was forever sealed up in it.

Another horrible childhood memory comes to my mind, an incident that nearly ended in catastrophe. One day, when I was six years old, I was taken for a walk by our nurse, who carried my two-year-old sister Nadia and led my four-year-old sister Claudia by the hand. Since I was the eldest, I walked ahead alone. Suddenly, coming around the street corner, a huge fellow ran into me and knocked me down. In falling, I bumped myself badly against a stone post. The accident happened near my father's store. He was notified immediately, ran out into the street, picked me up, and carried me to the nearest pharmacy. I was unconscious. When I came to, I saw the worried face of my father leaning over me, and next to him the pharmacist, Adolf Ivanovitch Hinze, a good-natured, punctilious German who always wore a long-tailed coat and a white tie. Hinze was a friend to all his neighbors; he gave them free medical advice, prescribed drugs, and supplied them from his own pharmacy.

It was feared that I might lose my right eye. I was kept in a dark room for a long time, but all ended well. I still have a visible scar over my right eye, as a consequence of this accident.

I was not quite seven years old when my father took me to public school. There I found myself in a totally uncongenial environment, in the company of rude and troublesome urchins, roughnecks, and (some of them) petty thieves. The primers they brought to school were soiled and covered with candle drippings. These books, handed down from brother to brother, gave out a peculiar odor.

For lunch we would eat sour bread with stale jam fillings, bought at a neighborhood grocery store for the sum of three

kopecks. If we arrived at school a little early we had to wait for the doors to open, even in bad weather. The usual penalty for schoolboy pranks was to make us stand on our knees after class. It was especially painful and humiliating for those of us who were innocent but had to suffer for the misdeeds of others.

My marks were good, and I was graduated from primary school in the customary three years. Now what would I do? My brother was working as a clerk in a liquor warehouse, and my father needed a "family eye" to supervise his store. It was decided that I should be his helper, starting in the following autumn. Were it not for a lucky incident I would probably have followed in my father's footsteps and become a small tradesman. It is amazing how often such fortunate incidents have played a decisive role in my life. This is what happened. One of my brother's friends, an intelligent and observant university student, sensed that I was not the average kind of boy, and advised my mother that I should be sent to high school.

"At his early age he should not be selling goods in a store," he said. "Who knows? He may yet study to be a doctor!"

Even my father was impressed by this argument—he had tremendous respect for the medical profession.

And so I was sent to the Fifth High School in Moscow. How grand I looked in my high school uniform studded with shiny silver buttons! My family was very proud. As to myself, I was in seventh heaven.

I entered the preparatory grade, and did so well that my name headed the honor roll in the very first trimester. It was the period of classical education, and from the very first grade we had to study Latin. I was fairly proficient in mathematics and scientific subjects, but completely lacked aptitude for languages. As a result I gradually slipped from first place in my class to second, and then had great difficulty in even passing the grade. In the second grade we had to study four languages: Latin, Greek, French, and German. Then my troubles began. I failed the language examinations and had to repeat the grade. This happened again in the third grade. For a sensitive young

boy it was tantamount to disaster. Long after the examinations I was tormented by nightmares. I dreamt that I was going to a Greek or Latin test completely unprepared, with a certainty of failure. This could have turned out very badly for me. I might have been taken out of school and sent back to the store. But once more a stroke of luck saved me from such a fate, and led me, not to the shop, but to the Conservatory of Music.

The very existence of musical art was a mystery to our family. Yet, both my parents were innately musical. My mother used to sing in her soft voice while she worked, unless someone read aloud to her. I remember some of her songs even now. Unfortunately, they were not fine old folk songs but sentimental middle-class ballads, such as "Along the Silver River, Upon the Golden Sand," and "Why Is the Bright Dawn Darkened by Mist?" My father's repertoire was a little better. He preferred religious songs and liked to "deacon them off," as my mother used to say.

My father and mother were deeply religious. Attendance at Vesper service on Saturday nights and Matins on early Sunday mornings was stricdy enforced in the family. When we grew older we went to church regularly.

I sang in the high school chorus, sometimes even taking solo parts. I also sang in an amateur church choir. A parochial school student used to visit us, and my father and I would join him in singing two-part religious chants.

When I was about twelve, my father bought me a cylindrical music box, with two rolls of ten songs each. I would listen for hours at a time until I knew every note; but these songs were, unfortunately, vulgar tavern ballads and factory songs.

About this time my cousin visited us and brought along his guitar. I was fascinated by his singing to his own accompaniment, and soon learned to play the guitar myself. When he left, he took his guitar with him. I was crushed. I wanted desperately to own a guitar myself. My parents were not in the habit of indulging our whims, and my pleas were met with blunt refusal. nen, for the first time, I showed my determination in getting

something that I really wanted. The guitar cost then about three rubles. Every morning, before going to school, my parents gave me five kopecks for my lunch. So for more than two months I went without lunch, to save enough money for the object of my dreams. How happy I was the day I came home with my new guitar! I spent long hours working out the correct accompaniments to my favorite songs.

In the 1870's it was rare to find a family in our social group who owned a grand piano, or even an upright. I was fourteen years old before I saw a piano for the first time. This is how it happened. My sister, three years younger than I, was living in a *pension*, where she studied music. So that she could practice at home, and also entertain the family with her playing, my parents decided to buy a piano. We found an old piano for ten rubles, had it overhauled, and soon it was triumphantly installed in our living room. The next Saturday, when my sister came home for a week-end, she became the center of attraction. She was solemnly led to the piano, and we persuaded her to play. Her repertoire was rather limited: all she knew was the nursery song "Grandma Kept a Little Grey Goat," but we made her repeat the tune over and over again. When she had finished, I sat down at the piano and picked out the melody with my right hand. The left hand accompaniment was still too difficult for me, and playing both hands simultaneously was for me an insuperable task.

The piano became my constant companion. I quickly learned to pick out familiar melodies, but was not satisfied: I wanted to find accompaniments for them, like those I heard in church. How elated I was when I finally succeeded in picking out the elementary cadence of "Lord, Have Mercy On Us!"

Every day after school I would rush home to the piano. Nothing could tear me away from my melodies and chords. But my piano pounding must have been quite a nuisance to the rest of the family!

Chapter II

DECISIVE MOMENT IN MY LIFE

My brother falls in love and marries despite the opposition of both families — I take piano lessons with my sister-in-law — I leave school and go to the Moscow Conservatory against my fathers will — My mother secretly pays for my tuition by selling extra milk given by the family cow — My gratitude to the cow.

WHEN I WAS fourteen years old, my brother met an attractive Polish girl—a Conservatory student. She used to visit us frequently, and her piano playing, along with her beauty, conquered my brother's heart. His declaration of love was frowned on by the parents of both families. They refused to give the young couple their blessing, because of their extreme youth, and—more important—because of their difference of religious faith.

My brother's sweetheart used to give me piano lessons—somehow my parents did not object to this occupation. I went to her home regularly twice a week. What unusual sessions these lessons were! While I was playing my pieces, my teacher, shedding bitter tears, was writing love notes to her beloved. Of course, I could not make much progress under such conditions. She taught me according to the Huenten Method, which consisted mainly of tedious exercises, utterly devoid of musical interest. The last part of the book included arrangements of rather banal Russian songs and ballads. But they attracted me greatly, and I learned them quickly, and often played them for my own pleasure.

The two lovers suffered agonies, but in the end they won their parents' consent. Realizing that their mutual attraction was too strong to be repressed, both families finally relented, and the lovers were united. After the wedding, the bride and the groom moved into our house. It was from my sister-in-law that I first learned about the great composers—Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and other musicians of genius—whose names were completely unknown in our social environment. I learned that there were special schools, called conservatories, where this great music was taught. I came to the conclusion that it might be better for me to leave High School, particularly since I seemed to be unable to master the language courses, and, following my natural inclinations, devote my life to music.

When I decided on this step, I made every effort, even going without sleep, to study the subjects that were giving me the greatest difficulty in my fourth year at school. Using all means, fair and foul (I confess that I cribbed my Greek paper from other pupils), I managed to pass my examinations. I worked hard because four years in High School gave me full credit for academic courses at the Conservatory. The only lectures I was required to take were those on history of literature and culture.

Thus I was enabled to devote practically all my time to music. I spent the summer of 1881 assiduously practicing the piano in preparation for my entrance examinations at the Conservatory. My sister-in-law helped me. I kept my plans secret from my parents because I was afraid they would disapprove.

At last, on September first, dressed in my resplendent high school uniform, I presented myself at that mysterious temple of music, the Conservatory. I was frightfully nervous, and my playing of one of the rather elementary studies by Lemoine, which I had practiced so diligently, was not at all good. However, the examiners tested my sense of pitch, found it excellent, and decided that I had sufficient musical ability to be accepted as a piano pupil of Professor Kashkin.

After the examination, I went home in a highly nervous state. "How will my parents receive my bold decision?" I asked myself.

When I told them that I was leaving High School for the Conservatory, my father was outraged. “What, instead of working for a doctor’s degree, you are going to join the musicians at the kitchen table?” he shouted.

The only musicians my father knew were those who played at weddings, and he had little respect for them; it never occurred to him that there were other kinds of musicians. My brother, his wife, and my mother tried to convince him that there was nothing he could do to stop a boy as ambitious as I was, and that I would follow my destiny regardless. Still, my father refused to yield.

I was accepted at the Conservatory as a partial scholarship student, which meant that I had to pay fifty rubles for tuition each semester. These fifty rubles came from my mother’s secret treasure box. The source of the treasure was our cow, who gave so much milk that, after our own family needs were satisfied, the surplus was sold to our neighbors. I was immensely grateful to this cow for making it possible for me to enter the Conservatory.

My brother’s old suit was altered to fit me, and I was both amused and embarrassed to see myself dressed in “civilian clothes.”

I went to the director of my High School—his name was Basov—to get my papers. He showed genuine sympathy and friendliness when I told him that I was going to the Conservatory. He was fond of music and had often attended chorus rehearsals—he even sang bass in the school chorus. He must have noticed at these rehearsals that I was musically gifted. So he gave me his blessings for my newly chosen career.

I was encouraged by Basov’s attitude, and left the High School with a light heart, forgetting all my troubles, all my misadventures in the language courses. And I was deeply grateful to Basov for permitting me to leave.

Chapter III

THE MOSCOW CONSERVATORY

Piano studies with Professor Kashkin — I attend symphony concerts — My first public appearance at a students' concert, with disastrous results — My summer jobs as a piano teacher — I am in danger when my horse runs wild — I join the Conservatory chorus — Liszt's oratorio St. Elizabeth produces a great impression on me — I hear the historical concerts of Anton Rubinstein — I shake hands with Tchaikovsky.

I ENTERED the Moscow Conservatory in September, 1881, and enrolled in Kashkin's class. He was an intimate friend of Nicholas Rubinstein (with whom he had founded the Moscow Conservatory) and Tchaikovsky. Kashkin was a kind and genial man, greatly esteemed by his colleagues and students, but he was a poor teacher and paid little attention to his duties. Without giving me any instruction in hand position, he let me play Cramer's Studies and Haydn's E-flat major Sonata, which were much too difficult for me. I would never have mastered them if it had not been for my own perseverance and the help of my sister-in-law, my first piano teacher. The last three days before my first lesson with Kashkin, I all but chained myself to the piano, practicing from nine o'clock in the morning until eleven o'clock at night. As a result I played fairly well for him. He never knew what tortures

his pupil had to suffer to prepare this lesson. Later on my studies became less arduous. Around Christmas time I was promoted from the first grade to the second, and, in the spring, to the third grade. Equally successful were my efforts in the required courses, solfeggio, and elementary music theory.

How careless Kashkin's teaching methods were may be judged by the following. My lesson was scheduled for nine o'clock in the morning. My teacher used to come to class with a pile of newspapers, and read them, walking back and forth, while I was playing, seemingly oblivious of my presence. I did not make bad mistakes and he never noticed the minor errors.

I could never understand why the Conservatory accepted pupils who were completely devoid of talent. There was, for instance, a girl student in Kashkin's class who exasperated him so much that sometimes he would pound his fist on the table and shout: "You have an empty pot for a head on your shoulders!" Then he would turn to me and say: "Gretchaninoff, dear, will you please show this extraordinary person how to play this passage," and then he would quickly dash out of the studio. His wrath soon subsided, however, and he would return to the classroom and continue the lesson as though nothing had happened. His pupils forgave him for these tantrums because he was usually so helpful and friendly to them.

Earlier that year—March 23—Nicholas Rubinstein, director of the Conservatory, died in Paris. It was not easy to find a successor equal to him in artistic reputation and administrative ability. Nicolas Hubert, Eugene Albrecht, and Sergei Taneyev were hardly more than deputies temporarily filling the director's office. Only with the appointment of Safonov, in 1889, was the directorship placed in secure and authoritative hands.

Every spring the Conservatory used to stage a student opera performance. One year, when Albrecht was director, he conducted a production of Mozart's *Magic Flute*. This was a memorable occasion for me, since I sang in the chorus and for the first time in my life had a chance to walk on the stage of the Bolshoy Theater. I watched with keen interest all that was going on in

this fascinating theatrical world so new to me. Sometimes, the rehearsals lasted all day long, and then we in the cast were given refreshments: tasty sandwiches and red wine diluted with water. Walz, the stage manager of the Bolshoy Theater, was a master of his craft and he amazed us all with his ingenious stage effects in this production, particularly in the scene with fire and water. There were excellent voices, and Albrecht conducted with authority. All in all, the production was quite successful.

Conservatory students who wished to attend symphonic and chamber music concerts in Moscow were given free tickets. I became an eager listener at all the concerts of the Russian Imperial Musical Society. I could easily understand symphonic music, particularly classical symphonic music, but it was a long time before I would enjoy chamber music and appreciate all its subtleties. I knew instinctively that chamber music was important for my own development, but I must confess that it often seemed tedious to me, and I had the impression that the performers played all the time off pitch. The Hřimaly Quartet, which had been engaged for these concerts, was rather good, but I still had to make a real effort to stay awake at their concerts. I watched other listeners, who followed the music with interest and discussed it with considerable excitement during the intermission, and I realized that my coolness and indifference towards chamber music was due to my own lack of knowledge. I was probably not mature enough to appreciate chamber music. And no wonder, for up to the age of seventeen, I had never heard any music except the gypsy ballads and the operetta arias which my brother used to sing at home.

One of my colleagues in Kashkin's class was Leo Conius. (He later went to America, where he died.) His piano playing in class greatly impressed me. Conius was about five years my junior, but he was a far better pianist. We kept company all the time, but somehow never became real friends. With our disparity of ages, a friendship would have been indeed unusual. I must confess that I was not sociable at the Conservatory although I continued to maintain friendly relationship with several of my High School

classmates long after I left High School. My inability to acquire new friends at the Conservatory was due to my strange shyness. I thought that my musicianship was too insignificant to be of interest to others. I was still a beginner at the age of seventeen, whereas many other young men of the same age had already become real virtuosos. How could I expect them to cultivate a friendship with a mere apprentice like myself?

Among the Conservatory students of my time, there were musicians who later became well known: two brothers of Leo Conius—George, who was a composer and theorist, and Julius, a violinist; the piano pedagogue, David Schor, the Gnessin sisters, who founded a music school where such artists as Orlov, Oborin, and many others received their training; and finally, the two names of which Russia is most proud: Rachmaninoff and Scriabin.

When I was in the third class, I had to play at a student recital. What a horrible experience that was! I could hardly feel the keys under my fingers; my hands were covered with cold perspiration; my head was in a fog. One can easily imagine what I did to poor Mendelssohn whose sonata I was to perform! This was my first and last appearance at a student's concert. Kashkin never let me play in public again.

During my first year at the Conservatory my father's business suffered a serious setback. I needed money for tuition, clothes, and food. My father, even if he had so wished, was unable to supply me with sufficient funds. I tried to find work, and towards the end of the year, I succeeded in getting a piano pupil, a seven-year-old boy, whose family knew me. I was to teach him piano, and accompany his father who played the flute.

How happy I was when I received twenty rubles for the first ten lessons! Alas, my luck did not hold out for long. Spring was approaching. The family of my pupil went to their estate in the Tambov district for the summer and I went along with them. As soon as we arrived there, I resumed my teaching. The boy's mother was always present at these lessons, in Moscow as well as in the country. I was so eager to please that, instead of giving

the boy two lessons a week, according to our agreement, I began practicing with him every day. Inevitably, we had to go over the same study and the same little piece several days in a row. On the third day, his mother said to me, rather tactlessly, in front of my pupil: "Really, Alexandre Tihonovitch, Eugene already played this piece yesterday and the day before yesterday, and today you make him play it again. That is the surest way to have him lose all interest in music."

I explained to her that the boy had gone through the same type of practicing in Moscow, even though she was not aware of it because he had done all his practicing alone. I added, however that if she thought that I did not know how to teach, I had no other alternative but to resign. I left that very day, after only a week in the country, and returned to Moscow, much to the chagrin of my family.

Such was the inglorious finale of my first tutoring job. I had no further misadventures with my teaching, however. Quite the contrary; I was appreciated and liked as a teacher; lessons did not annoy me, and I had more and more pupils every passing year.

During the summers I always did some tutoring. I spent the summers of 1886 and 1887 in the Orel district with the Lauhin family. My pupil was a sixteen-year-old boy, an only son, pampered and spoiled by his parents. They pampered me, too. I always had a weak chest, and my doctor advised me to drink raw milk. To accommodate me, Madame Lauhin gave an order to milk the cow at an unscheduled time, 7 o'clock in the morning when the entire herd of cows had already gone to pasture. I also had at my disposal a horse to ride—a quiet but sly animal, who often tried to throw me. He would fill his lungs while being saddled, and after trotting a while, would breathe out and throw me on the ground. He could trick me easily because I was such a poor rider.

I spent the following three summers at the magnificent estate of the Karetnikov family in Teykov in the Vladimir district, where I experienced for the first time the generous hospitality of the rich Russian merchant class. "Obolsunovo," the summer residence

of the Karetnikovs, was often invaded by people whom the hosts hardly knew and yet everyone was warmly welcomed and given lodging and board. Sometimes there were thirty or forty people at the dinner table, and what luxurious meals were served on these occasions!

In Teykov, my pupils, boys and girls, lived in separate cottages quite distant from the house in which I stayed. I was given a horse and wagon to use. This horse was not as tricky as the one at the Lauhins' estate, but was quick and capricious. One day, when returning from my lessons, I nearly lost my life. Somehow one of the reins became unhooked, and I could not control the horse. Bolting suddenly, the horse ran away with such speed that I could hardly hold on to the sides of the wagon. I felt that I would be thrown off at any moment. Especially frightening was a sharp turn after a small bridge. Another dangerous situation arose when I reached the courtyard and the horse galloped right into the stable. I said to myself: This is the end of me. Indeed, had the roof of the stable been a little lower, it could have meant my death. God saved me, and I got out of the wagon safe and sound.

I studied at the Moscow Conservatory from 1881 to 1890. During these years the greatest musical events for me were the historical concerts of Anton Rubinstein, and my own participation in the chorus of the Russian Musical Society when it performed Liszt's rarely heard oratorio, *St. Elizabeth*. Max Erdmannsdoerfer, permanent conductor of the symphony concerts of the Russian Imperial Musical Society at that time, conducted this performance. He impressed me then as a very great musician, before he was succeeded by Safonov. Some ten years elapsed, and Erdmannsdoerfer was again engaged to conduct in Moscow. Alas, the halo of the great musician had completely vanished, and I saw in him a commonplace German professional time-beater who had attained his high reputation and acclaim only because the Moscow audiences of the time had little under-

standing of music and were unable to distinguish between outstanding talent and mediocrity.

Our choral rehearsals began long in advance of the scheduled performance of *St. Elizabeth*. We rehearsed in the evening at the Conservatory. I looked forward to these rehearsals with great delight, and I sang my bass part with unfailing ardor. Later, when I became familiar with the works of Rimsky-Korsakov and Borodin, I realized what a great influence Liszt's oratorio had exercised on them, especially on Borodin.

The day of the performance finally arrived. As I stepped on the stage, I anticipated the enthusiasm which this music of genius was bound to arouse in the audience. But for some reason or other, owing perhaps to Erdmannsdoerfer's unsympathetic interpretation of the music, or to the audience's lack of understanding of Liszt's grandiose conception, the success was much less than expected.

The series of historic concerts presented by Anton Rubinstein in the 1880's was of tremendous importance to my musical development. There were seven concerts in all, the programs comprising piano works of all composers, beginning with the early Italian and French classics, and ending with Schumann and Chopin. Each program was performed by Rubinstein in St. Petersburg on Sunday night and then, on the following morning, repeated for the music students. On Monday night Rubinstein went to Moscow, and on Tuesday night he played in the large hall of Nobility House for the general public, repeating the program on Wednesday morning for the Moscow students. That same evening he would return again to St. Petersburg, with three days left to prepare for the next concert. And so it went for seven weeks. Every Tuesday night and every Wednesday morning I was present in the hall, with the scores in my hands, eagerly absorbing the sounds flowing from the fingers of this great genius. His playing of classical works, particularly of Beethoven and Schubert, have remained in my memory as ideal interpretations. Only Hans von Bülow produced a comparable impression on me, when he once came to Moscow to conduct,

and also play the piano. I have never heard a more tempestuous rendition of the Scherzo from Beethoven's E-flat major Sonata, Opus 31, which he played as an encore.

My years at the Moscow Conservatory were coincident with the rise of Tchaikovsky's star on the musical horizon. Every new symphony he wrote was immediately included in the programs of the Russian Imperial Musical Society. His songs were avidly snatched up by Moscow music lovers as soon as his publisher, Jurgenson, printed them. As a boy, I had the good fortune to be present at the first performances of *Eugen Onegin* and *Pique Dame*. I have never forgotten the overwhelming impression these operas made on me.

The orchestra for these symphony concerts was usually supplemented by violinists, cellists, and other players from the ranks of Conservatory students. Theory students were sometimes assigned percussion instruments to play if the parts were not too prominent. I had a chance to play the glockenspiel part in Tchaikovsky's *Mozartiana*, with Tchaikovsky himself conducting the orchestra. Naturally, I was nervous, but all went well. During the intermission at the last rehearsal, I was talking to Kashkin, when I saw Tchaikovsky coming towards us. Kashkin introduced us. Tchaikovsky shook hands with me and, intending to say something pleasant (which was characteristic of his kindly nature), remarked: "These parts should always be given to young musicians. Professional players never play them as conscientiously as these youngsters."

I was in seventh heaven. My friends, poking fun at me, said afterwards that I had not washed my right hand that Tchaikovsky touched, for fully a week.

Chapter IV

PROMOTION TO GRADUATE COURSES

I leave Kashkin and go to Safonov who discourages me as a pianist and advises me to study composition — My study with Taneyev and Arensky — I compose my Opus 1, Lullaby, which later becomes very popular, but Taneyev shows little interest in it — Arensky makes me rewrite my fugue several times — My violent quarrel with him — I leave the Moscow Conservatory.

UNDER KASHKIN I completed five years' work in four years and then faced examinations for graduate study. To my shame, and to the chagrin of my father, I failed to pass this examination—no doubt a result of Kashkin's haphazard method of teaching. I had no reason to reproach myself, as I had always been a conscientious student. In the autumn I took a second test. All summer long Kashkin worked hard with me in preparing for the test, and I finally passed. But I was entered not in the section for performers, but in the section for pedagogy, a subject I had studied for only two years.

Shortly before, one of the old piano teachers died, and in his place the Moscow Conservatory engaged a young instructor from the St. Petersburg Conservatory, Vasily Safonov, a pupil of Brassin. I had taken my examination before his arrival in Moscow. Outstanding students who qualified for graduate courses were assigned to the older professors. Safonov got the inferior students, and I was among their number.

In contrast to Kashkin, Safonov was an extremely conscientious and attentive teacher who worked tirelessly and enthusiastically with no regard to the clock.

Providence did not endow me with pianistic hands, and Safonov was not impressed with my general musicianship. As usual, I worked hard, practiced eight hours a day, and was always very nervous at my lessons. As an excuse for faulty playing, I used to tell my classmates that I had not practiced very much at home.

Unfortunately, Safonov insisted on giving me uninteresting pieces, such as Clementi's Sonatas, Czerny, etc. How I envied my colleagues who were playing Schumann and Chopin!

At times Safonov's attitude towards me bordered on cruelty. I would play my assignment for ten minutes or longer without a single word from him. After I had finished, he would take the music from the rack, roll it up, and hand it to me in silence, but with an expression of profound contempt in his eyes. Completely crushed, I would sit down, not knowing what to do. I was convinced that I would not be able to play any better at my next lesson.

After two years of study with Safonov, I had to prepare Handel's Prelude and Fugue in E major all by myself. On the eve of the examination, Safonov asked his students to play over the pieces they had prepared unassisted. I played the Prelude and Fugue, and for the first time was honored by Safonov's commendation. "You are not without musical talent," he remarked. "You succeed in bringing out the voices very effectively, and your treatment of nuances shows musical feeling. Perhaps you ought to take special courses in composition."

One can well imagine how encouraged I was by his words, particularly since I had already begun to feel a certain inclination towards composing. I used to spend long evenings at the piano, improvising entire symphonies and operatic arias, but was unable to write down even a few measures of my music.

So the following year I enrolled in the composition courses of Taneyev and Arensky. With Taneyev I studied form; with Arensky, fugue. I had already studied strict and free counterpoint

with Laroche and with Hubert. Laroche was a connoisseur of the strict style, and a very stimulating lecturer. I attended his classes with keen interest, and began to write exercises in strict counterpoint. But, some three or four weeks later, Laroche discontinued his course. He suffered from a failing that he never mastered—extreme lethargy. He was tired of lecturing and resigned his professorship in the middle of the academic year. As a result, I lost a semester but the following autumn I enrolled in Hubert's counterpoint class which I successfully completed. At the final examination I could hear, behind closed doors, my four-part motet on a Latin text from the Bible, being sung by the examiners. Among them was Tchaikovsky, who was serving as an assistant. I had by then acquired a knowledge of vocal writing, and my motet sounded fairly well, despite the fact that the voices of the performers, including Tchaikovsky's, were hardly noted for their tonal beauty.

Taneyev started us off writing short musical phrases of two and four measures, then melodic periods, and finally everything else that belongs to the study of form. At the same time I began to compose some songs at home, for vocal writing always fascinated me. I had no difficulty in starting a song, but my technique was insufficient to carry it through to the end. Yet on one occasion I did succeed. The result was a lullaby to the words of Lermontov: "Sleep, My Baby, Sleep, My Darling." I showed this song to Taneyev. I had a feeling that music written with such warm passion would please my professor. Great was my disappointment when Taneyev played it over in quick tempo (ignoring the indication *Andante*), and after a few perfunctory remarks about the harmony, turned his attention to other assignments.

I was completely crushed. If I had failed to communicate my inner fire to Taneyev, the fire which I had hoped would kindle the whole world, then, I said to myself, I must have no gift whatsoever! In utter despair I went home and could not resume my work for a long time.

Yet my *Lullaby* was published, and subsequently became popular in Russia and all over the world. Years later I reminded

Taneyev—we were now close friends—how distressed I had been at his indifference, and he admitted that he had been unfair to me. Apart from this episode, my lessons with Taneyev were happy occasions, and I learned a great deal from him. Unfortunately I cannot say as much for Arensky.

Arensky was engaged as instructor of music theory at the Moscow Conservatory almost immediately after his graduation from Rimsky-Korsakov's classes at the St. Petersburg Conservatory.

He felt at home in Moscow and was soon converted to the Muscovite music philosophy. In his works there was not a trace of influence of the St. Petersburg school or of his teacher, Rimsky-Korsakov. Arensky was completely possessed by Tchaikovsky, the darling of Moscow. No wonder, then, that when the Tchaikovsky school of composition is discussed, the name of Arensky is cited, along with that of Rachmaninoff.

I spent two years in Arensky's harmony class before I began to study fugue. There were two other students in the class; one of them later became instructor at the Moscow Conservatory; the other was expelled when he was caught copying a composition of one of his classmates and trying to pass it off as his own.

Arensky had a weakness for witticisms, but his humor was, in my opinion, rather flat. The others used to laugh at his jokes to flatter him, but I always lowered my eyes from embarrassment. This was a mere trifle, but it contributed to the unfriendly relationship between us.

Arensky found no talent in my music and told me that I should not expect to graduate from his class. I replied that I had no pretensions to be a composer, but hoped to become a teacher of theory, conductor, or choral coach. I referred to Altani, conductor of the Bolshoy Theater, whose lack of creative talent had not prevented him from graduating and becoming a conductor. "But you are not Altani!" Arensky exclaimed sarcastically, emphasizing by his tone of voice the profound chasm separating my talent from Altani's.

Of course, such an atmosphere inevitably led to explosion. This

happened while I was working on a fugue. We had several sessions, and each time Arensky found something wrong, sending it back to me for revisions. At first I obeyed without a murmur, as I realized the importance of proceeding step by step in order to improve. But the fugue had to be finished eventually and Arensky kept demanding more and more changes. I finally reached the point where the theme and its development became hateful to me. At times, it seemed that music itself was beginning to lose its charm for me. At my next lesson, Arensky went over the revised version of my fugue, and, to my horror, found something else that had to be rewritten. I told him that I could no longer work on this fugue, that it repelled me, and begged him to give me a new fugal subject. But he declared: "A composer must be the master of his inspiration, and I insist that you continue your work on this fugue."

I emphatically refused. He raised his voice, and so did I. At the age of twenty-three, I could allow no one to treat me like a naughty boy, and address me in such a rude manner. Our argument became heated, and then Arensky shouted: "Get out of the class!"

I picked up my music, and with my heart beating wildly, left the room. I went straight to Safonov's office—he had already been appointed director. I told him what had just happened, declared my intention of leaving the Conservatory, and asked for my papers. Safonov tried to dissuade me. He offered to mediate with Arensky. I thanked him, but explained that it was quite impossible to reconcile our differences. I gave Safonov such a graphic description of my relations with Arensky, pointing out that my work could never be satisfactory under such conditions, that Safonov persisted no longer.

Chapter V

BETWEEN TWO CONSERVATORIES

My first published works — I show my song to the celebrated tenor Figner — He promises to sing it, but does not keep his promise — My Cherubic Hymn is scheduled for performance in a church, but is taken off the program — I despair of becoming a composer.

THE ARENSKY AFFAIR took place late in January, 1890. After leaving his class I studied fugue with an instructor from the Moscow Philharmonic Institute. He was not an inspiring teacher, and I felt that he could not give me what I needed. Then I had an idea: perhaps I should enroll in the St. Petersburg Conservatory! I inquired about the classes in composition there, and learned that Rimsky-Korsakov was one of the professors. I made plans to go to St. Petersburg the following autumn. In the meantime, I took advantage of my independent status and arranged to have some of my songs published. This could not have been done earlier because the rules of the Moscow Conservatory did not allow students to have their compositions printed. My songs included the *Lullaby* to Lermontov's words (the song that Taneyev had ignored), *I Saw Death*, a setting of a Pushkin poem, and *To You Alone*, to the words of a poet whose name eludes me. I wanted to dedicate this last song to Nicolai Figner, a talented tenor, member of the Imperial Theater, and idol of the public. Before making the dedication, I decided to show the song to Figner. I was naive enough to expect that the moment he saw the song

he would become so enthusiastic that he would place it on his programs, and my name would forthwith resound like thunder in the skies.

Figner used to come to Moscow from St. Petersburg as a guest-artist, staying in a luxurious mansion on Briusov Road. His wife, Medea Figner, usually came with him and made opera appearances as successful as her husband's.

At that time there were no telephones. I did not want to annoy the famous singer by writing him, and I doubted that he would answer my letter. So I went to see him without warning. I rang the doorbell. The butler opened the door. "Will you wait a moment?" he said. "What is your name?"

What did the name Gretchaninoff mean to anybody at that time? An empty sound. The butler went in the house, leaving me outside on the street. He came back with the message that Figner could not receive me then, but would give me an appointment later. I went again to see Figner. This time I was admitted. Figner kept me waiting in his reception room for about ten minutes, probably to impress me with his importance. At long last His Excellency entered, cleanly shaven and wearing a dressing gown. Condescendingly, he shook hands with me and said, "What can I do for you?"

I stated my business, and humbly asked him if he would look at my song. As always on such occasions, I was nervous. I played my music without any expression, and even with wrong notes. When I finished, Figner said, "Not bad. Thank you. Send me a copy when it is published. I will put it on my program."

When the song was printed, a copy was duly sent to Figner, but he never performed it. Yet, in all fairness, my melody, written in the effective style of the then popular songs by Cui and Tchaikovsky, was really worthwhile!

Preliminary arrangements for the publication of my songs were handled by one of my acquaintances, Hilckner, the proprietor of a small music shop on Tverskaya Street. What a thrill it was to receive the first proofs! There were quite a few errors. I corrected them, made a proud inscription—"Released for Publication"—

and signed my name. I was too eager to have the music printed to ask for another set of proofs. Ten days later I beheld my songs, in an attractive colored cover, displayed in the window of Hilckner's shop. Needless to say, these songs were printed at my expense, and so were published as "property of the composer."

This edition did not make me rich: not a single copy was sold. Later I destroyed two of these songs: *I Saw Death* and *To You Alone*. As to the *Lullaby*, it was included in the album of five songs published by Belaieff as my Opus 1.

By that time I had acquired considerable knowledge of church music, and a mastery of vocal writing. I composed a Cherubic Hymn for mixed choir, and handed it over to a man named Makarov, whose daughters studied piano with me. He volunteered to show the manuscript to a choral conductor of his acquaintance for possible performance.

In due time, Makarov told me that my Hymn had been approved, and that it would be sung the following Sunday at the early morning service in the Archangel Cathedral in the Kremlin. I could hardly wait for the great day to arrive. The service began at six o'clock in the morning. I lived quite far away from the Kremlin, and had to get up at five o'clock in the morning to get there in time. It was still dark when I left home. The church bells were ringing. Now and then, an early church-goer would appear in the street, and a night coachman would pass, going to his inn for the night, after delivering his last passenger. In the cold morning air, I walked in the deserted streets. I was in a state of emotional excitement. I had not told anyone among my family and my friends about the performance of my work, fearing that it might be a failure. So I was alone with my thoughts.

When I arrived at the Cathedral, the service had just begun. I stood and waited. The Deacon read the Scripture; then followed the Litany of Threefold Responses and other Litanies. At any moment I expected to hear the sounds of my music. My excitement was understandable; I had never heard my music performed before. At last the Cherubic Hymn began. But what

were they singing? Something was decidedly wrong. Alas, I realized that it was a Cherubic Hymn by Bortniansky, not by me. My disappointment was beyond description.

In my perturbed state of mind, I could not bear to stay for the rest of the service. With a heavy heart, I went home. What was the use of my dreams of a composer's career? Should I not rather resign myself to the occupation of an ordinary music teacher? I recalled my father's words: "With musicians at the kitchen table!"

Time sweeps away the tears of despair: ill fortune is soon forgotten. Once more I yielded to the irrepressible urge to create music. I no longer worried about my Cherubic Hymn; I did not even ask for the return of the manuscript. There would be new inspirations, new Cherubic Hymns!

Chapter VI

ST. PETERSBURG CONSERVATORY

I go to St. Petersburg carrying Safonov's letter of introduction to Rimsky-Korsakov, who accepts me as a pupil, and gives me a scholarship — Anton Rubinstein visits the choral class — My hope that he would hear my composition is not fulfilled — Rimsky-Korsakov's informal way of teaching — He approves of my compositions — My friend Cymbal recommends me as a teacher in a wealthy family — Vera Ivanovna Röhrberg — Our love is put on probation by her father — I am heartbroken because of a misunderstanding when my letter to her is not answered — Our marriage, with Rimsky-Korsakov as best man — Our summers in Pavlovsk, where I attend symphony concerts.

THE SUMMER of 1890 was the last I spent at the Karetnikov estate. Towards the end of August I returned to Moscow to pack up my belongings for the trip to St. Petersburg. My sister went with me; she was my piano pupil, and would have been unable to continue her studies without me, in Moscow, for my parents could no longer afford to pay for her lessons.

I had saved barely enough money for our train fares and expenses for a month or six weeks. I had no funds to pay for my tuition at the Conservatory, but I was told that the St. Petersburg Conservatory granted a number of scholarships, and that I could surely receive one. Moving to St. Petersburg was a risky undertaking, but I had no other alternative.

My sister and I arrived in St. Petersburg early one morning, checked our baggage at the station, and went to look for a place to live.

On the first of September I presented myself for the entrance examinations at the Conservatory. I brought with me a letter of introduction to Rimsky-Korsakov from Safonov, and some of my compositions, among them the three published songs.

When I entered the hall where the examinations were taking place, I immediately recognized Rimsky-Korsakov among the examiners. Tall, lanky, with a goatee, he resembled the hero of his future opera *Kashtchey the Immortal*. After reading Safonov's letter, he spoke to me cordially and asked to see some of my music. When the examiners learned that I had not yet passed the fugue examination, they suggested that the test be held right away. I did not feel sufficiently prepared just then, and asked for a postponement until Christmas. The examiners agreed. In the meantime, Rimsky-Korsakov accepted me as his student in composition and orchestration, but on a provisional basis. At the same time I enrolled in Professor Johannsen's fugue class. Rimsky-Korsakov inquired about my financial status. When he learned that I had no money at all, he put me on the list of candidates for scholarships granted by the Russian Imperial Musical Society. I was elated at this good fortune.

When I enrolled at the St. Petersburg Conservatory, Anton Rubinstein was its director. The Conservatory was then located on Theater Street, behind the Alexandrinsky Theater. The building was old and quite unsuitable for such a large educational institution: there were not enough rooms for all the classes. Plans were made to move the Conservatory into the building of the Bolshoy Theater. This was eventually done, but by then I had graduated.

The academic year 1890-1891 was the last under Rubinstein's directorship. With what worshipful feeling I used to step aside when I accidentally crossed his path in the dark corridors of the Conservatory! Rubinstein left the Conservatory in 1891. Three years later he was dead.

It nearly happened that Rubinstein heard one of my class compositions, but fate willed otherwise. I was taking a course in choral composition with Franz Czerny. One day I asked him if the class could read through my chorus *In the Fiery Glow* to the text of Surikov. Czerny agreed.

I wrote out the parts, and handed my brainchild to the professor. First the class sang some music by Palestrina, then some by Mendelssohn. At last Czerny distributed the parts of my composition, and the rehearsal began. As usual, I sang with the basses. My music sounded rather well. I was in a state of joyful excitement: for the first time I heard my own choral work! We reached the end of the piece without trouble, and Czerny said, "Let us sing it once more."

Suddenly the door opened and Rubinstein came in. I felt an inner tremor of mixed fear and joy in the expectation that my adored Anton Grigorievitch would hear my composition. I hoped that my music would please him, and that he would commend me for it. But to my great distress, Czerny, as if frightened that he might give the impression of wasting time on inconsequential trifles instead of doing something worthwhile, asked Rubinstein if he would like to hear the Mendelssohn chorus that we had already rehearsed. My heart stood still. After the Mendelssohn, Rubinstein left the room, accompanied by Czerny. I sadly gathered up my manuscript, and with a feeling of bitter disappointment, went home.

There were two students with me in Rimsky-Korsakov's class: Nicolas Kazanli, an army officer who had studied previously with Balakirev, and one Sh., a gifted but rather frivolous young fellow. Rimsky-Korsakov disliked him for his superficial attitude towards his work and the banal character of his compositions. He tolerated him for a while, and then advised him to take some other course. Sh. complied, and enrolled in the class of Nicolai Soloviev, composer of the opera *Cordelia* and other works. Some time later this Sh. became fairly well known in Southern Russia as an orchestral conductor.

There were now only two in Rimsky-Korsakov's class: Kazanli

and myself. For some reason, Rimsky-Korsakov spent most of his time in class with Kazanli, and gave very little time to me. Perhaps there were too few errors to correct in my music, or else Rimsky-Korsakov found it so uninteresting that he did not care to examine it too closely. The fact remains that he spent a long time over a small portion of Kazanli's work while I was getting the mere crumbs of his attention. I was jealous and wondered at the possible reason for this discrimination. Sometimes I felt that I knew the reason—my excessive frankness.

After class Rimsky-Korsakov would talk with us informally on various subjects. Once the conversation touched on our favorite composers. Speaking for himself, Rimsky-Korsakov said that in his youth he had been passionately fond of Liszt and Berlioz and had made a thorough study of their works, but now it was Glinka who was dearest to his heart. (Indeed, there are traces of Glinka's influence in Rimsky-Korsakov's music, particularly in his early compositions.) I confessed my adoration for Tchaikovsky. This conversation took place at the very beginning of my studies with Rimsky-Korsakov, shortly after my arrival from Moscow, where Tchaikovsky was so idolized. St. Petersburg, on the other hand, was dominated by the so-called Mighty Heap: Balakirev, Moussorgsky, Borodin, Rimsky-Korsakov, and Cui. As a result, a certain antagonism prevailed between St. Petersburg and Moscow. Not until some time had elapsed did I understand this situation; in my provincial simplicity I never imagined that Tchaikovsky could be regarded in any other light. And yet the attitude of St. Petersburg musicians towards Tchaikovsky was not the same as that of Moscow. I should have realized that even great men are not free from such feelings of jealousy, envy, and outright enmity towards their colleagues. Rimsky-Korsakov himself probably harbored no such emotions, but, to be tactful, I should not have confessed to him my adoration for Tchaikovsky. My indiscretion might have been the cause of Rimsky-Korsakov's aloofness towards me. However this aloofness soon disappeared, and our relations gradually assumed a friendly and even comradely character.

Rimsky-Korsakov's manner with everyone was extremely simple; his classes were conducted in an informal and often gay atmosphere. Once I brought him a new composition. He made a few corrections and suggestions, but, on the whole, gave his approval.

"I am delighted that you like my work," I said to him, "but I must admit that I myself am not quite satisfied with it."

"Why?" he asked.

"Because it resembles Borodin a little too much."

"Oh, that!" retorted Rimsky-Korsakov. "Don't be afraid if your music looks like something; but beware if it doesn't look like anything!"

Rimsky-Korsakov often tossed off such humorous remarks. They were invariably greeted by spontaneous laughter, and when he indulged in witticisms I did not have to lower my eyes in shame, as in the class of my former professor at the Moscow Conservatory.

My sister and I lived in one room and spent very little money, but our funds were rapidly diminishing. I had no luck in my attempts to get piano or theory pupils, and my financial situation began to be a real worry. Then, quite unexpectedly, as has always happened in my life, help came.

In my choral class there was a Jewish student by the name of Cymbal who played the oboe. He was a friendly young fellow, short and unprepossessing, but jolly and good-natured. I was immediately attracted to him. We lived near each other and used to walk home together; this gave us a chance to know each other better. He was aware of my financial difficulties, but what could he do for me? He was just as poor. Yet it was he who helped me. He got me a job, and what a job!

There was a wealthy family in St. Petersburg called Tselibeyev, who owned an old and prosperous shoe manufacturing company. Cymbal recommended me to them as a piano teacher.

"You will have three pupils," he told me. "You will be paid very well; but—don't be surprised—when you go to see the Tselibeyevs,

you must wear a full dress suit and a top hat, even during the day. Don't argue, and follow my instructions."

I owned a full dress suit, but not a top hat, so I invested my last kopecks in buying one. Then I went forth to the Tselibeyev mansion on Tverskaya Street. When I took off my overcoat in the vestibule and looked at myself in the mirror, I nearly burst out laughing in front of the butler. But I was offered excellent terms for the lessons, which assured me living expenses for both myself and my sister.

My pupils were two girls of mediocre ability, and their little brother, who was very musical. It was a real pleasure to teach him.

Living in a strange city for the first time, my sister and I were of course homesick. We could hardly wait for Christmas and our return to Moscow for the holidays. This impatience gave me insomnia, which lasted for two months. I knew that it could be cured only by going away. So after finally passing my test in fugue writing, I returned to Moscow. There I slept soundly for the first time in a long while.

I was happy to be in Moscow again, not only because it was my native city, but because of the presence there of someone destined to be my life's companion, whom I had not seen for a whole year. The reason for my not having seen her for such a long time was that our mutual sentiments had been put on probation.

The father of my fiancée Vera Ivanovna was J. F. Röhrberg, an engineer, architect, and later director of the Nizhny-Novgorod Railroad. He considered his daughter's marriage to a man outside his social group as a misalliance, and refused to give his consent to our union. Vera Ivanovna implored him tearfully to relent, and he finally agreed to a compromise. He suggested a year's separation, during which time we were not to see each other or even correspond. He hoped that in a year's time her love for me would cool off. She agreed, and wrote me about her father's decision.

When I received her letter I nearly went out of my mind. I refused to see people, left home and took a room in a hotel to be

alone with my grief. Around Christmas time I wrote to Vera Ivanovna for the last time before our separation. I suffered agonies akin to Werther's. I did not put a bullet through my heart only because I had faith in her love for me and in my love for her.

At first I thought of persuading Vera Ivanovna to break her promise to her father and to elope with me. But after thinking it over, I realized that such a bold step was out of character for her, and for me, too. It took me eight days to write my last letter to her. In it I reproached her bitterly for agreeing to our separation without first discussing it with me; I described the suffering that her decision had caused me; I expressed my conviction that our love would endure, but that a whole eternity would pass before we could be reunited, and that meanwhile we would both be miserable. At least, I wrote, let us set the day when we would again communicate with each other, and let this day be the anniversary of my first declaration of love—December 22.

The appointed day, December 22, arrived; I waited for her letter. There was no letter in the morning mail. There was no letter at three o'clock, and none at four o'clock. Evening came, and finally I was convinced that no letter would ever come. Was this, then, the end? I was completely distraught. I refused to accept my misfortune; I refused to submit to my evil fate. Yet, I had no means whatever of finding out what was going on in the Röhrberg family or in the mind of Vera Ivanovna. Christmas came, but it was no holiday for me. My vacation was almost over, and I faced a lonely trip back to St. Petersburg, still a strange city to me.

On New Year's Eve I was strolling along the Arbat, when suddenly I saw coming towards me—I could hardly believe my eyes—Vera Ivanovna! I was stunned, but quickly regained my composure, and turned away from her. Then I heard her voice—"Sasha!"

I stopped. "Why do you call me?" I asked in anguish. "What do you want?"

But my question was superfluous. Her eyes told me plainly

that nothing had changed in her heart during the year of our separation.

"Why, oh why did you torture me?" I exclaimed. "Why did you not write me at the appointed time?"

"But it is not yet January 3," she replied, "and I promised my father not to see you and not to write you before then. But now fate itself destined us to meet earlier. Are you sorry?"

"It is not for nothing that you are called Vera—Faith," I cried.

So it was all a misunderstanding! She counted the beginning of our separation from the date of her promise to her father, the third of January, and not, as I believed, from the day of my declaration of love, the twenty-second of December!

Our probation period was over; our love had passed the test, and Vera Ivanovna received her father's consent to marry me. I went back to St. Petersburg, where our wedding was to take place. A week before the ceremony, the entire Röhrberg family arrived in St. Petersburg. The marriage ceremony was held on the twenty-first of February. Of my own family, only my brother-in-law could be present. I asked Rimsky-Korsakov to be my best man, and he accepted. With what solemnity, with what simplicity did he observe the ritual, holding the ikon and then the sacramental bread-and-salt in his hand! He came alone, without his wife. I was too shy to invite her to my wedding.

Vera Ivanovna was an excellent pianist; so were her sisters. Every Sunday there was music at their home. The sisters played eight hands on two pianos; there was also some singing. After our marriage, Vera Ivanovna and I continued our music studies, and often played piano duets together.

During the summer of 1891, the first summer after our marriage, we rented a country house in the village of Tiarlevo near Pavlovsk. My Conservatory classmate, Vasily Yastrebtzev, lived in Pavlovsk with his mother. Yastrebtzev and I were attracted to each other through a common love for music. We were of the same age, but he seemed older because of his extreme obesity and stooping posture. An ardent music lover, he collected auto-

graphs of composers, and had already gathered a considerable collection. His collection was later enriched by a great many autographs of Rimsky-Korsakov, with whom he enjoyed an intimate friendship.

We met almost every night at the concerts in Pavlovsk, and made a special study of the scores of the symphonic works performed at the Friday concerts. These concerts attracted large audiences from the neighboring towns and even from St Petersburg. We often followed the music with the scores in our hands, which was excellent training for me.

In the middle of the summer we were joined by Vera Serova, widow of the composer and mother of the famous painter. Under her husband's influence she had become a devotee of Wagner's music, and she implanted Wagnerian ardor in us, too. When excerpts from *Parsifal* were announced for performance in Pavlovsk, Serova spent two days with us, analyzing the themes of the opera. This study helped us to follow and understand the music. At the concert we welcomed each passing *leitmotif* as an old acquaintance, and knew to whom or to what it was related.

We continued our musical meetings after our return to St. Petersburg in the autumn. Several new members joined our circle, among them Findeisen, the future editor of the *Russian Musical Gazette*, the music critic Timofeyev, and others.

The following summer, that of 1892, we again spent near Pavlovsk. Our musical pilgrimages were not as frequent as during the previous summer, because the weather was cold and rainy. Every time we went out we had to take our umbrellas along. The mud on the roads never quite dried up. Yet, despite the rain and cold, I never missed a single symphony concert in Pavlovsk.

During my first two years at the St. Petersburg Conservatory I composed a fairly large number of songs, which later became quite popular. Among them were *On the Steppe*, *By the Sharp Sword*, *O My Land*, and others.

There was a magazine published in Moscow at that time called *The Artist*. Each issue featured a special section containing music by contemporary Russian composers: Rimsky-Korsakov, Cui, and

several Moscow musicians, such as Blaremborg, Kotchetov, Ilynsky, and others. The editor of this music section was Simeon Kruglikov, a close friend of Rimsky-Korsakov. Kruglikov was a professor of music at the Philharmonic Institute in Moscow, and later became musical director of the Synodic School. He was also a music critic.

The regulations of the St. Petersburg Conservatory did not forbid its students to publish their own works. Accordingly, I sent my song *By the Sharp Sword* to *The Artist*. It was promptly rejected. Naturally, I was annoyed by this rebuke. After all, my song could not be inferior to the productions of Kotchetov, Ilynsky, and the rest of them!

Chapter VII

MY FIRST SUCCESSES

My Overture is performed at a symphony concert in Pavlovsk — My graduation from the Conservatory — I conduct my examination cantata at a public concert — Music critics, who are opposed to the Russian National School, rebuke my composition.

MY ASSIGNMENT in composition for the summer of 1892 was to write a concert overture for large orchestra. By autumn I had completed the score and delivered it to Rimsky-Korsakov. He liked the work and recommended it to the Council of the St. Petersburg Conservatory for performance at the annual students' concert. The overture was accepted and was performed with great success. Galkin, who conducted, kept the score for a later performance in Pavlovsk, where he led the orchestra beginning with the season of 1893.

This overture was my first real accomplishment, my first success. At long last!

In the spring of 1893 the graduates of the composition courses at the St. Petersburg Conservatory were assigned to write a cantata for solo voice, chorus, and orchestra. The subject was the biblical story of Samson, and the cantata was to be about as long as a one-act opera. I had only a month to compose and orchestrate the music. I worked feverishly, and could not be too fastidious in my choice of musical themes. I will never forget this month of strenuous work. From morning till night I wrote and wrote and wrote. It was a real test, a test for speed.

My Cantata was completed on schedule. On the eve of the final date, Rimsky-Korsakov expressed the desire to see my music, and I played it over for him in his classroom. After I played

Delilah's aria, he looked at me affectionately, and said, "Very moving!"

My former colleague Sh., who had graduated in Professor Soloviev's class in the same year, also submitted a cantata to the Committee of Examiners. My cantata and his were both approved for the performance, which took place on May 30, 1893, at a gala concert at the Michael Palace. Sh. and I conducted our own works.

The subject of our cantatas was the same, but how different was his music from mine! Regardless of what the critics said (and their reviews were severe to me, and rather favorable to Sh.), I must say that I at least succeeded in suggesting an Oriental atmosphere in my music, while the cantata by Sh. was written in the French style, imitating Saint-Saëns and his well-known opera on the same subject.

Musical criticism in St. Petersburg at that time was almost completely dominated by opponents of the Russian National School, and especially by opponents of Rimsky-Korsakov. Non-entities like Michael Ivanov, Baskin, etc. were the leading music critics. Each new work by Rimsky-Korsakov was invariably attacked. No wonder that Rimsky-Korsakov's students were given similar treatment. Sh. received fairly good notices. As for myself, I was not exactly abused, but was treated with insulting condescension. Here is an excerpt from Baskin's review in the *St. Petersburg Gazette*:

"Gretchaninoff's Cantata is concerned with fine details and sonority; his music is the frame of a non-existent picture. This is the style of Rimsky-Korsakov himself, and his students follow him. The gentlemen of the Mighty Heap may rejoice and congratulate themselves on the acquisition of another genius, number 13, according to our count. Very soon, Stasov will describe him as 'incredible, phenomenal, monumental, fundamental,' etc. Sh. at least has a recognizable picture in the foreground."

I must admit that I felt very proud reading these reviews, and understandably so. I was being thrown into the same heap with the Mighty Heap!

Chapter VIII

BEGINNING OF INDEPENDENT WORK

My summers on the Volga — Financial difficulties — I vainly try to get pupils in St. Petersburg — I hear Tchaikovsky conduct his Sixth Symphony — Epidemic of cholera — Tchaikovsky's death and funeral — I write an Elegy in his memory, but the music does not satisfy me, and I destroy the manuscript — I submit my First String Quartet for the Belaieff competition, and begin work on a symphony.

MY STUDENT DAYS were over, and at last I was on my way to independent creative work. I was twenty-eight years old; my career had a late beginning.

After my final examinations and graduation, and all the attendant excitement, my wife and I went for a vacation to the summer home of my father-in-law in the village of Gireyevo near Moscow.

I had long wanted to see the Volga and decided to gratify this desire as a reward for my successful graduation from the Conservatory. So in the middle of July my wife and I boarded the steamer *Alexander II* of the Caucasus and Mercury Line. Our two weeks' trip from Nizhny-Novgorod to Astrakhan and back, under the solicitous care of Captain Heine, was a wonderful experience. I fell completely under the spell of the Volga, and every summer after that I rented a country house on the banks of that truly Russian river.

In Gireyevo I began to compose a string quartet which I intended to submit to the annual Belaieff competition in St Petersburg. The working conditions that summer were none too favorable, and I had barely enough time to make rough sketches of the music. At the end of August I rushed back to St. Petersburg in order not to lose the few pupils I had. They were my only source of income, and my standard of living was rather low. I went to the Conservatory for advice, and was told that any pupils they could offer me were paying only a ruble an hour.

"This will not do," I objected. "Just think how many lessons I would have to give to pay for my living expenses! I have to have time to compose! If the Conservatory would engage me as an instructor, even for some unimportant course, that would be different."

"All positions are taken," was the curt reply.

It was a difficult time for us. Fortunately, my wife had a small monthly allowance from her father, and thanks to that we were able to make ends meet.

The concert season 1893-1894 opened with the new Sixth Symphony by Tchaikovsky. The composer conducted the première at the concert of the Russian Imperial Musical Society on October 16 (28), 1893. Tchaikovsky was not a good conductor, and his now celebrated symphony received but a mediocre success. A few days after the performance, I met Rimsky-Korsakov and we exchanged views about the new work.

"Not bad!" he said. "A slow movement for the Finale is a rather ingenious idea, but on the whole there is nothing in it that Tchaikovsky had not already said in his Fourth and Fifth Symphonies"

In 1892 and 1893 an epidemic of cholera swept over Russia. A few hours after Rimsky-Korsakov and I had discussed the Sixth Symphony, I met a friend on the street, and he told me that Tchaikovsky had the dread disease. I was thunderstruck by this news. Refusing to believe it, I went immediately to the house of Tchaikovsky's brother Modest Ilitch, where Tchaikovsky was staying. The news was true. No one, not even his immediate

family, was permitted to enter Tchaikovsky's apartment for fear of infection. He had dined at a restaurant after a concert, and fell ill upon returning home.

The doctors struggled desperately to save this precious life. Greatly worried, I went several times a day to Modest Tchaikovsky's house on Morskaya Street. A crowd was assembled in front of the bulletin posted on the building. Hope followed despair, and then there was despair again. On October 25, Tchaikovsky died. The whole musical world was shaken by this event. Never before or since have I witnessed such a universal and gripping feeling of sorrow.

The funeral was spectacular. From all over Russia admirers came in great numbers, bringing masses of flowers and wreaths. I marched in the funeral procession, and carried a silver wreath bought with money contributed by my friends. The length of the procession can be measured by the fact that, while its head was near the Nicholas Railroad Station, its end reached the Kazan Cathedral, half a mile away. Tchaikovsky was buried in the cemetery of the Alexander Nevsky Monastery. Only about half of the mourners could find room within the cemetery gates.

A special assembly of the Russian Imperial Musical Society decided that Tchaikovsky's last symphony, heard so recently under the composer's direction, should be performed again at the next concert. Napravnik, conductor of the Imperial Opera House, was invited to conduct the concert.

This time the Symphony made a tremendous impression under the masterly leadership of this talented and beloved conductor. Sorrowing over the loss of a friend, and greatly moved by the music, Napravnik surpassed himself and performed the work with such penetration and passion that many in the audience wept, particularly during the last movement with its deeply mournful mood. Under Napravnik the Symphony was revealed in an entirely new light. We noticed also that in the development section of the first movement the horns intone the melody of the Mass for the Dead, "With the Saints May He Rest." This was Tchaikovsky's premonition of death! Little did we realize, when we

heard the work two weeks before, that it was the composer's swan song!

Tchaikovsky was only fifty-three years old when he died. While he lived, he was loved as no other composer. We expected from him new creations of genius, and we mourned him inconso-
lably from the depths of our souls.

As an outlet for my sorrow, I composed an orchestral *Elegy, to the Memory of Tchaikovsky*. But the music did not satisfy me, and I did not try to have the work performed. Some years later, when I was in Moscow, I revised it, and it was performed in its new version at one of the Belaieff symphony concerts, but it was not successful, and I destroyed the manuscript. I recall this with great sadness, because I sincerely wished to commemorate Tchaikovsky in a worthy manner. Many years elapsed before I finally succeeded in writing a work adequately expressing my feelings for the beloved master: it was my Fourth Symphony.

My first independent composition in a large form was the String Quartet in G major, which I submitted to the Belaieff competition in the spring of 1894. As a motto, I used the name of my wife Vera. The results of the competition were to be announced in the autumn. In the meantime, I began work on a symphony.

Teaching absorbed much of my time during the winter, but I arranged my schedule so that the morning hours from nine to twelve were invariably devoted to composition; I gave lessons from one o'clock until evening. I rarely composed at night. In the evenings I usually played piano duets with my wife, read, attended concerts, or went to the theater. Because of my morbid shyness in company, I could never be intimate with important people, not even with Rimsky-Korsakov, who was always so good to me, and who had been best man at my wedding. But I made friends easily with simple people like the brothers Rybakov, the charming Krehber family, and others.

One of the Rybakov brothers was a well-known musical ethno-

grapher. He collected Bashkir and Tartar melodies. I harmonized twenty-five of the Moslem melodies (later published by Belaieff); I also wrote a Fantasy for Flute and Harp called *Bashkiria*, based on tunes from Rybakov's collection.

In the spring of 1894, I wrote to a friend in Rybinsk asking him to rent for us a small country house on the Volga. He found one, and towards the end of April we packed up our belongings and went to Rybinsk, taking with us our cook and our little puppy Tom. We reached Rybinsk by train; from there we went by rowboat some five miles down the Volga. Our dream house, surrounded by woods in a charming hilly country, stood at a considerable distance from the large house where the landlord lived. This was important to me, as I did not like neighbors hearing me play my music.

The cottage was very small. Only one room was large enough for an upright piano. Our bedroom was extremely small and dark; the mattress was placed on a bed made of wooden planks. It was an uncomfortable resting place, but we were young and carefree, and managed to sleep soundly on this makeshift bed.

Most important of all, there was the Volga flowing past our door. We spent much of our time on the large porch enjoying the magnificent view of the river.

The day after our arrival we went to Rybinsk to get a piano. Carting it from town to our cottage posed a problem. A horse and wagon would have been too expensive, so, following the advice of a local man, I hired four stevedores from the docks and had them carry the piano all the way from town. To help them walk in step, I marched along with them. When we stopped to rest, I played songs that they knew, like the "Volga Boatmen Song" and "Downstream on Mother Volga." It was a fantastic sight: concerts in the middle of a field, with me at the piano, surrounded by four giants, sun-tanned and dressed in colorful clothes. It was especially amusing when they suddenly burst into dance as I played the "Kamarinskaya." The sun was already low when I, accompanied by these four giants carrying an upright

piano on their shoulders, made my entrance into our home! What a gay procession! The piano was safely installed in the only large room in the house.

On the shore of my beloved Volga life was paradise on earth. After work we would take long walks in the surrounding fields and woods, or boat rides with the puppy Tom.

Sundays were rest days. We often made distant excursions by rowboat, starting out early in the morning. The summer of 1894 was a stormy one, and more than once we were overtaken by rainstorms, getting home drenched to the skin. After drying off and changing clothes, I liked to sit at the piano and improvise. I also liked to sit in a bower on the cliff and listen to the singing of men's voices on the passing river rafts. Oh, how many touching, deeply moving songs came to my ears—and also such merry, ribald songs! Many of them found their way into my own music.

Chapter IX

MY FIRST SYMPHONY

Rimsky-Korsakov conducts my Symphony in St. Petersburg — My choral work North and South is performed by Becker's chorus — I visit César Cui and frankly criticize his attitude towards young composers.

THE SYMPHONY which I began in St. Petersburg in the spring of 1894 was completed by the end of the summer. On my return to St. Petersburg, I showed the manuscript to Rimsky-Korsakov. He liked it and offered to perform it during the coming season. I received more good news: the Committee for the Belaieff Competition awarded me a prize for my Quartet. Two other students of Rimsky-Korsakov received prizes in this Competition: Alexander Kopylov and Nicolai Sokolov. On December 7 (19), 1894, our quartets were performed at the fourth chamber music concert sponsored by Belaieff. The prize-winning works were also accepted by Belaieff for publication. In addition, Belaieff accepted my first album of songs, Opus 1. For these five songs, among them my *Lullaby*, which later became so popular, I received 125 rubles. I was overjoyed. Little did I suspect what an unprofitable business deal that was!

My Symphony in B minor was performed for the first time at the Russian Symphony Concert on January 14, 1895, under Rimsky-Korsakov's direction. This first version of my Symphony had a scherzo movement written in $\frac{5}{4}$ time, which created certain difficulties for the players. Later I substituted another scherzo written in $\frac{3}{4}$ time. In this revised form the Symphony was performed in Moscow under Safonov's direction, and was subsequently published.

When Rimsky-Korsakov conducted my Symphony, it got a lukewarm reception from the small audience attending the concert. To tell the truth, Rimsky-Korsakov did not give it an effective reading. The press was tolerant: the critics justly pointed out my lack of skill in developing musical ideas, but found originality and inventiveness in my themes. The first movement won unanimous approval.

If my Symphony was hardly a success, I was compensated a hundredfold by the tremendous acclaim that my large choral work *North and South* received when it was performed on March 19, 1895, under Theodore Becker's direction. This work was commissioned by the famous singer Ivan Melnikov, who had just celebrated his twenty-fifth year at the Imperial Opera, and had retired on a pension. His farewell appearance was in the role of Russlan in Glinka's opera *Russlan and Ludmila*. Melnikov embarked on his career late in life; he was more than forty years old when he began to sing, and at the time of his twenty-five-year jubilee he was already an old man of sixty-seven. He loved choral singing, and founded a choral school for amateurs, in association with Theodore Becker, chorus master at the Russian Imperial Opera in St. Petersburg. There were two hundred male and female singers in this school.

Russian choral literature was almost non-existent at the time. Since there was nothing to sing in Russian, Melnikov asked several composers to write for his chorus. Cui, Napravnik, Schenck, Soloviev, and a number of other composers promised to write special works for him. But I doubt whether he could have obtained a work from Rimsky-Korsakov; my teacher had little interest in choral music and, in a candid conversation, once told me so. For myself, I was always fond of choral composition; so when Melnikov called on me one morning and asked me to write for him, I gladly accepted his commission, and immediately got to work.

For my text I selected a Crimean sonnet by Alexey Tolstoy, "Over an Inaccessible Cliff." This sonnet presents two contrasting pictures: a somber mountain landscape where "the enemy of

joy, the angry god, plays with storm and gale," and a joyful scene at the seashore, where roses bloom and "spring wafts the air." I succeeded in outlining this sharp contrast rather effectively, and the talented Becker interpreted my music with great understanding. The work was enthusiastically received by the audience and had to be repeated. I was recalled to the podium several times to acknowledge the applause. This concert marked the beginning of my close friendship with Becker and Melnikov. I wrote one or two works a year for them, while their chorus existed. Unfortunately this was not for long. Becker became mentally ill and died. He was a wonderful person. I was genuinely attached to him and bitterly mourned his loss.

Melnikov could not find anyone to take Becker's place, and the chorus was disbanded. Soon afterwards Melnikov himself passed away. Long live the memory of these two great artists! Thanks to them, Russian choral music was enriched, and its popularity spread not only over Russia but over all the world, particularly in America where choral singing today is widely cultivated.

In Russia and in Europe, in general, there is at present a marked decline in choral singing, while in America it is flowering. This flowering is evident not only in the large cities such as New York, Boston, Chicago, and Philadelphia, where there are many choral groups in schools and churches, but in every small town where there is at least one amateur chorus. There are glee clubs and choirs in every American college and university, and the leader of the chorus is often the most popular member of the faculty. My name is known in America through some of my songs, but perhaps even more through my secular and sacred choral works.

We spent the summer of 1895 again on the shores of our beloved Volga, and lived in the same cottage near Rybinsk. Again we took walks and boat rides and made friends with the peasants of the nearby villages. Once I even officiated as godfather for a peasant family.

In the summertime I allowed myself the luxury of dispensing

with reading newspapers. The reign of Alexander III and the early years of Nicholas II were politically so uneventful that one could be absolutely certain that nothing world-shaking would happen during the four months of the vacation period. My summers, with my regular schedule for work and rest, seemed to pass all too quickly. Still, when autumn came, we returned, not without pleasure, to city life, with its cultural atmosphere, theaters, concerts, and art exhibitions.

Back in St. Petersburg, I was always eager to visit the music stores and find out what new works had been published during the summer. In the autumn of 1895 I found, among other new publications, a brief monograph on Russian songs by César Cui. Cui had given a lecture on this subject in the spring, but I was unable to attend. I bought the book and looked it over. Much in it seemed unfair, particularly his comments on Tchaikovsky, and there were some doubtful evaluations of other composers. I expected Cui to include my name in the book (he did not), as I had already published two groups of songs, including some that were quite popular, like the *Lullaby*, *On the Steppe*, and *O My Land*. On further perusal, I found my name in a section enumerating various third-rate composers, some of them complete nonentities: "Songs were also written by Nicolayev, Kotchetov, Grigoriev, Petrov, Sidorov." Then followed my name. How humiliated I felt!

I was convinced that Cui had never seen any of my songs, and decided to confront him personally. I wrote to Cui for an appointment and received a written reply, giving the day and hour for my visit. At the appointed time I appeared at his house. The maid opened the door and asked me into the living room. The first thing that attracted my attention was a large and very fine portrait of Countess Mercy d'Argenteau. I had little time to admire the picture before my host entered. I introduced myself, said that I was a beginner in composition, wished to show him my songs, and would appreciate his opinion. Cui asked me to play them on the piano. Not without trepidation I began my Opus 1, *Nocturnal Voices*. My voice, as composers' voices go, was

never especially good. I produced high notes in falsetto, with a whistling sound, but on the whole I felt that I could acquit myself rather well in my own songs. When I finished, Cui commented, "For an Opus 1, it is excellent."

I continued with my song *By the Sharp Sword*. "Excellent," repeated Cui. "I would set the line 'You will blossom, clad in leaves,' in a major key. But, generally speaking, I like your song."

And so all of my nine songs, one after another, were honored by the approbation of this stern critic.

"Tell me," he asked, "were these songs published last spring?"

"They have been published and successfully performed for more than a year," I replied. "But I realize that you have never even looked at them; yet you include my name in a list of third-rate composers devoid of all talent,"

"I confess that I was wrong," said Cui. "I was equally unfair to Rachmaninoff. In the new edition of my book, you and Rachmaninoff will be given the places you both deserve."

By now I was fully aroused, and decided to tell Cui what I thought of his attitude:

"César Antonovitch, the role of a judge entails certain responsibilities, particularly in regard to young composers. You have no idea what I went through when I saw where you put my name in your book. By nature, I lack self-confidence. Even without direct affront, I am inclined to self-depreciation. But when an honored and important musician of your stature tramples my name in mud, I abandon myself to complete despair and begin to wonder whether it was a mistake for me to enter on a composer's career."

Apparently my words embarrassed and disturbed him. He shook my hand vigorously, and we parted friends.

Somewhat relieved and satisfied, I returned home. Whenever I recall this visit to Cui, the man whose unfair attitude caused me so much pain, there rises before my eyes the benign feminine image of Mercy d'Argenteau, the ardent enthusiast and pioneer propagandist of Russian music abroad, whose portrait, hung over Cui's piano, looked down on us benevolently during our meeting.

Chapter X

I BEGIN TO WRITE AN OPERA

I study Old Russian epics for the libretto of my opera Dobrinya Nikititch — I am offered a job to orchestrate an opera composed by a general's wife — My terrible experiences in the general's country house — I return to Moscow without finishing my task.

HAVING PASSED the test of skill in chamber and symphonic music, I began to think of writing an opera. I had always been greatly impressed by the poetic qualities of ancient Russian legends, and I decided to select the legend of Dobrinya Nikititch as the story for my opera. Every day I went to the St. Petersburg Public Library where I could work quietly in the serene silence of its comfortable reading room. The famous writer on music, Vladimir Stasov, held an official position at the library, and I consulted him frequently about my future libretto. After completing the outline of my opera, I began work on the details of the libretto, always keeping as close as possible to the original text of the old legend.

The stage was not an alien field to me. From my earliest childhood, I had loved the theater. My elder brother, Ivan, was an amateur actor, and during my High School days I often attended rehearsals and performances that he staged in a little theater on the outskirts of Moscow. I had even taken part in kindergarten plays at Bogorodsk, near Moscow. Our performances there were directed by a professional actor, Artem, who later became a mem-

ber of the Moscow Art Theater. In *The Schoolteacher*, (a German play translated into Russian), Artem had the title role; I played the part of the student Scipion Giraffe. We performed this play (which also had some singing parts) with the greatest enthusiasm.

In my student days I had also participated in a private performance at the home of my classmates, the Knipper brothers. In the vaudeville *If You Cannot Ford a Stream, Do Not Step Into the Water* I played the butler; their sister was the heroine. This young actress, Olga Knipper, later became famous as a member of the Moscow Art Theater.

The libretto of my opera *Dobrynya Nikititch* turned out rather well. In January, 1896, I began to compose the music, and by the following spring I had completed a good part of the score.

During the winter of 1895-1896, my teaching schedule dwindled so rapidly that I was no longer able to meet my expenses. My wife and I decided to move to Moscow in the spring, hoping to find better opportunities there.

Towards the end of April when we were getting ready to leave St. Petersburg, a man in a general's uniform came to see me.

"Is this the residence of the composer Gretchaninoff?" he asked.

"Yes, it is," I replied, and invited him in. "What can I do for you?"

He introduced himself. "My name is General A." he said as he entered. "My wife has written an opera, *Count Serebriany*, and she needs an orchestrator. I inquired at the Conservatory and you were recommended to me. Should you accept our offer, we would invite you for the summer to our estate near Proskurov in the Podolsk District. You will have excellent lodgings in a separate house, a magnificent piano, a carriage for your outings, and anything else that you may need."

It was a tempting offer. I thought it over and said, "You should know that I am married. I also own a dog."

"Fine! You will have every comfort."

"And my remuneration? . . ."

"You will receive 500 rubles in addition to your room and

board. Travel expenses for you and your wife will also be paid. But let me make myself absolutely clear: my wife's opera must be orchestrated brilliantly."

He emphasized the word "brilliantly" several times during our conversation.

Vera Ivanovna and I discussed the general's offer and we decided to accept, although inwardly I recoiled from the prospect of devoting the entire summer to the handiwork of a lady dilettante.

I went with the general to his hotel and there met his wife, the authoress of the opera. She was a middle-aged lady with rather eccentric manners. She showed me a manuscript written in pencil and declared that it was only the first part of her opera—she had not brought the entire manuscript with her for fear the precious treasure might be stolen. I glanced at the music. It was a fantastically amateurish concoction. Still, I could hardly afford to reject such a lucrative offer. The prospect of spending the summer free from financial worries, and being able to save some money for the winter, was extremely attractive, so I agreed.

"Good! But you must orchestrate my opera *brilliantly*," she reminded me.

"Of course, of course. Once I undertake this work, I will do it conscientiously."

"I have already shown my opera to several people," she continued, "and I have been assured of performances during the next season in Odessa or in Kiev. Everyone is enthusiastic about my opera. You will see for yourself that it is a fine work. You were highly recommended to me as a person who can orchestrate brilliantly, and I feel confident that our collaboration will work out to our mutual satisfaction."

Listening to her incoherent chatter, I understood what kind of person I had to deal with. I realized that I was confronted with an ungrateful and humiliating task, that I had to serve the whims of an arrogant rich woman. Yet I had no other choice but to bear my lot with patience and humility, remembering that even the greatest masters of the past had to make similar com-

promises. I recalled that when Wagner went to Paris for the first time, he was compelled to accept a commission from the publisher Schlesinger for an arrangement of Donizetti's *La Favorita*, the music of which he despised. He even had to conduct this insignificant work, to his "total shame," as he wrote in his memoirs.

We shipped our furniture to my father-in-law's home in Moscow, and bade a tearful farewell to Claudia, our dear, devoted maid who was staying in St. Petersburg for her impending marriage. With our puppy Tom we proceeded to the railroad station and boarded the train for Proskurov.

A luxurious carriage was waiting for us in Proskurov, and after an hour we reached our destination. The general and his wife welcomed us, and presented us to their daughter, a maiden who had already reached ripe maturity.

"Your house is being repaired," announced the general, "and for the time being you will have to live with us. But the repairs will be completed in two or three weeks, and then you will be able to move into your own quarters."

This announcement was not at all to my liking. And I liked the situation even less when we saw our room, furnished with two folding cots like those used in the army. We were not accustomed to such austere living, and during the first night we hardly slept a wink.

But the real torture began the next morning. At nine o'clock my hostess sat down at the piano and proceeded to play her masterpiece to me. She played until eleven o'clock that night, with just a few breaks for meals. Her music, and particularly its length, plunged me into indescribable despair. I would have needed eight months, perhaps a year, to orchestrate this interminable rigmarole. Apart from the repellent prospect of staying for such a long time with people who were not at all congenial, the idea of wasting that time on utterly unproductive labor exasperated me. I tried to convince the composeress that no theater would accept an opera of such length, and that even if the opera were accepted for production, the audience would not

endure more than a single act. I urged her to make cuts—substantial cuts—in her opera.

At first she would not hear of it, but finally she yielded to my arguments, and we began to work on the cuts. I succeeded in abridging the opera considerably, but each suggested cut aroused her violent objections. She wouldn't give up a single page of her music without a fight.

The following morning I sat down to work on the orchestration of the opera. A cursory glance at the score made it clear to me that even in the newly cut version it would be impossible to finish the score during the summer, even if I worked day and night, and gave up all my walks and recreation. How could I escape this forced labor? Oh, for a miracle to relieve me of the whole nightmarish situation! And a miracle came to pass—quite unexpectedly.

The piano was in a room with four doors. This room was used as a passage-way. People went in and out unceremoniously. At first I paid little attention, but the commotion, frequently accompanied by loud talking, irritated me more and more. At last it became intolerable. When my hostess passed through the room I stopped her and told her it was impossible for me to do any work on account of the noise. The composeress, apparently still fretting at my boldness in cutting her opera, suddenly assumed a very unfriendly and even arrogant attitude.

"Such pretensions!" she exclaimed. "I used to compose in this room, and you cannot even do such mechanical work as orchestration!"

"I was promised a separate house," I protested, "and now you refuse to grant me the most elementary comforts."

"But you know that your house is being repaired."

"Very well, but in the meantime you can give me a room in the wings, not in the passage-way."

"That is impossible," she retorted sharply. "I would have to hire porters to move the piano, and where can I find them during the working season? The idea is impractical."

"Then I cannot work under such conditions."

“Does this mean that you refuse to go on?”

“Yes.”

“As you wish,” she said with anger. “The moment we met I saw that you were not interested in my music. In fact, I am glad that we did not get along together. Now I may hope to find a person who will have more appreciation of my work, without your pretensions, and will orchestrate my opera no less brilliantly than you . . . and without cuts,” she added with malice.

What joy! How quickly my prayers were answered! I was free from forced labor!

I carried the happy news to Vera Ivanovna and we quickly packed and started off on the return trip. It was characteristic of the general and his wife that they did not give us the same luxurious carriage that had brought us there, but sent us to the station in a peasant cart, the kind used to carry hay. The cart had no springs, and the ride was so bumpy that my eyes were sore after the hour and a half ride. On our way back by train, I had to stop off in Kiev and consult an oculist.

I wondered afterwards why all amateur opera composers invariably select such classical subjects as Alexey Tolstoy’s *Count Serebriany* or Gogol’s *Taras Bulba* for their librettos. I never learned whether any musician from Moscow or St. Petersburg went to Proskurov to orchestrate that ill-starred opera. Of course, it was never produced anywhere.

Chapter XI

MOSCOW AND THE VOLGA

We are back in Moscow — Playing two pianos-eight hands with my wife and her sisters — My new friends — My illness and recovery — I want to adopt a fatherless peasant girl Oletchka, but Vera Ivanovna objects to my plan — Oletchka's death and my disconsolate grief.

SO WE LEFT the general's estate and went to my father-in-law's country house in Gireyevo. Our summer was as pleasant as the one we had spent there three years before. In September we moved to Moscow and took lodgings in my father-in-law's house on Kozlovsky Road. We were given the same two rooms with a view on the garden that we had occupied during Christmas vacations in previous years.

Upon my return to Moscow in the autumn of 1896, I went to see my former teacher Safonov, and asked him to find some pupils for me or, perhaps, appoint me as instructor at the Conservatory. This attempt was a failure, as was a similar attempt three years before in St. Petersburg. Safonov's policy was to give all available tutoring jobs to needy Conservatory students; and there were no teaching vacancies at the Conservatory. As usual, I was left to my own devices.

There were several families in Moscow where I used to teach piano. I was always appreciated as a teacher, and I gradually acquired a few pupils.

I always liked children, and teaching them was never a burden

to me. Through the years I developed my own system which enabled me to interest young children in music from the very beginning so that they made rapid progress. During the first few lessons I never insisted on strict observance of correct hand positions, but let my pupils play real music. I gave them easy melodies, first for the right hand alone, then for both hands, while I played the bass part. At the same time I taught them how to read notes. As soon as they showed signs of enjoying their lessons, I taught them correct hand positions and gave them technical exercises. As they progressed I devoted a considerable part of the lesson time to the playing of duets. I made use of simple melodies written especially for four hands. I regard Diabelli's pieces as the best of their kind. Then I initiated my pupils into classical music, beginning with Haydn, so that they gradually became acquainted with the music of the great masters. Besides, I taught them solfeggio and made them sing simple songs. I compiled an album of popular songs for children, entitled *The Little Rooster*, which I used in my work.

Life with my in-laws was very pleasant. They were all passionately devoted to music: they attended symphony concerts and played music at home. Vera's sisters were fairly good pianists and we renewed our playing for eight hands, which had been the source of so much enjoyment before my marriage. Every Sunday night there was a party. While some of the guests played cards in a side room, we presented concerts in the salon where we had two pianos. For the first time I had an opportunity to play my new works, mostly songs, for a fairly large audience.

In Moscow I called on some of my former Conservatory colleagues, but somehow I never became close friends with them, except for Glière and Maikapar. Among non-musicians, one of my best friends was the engineer Marvin, an ardent music lover, who was employed by the Nizhny-Novgorod Railroad Company.

In January, 1897, I caught a cold which developed into double pneumonia. There was a period of anxiety when my condition became so serious that the doctor had to tell my wife that my

life was in danger. Fortunately my healthy, young heart, and the solicitous care of my wife enabled me to regain my health. Still, it was not until six weeks later that the doctor pronounced me fully recovered, and I resumed my customary occupations.

Spring came, and soon we went again to the Volga, settling for the third summer in our house near Rybinsk.

To our great disappointment, we had no children. Our faithful puppy Tom was our only baby. One day that summer a pretty peasant girl, bearing an infant-in-arms, came to see us and offered her services as cook. We hired her without hesitation, and never regretted it. The child, far from being a burden, brought great joy into our lives, such as we had never experienced before. We were delighted to commune with this childish soul. Her name was Olga—we called her Oletchka. She was only a year old, and was just beginning to walk and talk. We treated her like our own child, played with her, and pampered her. While her mother was busy in the kitchen, Oletchka was always with us.

Autumn came, and we were on our way back to Moscow. We did not know what to do with our little girl whom we had grown to love so dearly. If we had our own apartment, we would not have hesitated to take both mother and child with us. But we were staying with the Röhrbergs: we could not afford an apartment of our own. At one time I nearly decided to take Oletchka without her mother, and then adopt the child. The mother, knowing how much we cared for the child, and how attached the little girl was to us, gave her consent. So I went to Rybinsk to find out who the father was and to make sure that there was no hereditary disease. It turned out that the child's father was a big, healthy, and handsome fellow, a butcher by trade. He was entirely indifferent to his child and her welfare. Everything seemed to favor our taking Oletchka with us. It was Vera Ivanovna who violently objected to my plan—she was afraid to assume responsibility for the child of a stranger.

“But Oletchka is no stranger,” I pleaded. “She is much more attached to us than to her own mother. She has never seen her father. She is like our own child.”

Vera Ivanovna refused to yield. Her most plausible argument was that we were not living in our own home. Still, the Röhrbergs took in our dog, and even liked Tom. There was no reason for them to object to the presence of such a charming little creature as our Oletchka.

However that might be, we departed, leaving Oletchka with her mother. I sadly parted from the child, and for a long time brooded over her unhappy fate.

In Moscow I resumed teaching my old pupils, and also acquired some new ones. This enabled us to take an apartment and start a new life of our own.

I asked Vera Ivanovna to write to Rybinsk and inquire about Oletchka. A few days later we received a reply: Oletchka was dead. We were stunned. We learned afterwards that Oletchka's mother was working for a family that did not want children around the house, and Oletchka was placed in a baby farm. There the child fell ill of scarlet fever and died.

My grief was inconsolable. Had we taken Oletchka, she might have lived and been a source of so much joy to us, as she was during those unforgettable summer months on the Volga. I mourned this lovable creature for a long, long time.

Chapter XII

STANISLAVSKY AND THE MOSCOW ART THEATER

I write an unsuccessful Cello Concerto — My First Liturgy — My first trip abroad — Return to Moscow — Stanislavsky asks me to write music for the newly founded Moscow Art Theater — My unconventional ideas on church singing result in polemic in the press — My trip to the Crimea — My friendship with Kalinnikov — His premature death.

IN MOSCOW we rented an apartment near my father-in-law's house. We settled down, and I began to orchestrate the Cello Concerto which I had composed during the summer. After working a few days, I began to feel a certain coolness towards this particular composition. But I remembered the advice of my teacher Rimsky-Korsakov, not to abandon any composition before completing it, even though it seemed unsuccessful at first. Accordingly, I finished the concerto and put it away with the intention of looking it over again later on before deciding what to do with it. Two years later I returned to the concerto and played it over with Von Glen, professor of cello at the Moscow Conservatory. The music was indeed rather weak. Nevertheless, I did not destroy the manuscript (it would have been a pity to do that), but I wrote on the title page: "Please do not publish even after my death."

I have mentioned many times that, from my earliest childhood, I had a predilection for church singing. Yet, during all these

years, I did not write a single sacred choral work, although in the meantime I had written some secular choral music, a string quartet, a symphony, and had made plans for an opera. So I decided to write a Liturgy. My work progressed rapidly and in the spring of 1899, the Liturgy was ready.

At that time in Moscow there flourished the famous chorus of the Synodic School, directed by Stepan Smolensky. I went to see Smolensky and showed him my new work. He was a tall man, of stooping posture, bespectacled, not at all handsome, but very sympathetic, good-natured, and intelligent. He received me with great cordiality, for he knew my name as the composer of some of his favorite songs. When he learned that I had brought him, on approval, a Liturgy which had just been completed, he welcomed me with redoubled interest. He immediately called in his chorus master Orlov, led me to the piano, and asked me play the Liturgy from beginning to end. The simplicity and sincerity of the music, its lofty style and good vocal writing instantly won the hearts of my listeners. It was decided to have the parts copied during the summer for a performance, under Orlov's direction, in the autumn. Thus began my friendship with Stepan Smolensky, which continued to the day of his death.

In the spring of 1898, my wife and I took a trip abroad. Our itinerary included Warsaw, Vienna, Trieste, Venice, Milan, Lucerne, Paris, and Berlin. We spent about a month in Gersau, a small picturesque village on Lake Lucerne. I greatly enjoyed the beauty of the wonderful Swiss landscape: fortunately for us, the weather was not as rainy as it usually is in those parts. All in all, our trip was most enjoyable.

Spiritually enriched and physically rested, I returned to Moscow late in the summer. Soon after my homecoming, I received a letter from Stanislavsky asking me to write incidental music for his production of Alexey Tolstoy's play *Tsar Theodore*. This production inscribed a golden page in the history of the Moscow Art Theater. I greatly enjoyed my association with Stanislavsky and his troupe of young, enthusiastic artists, full of warm devotion to their theatrical venture. I attended their rehearsals with

the greatest interest, first in a barn in the suburban locality of Pushkino, and later in a theater on Karetny Row in Moscow. At the very first rehearsal a pleasant surprise awaited me: a meeting with my old acquaintance, Olga Knipper.

"What are you doing here?" I asked her. "I am a member of the troupe!" she replied proudly. "And you?" "I am commissioned to write incidental music for *Tsar Theodore*. But what a pleasant coincidence! So we will be working together."

Later I met the actor Artem and other actors with whom I had been associated in amateur shows in my childhood, and who were now members of the Moscow Art Theater. I met the director Sanin, the stage designer Simov, the actress Roksanova and her actor-husband Mihailovsky.

My music for *Tsar Theodore* included an aria of the gush player and several folk-like melodies for the various scenes of the play. On October 14 (26), 1898, the Moscow Art Theater opened its doors to the public. (Originally, its name was Everybody's Art Theater, but later the word "Everybody's" was dropped.) The performance of Alexey Tolstoy's tragedy was an unqualified success. Both the audience and the progressive press proclaimed this production an epoch-making event in the history of the Russian theater. I was proud in the knowledge that I, too, had contributed my "drop of honey" to this achievement.

I wrote incidental music for other plays produced by the Moscow Art Theater: *Death of Ivan the Terrible* by Alexey Tolstoy; *Dreams* by Nemirovitch-Dantchenko, and *The Snow Maiden* by Ostrovsky. In the first two there was little music, but in *The Snow Maiden* the musical score was an important part of the play. I will have something to say about this play later on; just now, I want to tell how much my work with the Moscow Art Theater meant to me, so that I began to wonder whether stage music was not, after all, my true vocation.

In the autumn of 1899, the chorus of the Synodic School performed my Liturgy. Its separate numbers were quite good but, on the whole, the work did not satisfy me. Something was lack-

ing: I could not see my own individuality in this music. And yet (I make bold to say this!) I believe that my Liturgy was a step forward in Russian sacred music after Tchaikovsky's Liturgy.

Some time elapsed, and I wrote two choruses: *Praise the Lord* and *The Wave of the Ocean*. In these choruses I made use for the first time of old Russian church chants; in my treatment of these chants I tried to observe the modal character of the melodies, avoiding chromatic leads and large melodic skips, and keeping clear of sentimental Italianisms. The problem fascinated me by its novelty. These two choral works set the foundation of the style I developed in my later sacred writings, the style I maintained through the years up to the composition of my Oecumenical Mass.

At the concert of the Synodic School Choir, these two choruses were no less successful with the audience than my secular choral works. In 1899, the Synodic Choir gave concerts in Vienna. My choruses were received there as favorably as in Moscow.

This new style of sacred music which I adopted, as did also Kastalsky and Tchesnokov, was for a long time refused recognition by the self-appointed arbiters of Russian Orthodox church singing. Accustomed to the type of music exemplified by Bortniansky (Glinka used to call Bortniansky "Sugar, Son of Honey"), and, still worse, by Wedell, Sarti, and the rest of the Germans and Italians, their taste was completely ruined. Anything that did not sound like German or Italian church music seemed to them—and, alas, still seems to their disciples—as contrary to the spirit of Russian church music.

I decided to launch an open attack on this fossilized attitude, and published an article under the title "On the Spirit of Church Singing." Two main ideas were brought out in this article: first, that if the music corresponds faithfully to the meaning of the text, this proves its fidelity to the "spirit" as well. According to this premise, no frivolous melody can be properly used in church compositions, for there is no text in the sacred writings that it can possibly portray. Sometimes church music is described by its critics as essentially operatic in style. This is not, strictly speak-

ing, a reproach, for there is much in operatic music that is eminently suitable for performance in churches—for instance, some of the music in *Parsifal*, *Boris Godunov*, and *Khovantchina*. Conversely, one sometimes hears in church the type of music better suited for places of vulgar entertainment.

Secondly, I pointed out in my article that the only way to write Orthodox church music in a truly Russian style is to return to old Slavonic church singing, to study it, learn to love it, and enjoy it as part of our own native folk music. Let Italian songs flourish in Italy; it behooves us, Russians, to cling to our own Slavonic modes.

Fervent admirers of the Russian Orthodox Church should be grateful to the composers of this new church music, instead of chiding them, for they have wisely turned towards ancient modes; and their music, nurtured on venerable antiquity, has brought fresh air into the stifling atmosphere of Russian church singing.

The only Russian newspaper that showed interest in the problems of the Russian Church, and church singing in particular, was *Moscovskye Vedomosti*. I was altogether out of sympathy with the monarchist politics of that paper, but I decided nevertheless to publish my article in this, rather than in any other paper. My action aroused a storm of disapproval. My principal idea was completely misinterpreted, and I was accused of wanting to introduce operatic style into the Russian Orthodox Church. There were other similarly absurd misinterpretations. I was compelled to reply and clarify my basic views. One beneficial result of all this was that I and my associates in the new movement were no longer reproached for failing to write “in the spirit” of Russian Orthodoxy.

This was the only instance when I publicly defended my position. In my career as a composer I had to endure criticism that was unjust, tactless, and even downright insulting, without yielding to the temptation of replying to my detractors. But the problem of the right spirit in Russian church music touched on basic principles, and that is why I found it necessary, rightful,

and useful to act as I did. I never regretted my action, and subsequently I saw that it resulted in beneficial developments.

I spent the summer of 1899 with Vera Ivanovna in Alupka, Crimea, in a house on top of a cliff commanding a wonderful view of the sea. I was then finishing my opera *Dobrynya Nikititch*. Tchuprynnikov, the tenor of the Imperial Opera, lived in the same boarding house. When I finished the second aria of Aliosha Popovitch, "Little Flowers Bloom in the Field," Tchuprynnikov memorized it, and we performed the song together at a concert in Yalta. The success was extraordinary, and we had to repeat the song. On the following morning, when we came down to breakfast we found on our plates two laurel wreaths, tokens of appreciation from our landlady.

During that summer I met Vasily Kalinnikov, the composer of the excellent Symphony in G minor. He suffered from advanced tuberculosis, and the doctors ordered him to go to the South. Nevertheless, he was doomed. We saw each other frequently, played music together, and occasionally argued, for our ideas and tastes were often at odds. Despite his illness, he continued to compose. During that summer he was at work on an opera *Year 1812*. The overture to this opera was performed at Mamontov's Opera House in Moscow during the following winter season, under the title *Dunia*.

I parted from Kalinnikov in the autumn, but we kept in touch by frequent correspondence. One of his letters was written in the form of a musical aria for "the sweetest tenor." I reciprocated by sending him an "ominously murderous" song for bass. Our musical correspondence was published by Jurgenson in an album sold for the benefit of widows and orphaned children of musicians.

A year and a half after our meeting, on December 29, 1900, according to the Russian calendar, Kalinnikov died. He was barely thirty-five years old. His wife Sofia Nicolayevna, the unselfish devoted companion of his life, survived him. Kalinnikov was buried in the Yalta Cemetery. His friends and admirers put

up a rather pretentious monument for him, utterly out of keeping with the character of this modest man and his modest talent.

I recall the Crimean summer of 1899 as one of the happiest in my life. I was young; I was full of creative energy; I had successful accomplishments behind me; I was surrounded by fine friends; I was living in nature's bosom—what else can one ask for? I left the Crimea, grateful for two months of paradise.

Chapter XIII

THE SNOW MAIDEN

The Moscow performance of my Symphony under Safonov — Stanislavsky asks me to write music for Ostrovsky's fairy tale The Snow Maiden — I introduce realistic effects in my score — Favorable reception of my music.

AFTER I RETURNED to Moscow from the Crimea, I went to see Safonov and showed him my Symphony with the revised Scherzo. He accepted it for performance, and gave it an excellent reading at the concert of the Russian Imperial Musical Society on February 12 (25), 1900. The Symphony was a success, and I was recalled to the stage several times. The Moscow press was favorable, much more so than the St. Petersburg papers had been when my Symphony was given by Rimsky-Korsakov five years before.

In the spring of 1900, Stanislavsky commissioned me to write incidental music for Ostrovsky's fairy tale *The Snow Maiden* for the Moscow Art Theater. Rimsky-Korsakov had written an opera on the same subject, and Tchaikovsky had composed incidental music to this fairy tale, but neither corresponded to the conception of the Moscow Art Theater. It was imperative that the music should be characteristically folk-like, which was not the case with Tchaikovsky. His songs of *Lel*, for instance, might have suited some personage in a German opera, but hardly a Russian shepherd. Besides, Tchaikovsky's orchestra required a

conductor; his music was operatically conceived, whereas the Moscow Art Theater intended to create an illusion of utmost realism, with the most minute details carefully worked out to present a faithful picture of the period. Therefore, Tchaikovsky's music could not be used. And so I was called upon to write a third *Snow Maiden*. It was not an easy task. I had to forget Tchaikovsky and—much more difficult for me—Rimsky-Korsakov as well, and invent something entirely new.

I set to work not without timidity and self-doubt. I had to abandon all resources of modern orchestral technique and write for an ensemble imitating the sonority of a Russian village band consisting of gusli, shepherd's pipes, horns, bagpipes, and other Russian folk-instruments. Long before, I had heard, in the Vladimir district, a quartet of shepherds playing horns in the field. They performed Russian folk songs very musically, with true artistic temperament. My memory stood me in good stead. As instrumental support for Lel's song, I decided to introduce a group of beggars accompanying the song on their instruments, playing hesitantly at first, and continuing with increasing self-confidence. The result was a rather realistic scene.

In another scene, where a group of gusli players perform in the palace of the Tsar Berendey, the actors held the authentic gusli in their hands. It would not have been too difficult to train them to play the gusli, but I decided against it, since these instruments are not strong enough to be heard from the stage. So, following the tradition established by Glinka, I gave the gusli parts to the harp and piano placed in the wings, while on the stage the gusli players pretended that they were producing the music.

In the scene of the celebration in the enchanted forest, I introduced an unusual effect. Two choruses, standing at a distance from each other on the stage, sang two entirely different songs. This procedure was hardly justified, from a purely musical standpoint, but, covered by the noise of the crowd and conversation, the songs gave the desired illusion of popular rejoicing.

For the scene with the heralds, Stanislavsky, a master of fan-

tasy and a genius in devising theatrical effects, asked me to use bell chimes (wooden bars of different sizes, like a xylophone, with a very extensive range). The heralds in my score shouted musical phrases, in the manner of folk refrains, or street vendors' cries, or even deacons' chants in church.

In his book, *My Life in Art*, Stanislavsky describes this scene in the following words:

"The basses shouted out their lines in thunderous voices; the tenors chanted their fiorituras, some ponderously and insistently, others merrily, in a sort of cackle, still others melodiously, with ornamental refrains. Sometimes the tenors echoed the altos; or else, the altos alternated with low men's voices. Some choristers shouted into the audience, climbing to the top of Berendey's palace, and sticking their heads out of the attic windows in the direction of the spectators."

The result was a very original and gay burlesque in a true Russian folk manner.

Yuri Engel wrote in *Russkye Vedomosti*: "Gretchaninoff's music is only one of the many components, along with the scenery, costuming, and other details, in the production of *The Snow Maiden*. But it is music originally conceived, artistically carried out, and contributing greatly to the impact of the whole."

The première of *The Snow Maiden* took place on September 24 (October 7), 1900. Unfortunately, the production was not as successful as was hoped. Stanislavsky explained this partial failure by certain errors of judgment. For instance, the scenery of the last two acts did not fit the stage very well, and a long intermission was required to install it. Things like that always distract the audience. When it was decided to use the same scenery in both acts, the result was a confusion in stage directions. There was another serious defect. In their desire to stylize the language in an archaic manner, the actors distorted natural inflections, and paused between words without justification. Moskvín, for instance, pronounced the simple line "You annoy me" this way: Yu-u-u (a pause) anny-yoy me."

I was very much chagrined by the lack of success of *The Snow*

Maiden We had worked hard for this production, putting into it our best imaginative effort, in music as well as in everything else and all this effort seemed to be wasted.

The Snow Maiden was later produced, with my music, in several theaters in the provinces, but I did not attend these performances, and so I could not judge their merit.

Chapter XIV

SERGEI TANEYEV

Taneyev's greatness as a pianist, composer and theorist — I dedicate my Trio to Taneyev, and he dedicates his Trio to me — Our friendship — Taneyev's wit — Anecdotes about him — His bachelor life — False rumors about his love affair with Tolstoy's wife — His devotion to his childhood nurse — Her death — Taneyev dedicates an album of songs to her memory — Last years of Taneyev's life.

IN THE LAST DECADES of the nineteenth century and through the first fifteen years of the twentieth there lived in Moscow a great musician, composer, pianist, and theorist, Sergei Ivanovitch Taneyev. Among his works were the remarkable cantata to Khomiakov's text *On Reading of a Psalm*, the opera *Oresteya*, several string quartets, a piano trio, a piano quartet, and a piano quintet. Taneyev also contributed an incomparable treasure to the field of musical science, *Florid Counterpoint in the Strict Style*, a work that occupied nearly his entire lifetime, and undoubtedly the most remarkable volume of its kind in twentieth-century musical literature.

In addition to his accomplishments as a composer and theorist, Taneyev was an outstanding pianist. However, he was not interested in a concert career, and appeared in public only on exceptional occasions, such as the memorial concerts for Tchaikovsky and Nicolas Rubinstein, who had been his teachers; in concerts where his own works were performed; and in a western European tour with a Czech string quartet. Incidentally, he was one of the first performers of the famous piano concerto in B flat minor by Tchaikovsky. A current joke at the time was that there

were three sightseeing wonders in Moscow: the Tsar Cannon that does not shoot, the Tsar Bell which does not ring, and the Tsar Pianist who does not play.

I had studied with Taneyev for only one semester at the Moscow Conservatory. My quarrel with Arensky forced me to leave the Conservatory, which automatically resulted in my giving up lessons with Taneyev, too. In 1896, when I returned to Moscow after my studies with Rimsky-Korsakov at the St. Petersburg Conservatory, I re-established contact with Taneyev. From that time on, I never let any of my large works be published before showing the music to him.

Invariably, I received valuable advice from Taneyev. He showed genuine interest in my music, and particularly liked my first Trio, composed in 1906. He played this Trio at my house with the violinist Sibor and the cellist Bukinik; his playing of the piano part was masterly. I profited by his advice in this Trio, too, and dedicated it to him. By way of reciprocity, he dedicated his own Trio to me.

In his social manners, Taneyev was extremely simple, and treated others on equal terms. His vitality, his good-natured disposition, his sense of humor endeared him to all who knew him. Amusing anecdotes about him were the talk of Moscow. Here is a typical example.

Taneyev was rather corpulent. Once he had to escort a lady who was also ample. He led her to a droshki. After she was seated, he realized that there was no room for him on her left. He went around the droshki to take his place on her right, but there was no room there either. Then he asked her: "Pardon me, Madame, will you kindly tell me on which side you are sitting?"

Here is another anecdote: Taneyev's friends and admirers organized a public banquet in his honor. The preparations for the occasion were made in secret, for if Taneyev had found out about the planned celebration, he would never have come. After the musical part of the evening, there were speeches. Yuri Engel, the well-known Moscow music critic, expatiated on the musical accomplishments of the hero of the occasion and praised his per-

sonal integrity. He concluded his speech by declaring: "Sergei Ivanovitch is our musical conscience."

Thunderous applause greeted this declaration. Taneyev rose and bowed in embarrassment. Then Alexander Goldenweiser, head of the Moscow Conservatory at the time, asked permission to elaborate on Engel's speech. "Sergei Ivanovitch is not only our musical conscience," said Goldenweiser, "he is our conscience in every other respect."

Amused, Taneyev was heard to say in a subdued voice: "That must be the reason why I feel so conscience-stricken." Naturally this aroused an outburst of laughter. Taneyev himself was chuckling with good-natured amusement. As a result, the somewhat tense and solemn atmosphere of the celebration was pleasantly lightened.

Taneyev continued to teach music theory all his life; his favorite subjects were strict and free counterpoint, according to the system embodied in his famous book. He taught his private pupils free of charge, despite the fact that he was not well-to-do. He had some income which was sufficient for his modest way of life. He was completely devoid of greed. In this respect he was quite different from the average musician.

Taneyev never married—his students took the place of a family for him. During his leisure hours he liked to play chess with them. An excellent player, he invariably won, but never flaunted his superiority, and treated the game in the spirit of a joke. Many outstanding Moscow musicians were his students. Even those who did not study with him went to him for advice, among them Rachmaninoff, Medtner, Scriabin, and myself. Taneyev did not allow smoking in his house, and a conspicuous sign in a gilt-edged frame, with an appropriate quotation from Tolstoy against smoking, was hung on the wall in his living-room. When someone took out a cigarette, Taneyev humorously observed, with a satisfied smile: "Peter Ilitch Tchaikovsky himself smoked only in the kitchen, standing by the transom of the window."

During the last years of his life Sergei Ivanovitch suffered

from frequent heart attacks, which finally carried him to his grave at the age of fifty-nine. He ended his days in his beloved village of Dudkovo, in the vicinity of the Zvenigorod Monastery, where he sought solitude from the hubbub of city life. A modest peasant hut was his refuge for work and relaxation. There he died in the summer of 1915, among villagers who were deeply devoted to him and regarded him as a man of great wisdom and virtue.

Women never played any role in Taneyev's life. There were rumors about a love affair between him and Sofia Andreyevna, Tolstoy's wife, but if there was any truth in that rumor, it was only a one-sided attachment on her part.

Scriabin died in the same year as Taneyev; he was but forty-three years old. Thus in 1915 Russian music suffered two grievous losses.

In any account of Taneyev's life, mention should be made of the remarkable personality of his childhood nurse, Pelageya Vasilievna. She was of medium height, rather lumpy in appearance, and she walked in a lurching gait, swaying from side to side; her eyes sparkled with intelligence. She represented the type, unhappily extinct, of the old-fashioned *nyanya*, common in the families of Russian landowners, the type of Pushkin's Arina Rodionovna, so familiar to the older generation.

Pelageya Vasilyevna took care of Taneyev's simple household needs and chores. She had a remarkable memory, and knew by name all his visitors—and there were a great many of them, practically all of musical Moscow. Taneyev's guests treated her with great respect and affection, even though she was at times very strict and would not allow them to interfere with Taneyev's work.

Pelageya Vasilievna died about five years before Taneyev. With her death, he lost his minister of internal affairs. Her successor, a simple peasant woman, could never take her place in Taneyev's heart. After Pelageya Vasilyevna died, Taneyev presented her pictures to his intimate friends, and dedicated an album of songs to her memory.

Chapter XV

MY OPERA DOBRINYA NIKITITCH

The Rubinstein banquets — Dissension among Moscow musicians — I play the score of my opera at a private gathering — The Bolshoy Theater accepts Dobrinya Nikititch for performance — I abandon my first publisher Jurgenson and join Gutheil's firm — My opera is published in vocal score — I write my Second Liturgy — Its successful première.

IN 1901, acting at Taneyev's instigation, a group of Moscow musicians gathered in the Hermitage Restaurant for a memorial meeting on the twentieth anniversary of the death of Nicholas Rubinstein. Among those present were Taneyev himself, Kashkin, Rachmaninoff, Medtner, Kastalsky, Engel, Goldenweiser, Igumnov, George and Leo Conius, Rozenov, Sakhnovsky, Bartenev, and I.

Musicians rarely form a congenial group, and Moscow musicians were no exception. Mr. A. was shocked by the bad musical taste of Mr. B.; Mr. C. failed to appreciate Mr. D., and was critical of his playing; Mr. E. was impossible to get along with, unless one praised his music, and his music was of no interest to Mr. F. As a result, Moscow musicians withdrew into their own shells and rarely saw each other. But on this memorable occasion all of us felt the necessity of getting together, and we resolved then and there to hold regular meetings at the Hermitage Restaurant on the first Sunday of each month.

Naturally, every musician tried to find a seat at the banquet table next to a friendly colleague, and conversation was maintained in separate groups of immediate neighbors. Only when a point of common interest was raised did the discussion become general. We even had to elect a chairman to give everyone a chance to speak.

I recall a heated discussion of Engel's article in *Russkyye Vedomosti* on *Ein Heldenleben* by Richard Strauss, after its first performance in Moscow. Engel reviewed the work very favorably, particularly praising its masterly orchestration. Moscow musicians of that time were rather intolerant, and many regarded Engel's praise of Strauss as an indirect affront to them. The first to assail poor Engel was Taneyev, who was very conservative in his musical tastes. (He did not like Moussorgsky, and failed to recognize his genius; as to Scriabin's innovations, he openly derided them.) Rachmaninoff, Medtner, and some others sided with Taneyev in his attack on Engel. I was the only one who supported Engel's views.

Incidentally, at one of the meetings Medtner played some of his piano works for the first time. We were all impressed with his music.

In the autumn of 1901, I completed the score of *Dobrynya Nikititch*. At the November banquet I invited all those present to hear me play the opera privately, and suggested the day and hour for the meeting. My offer was accepted. After the banquet I reminded Taneyev of our date. To my surprise, he said: "Is that a Wednesday? I am afraid I promised Mr. X. to see him that day. There must be some misunderstanding. I will tell him at once that I cannot keep my appointment with him."

It was sad to reflect that among our colleagues there was one person who not only avoided the opportunity to hear my music, but even tried to induce others not to come. And Mr. X. was one of the most prominent members of our circle!

The audition was scheduled for the evening of November 21, 1901, at the home of my father-in-law. All the members of our circle were present, except, of course, Mr. X. I sat at one piano,

and Goldenweiser, an expert sight reader, at the other. By way of introduction, I outlined the libretto of the opera, and proceeded to play the music. The audition took about three hours. Everyone listened attentively, and when we finished playing there were numerous flattering expressions of opinion about the music.

Several Moscow newspapers published accounts of this private gathering, pointing out that my opera abounded in fine choruses and melodious arias.

I was very happy at this favorable verdict. The next step was to get the opera produced. For beginners—and not only for beginners—this was not easy. However, luck was on my side. I wrote a letter to Altani, conductor of the Bolshoy Theater in Moscow, and received a courteous reply, giving me an appointment and asking me to bring along the score of my opera.

Altani greeted me cordially. He had already heard a great deal about my opera, and expressed great interest in it. His son, a boy of sixteen, asked permission to remain in the room and listen. I sat at the piano and began to play. After every aria and every chorus Altani and his son showed increasing enthusiasm. When I finished they showered me with compliments.

Altani volunteered to speak about my opera to the Director of the Bolshoy Theater and to have a committee appointed to decide on its acceptance. This committee met a few days later, and unanimously accepted my opera for production.

Rumors about the new opera quickly spread all over Moscow. I was besieged by singers of the Bolshoy Theater who wanted to sing in the première. The assignment of parts was at that time the composer's prerogative. Among others, Chaliapin called on me and asked to see the part of Dobrinya, written for bass voice. I played it over for him. He seemed very pleased with the music and accepted the role.

The well-known music publisher Gutheil came to see me and offered me a contract for the publication of my opera. At that time my compositions were being published by Jurgenson, as Belaieff had lost interest in vocal music. "Even Rimsky-Korsakov's vocal works are no longer accepted by my firm," Belaieff wrote

me. (Rimsky-Korsakov in the meantime had gone over to Bessel's publishing firm). Although I was still under contract to Jurgenson, Gutheil offered me highly advantageous terms. I told Gutheil that I would have to talk it over with Jurgenson first. I told Jurgenson about the terms offered me by Gutheil (two thousand rubles upon the signing of the contract, and an additional thousand rubles if there were no fewer than ten performances during the first season). Jurgenson declared that he could not match those terms. So we agreed that Jurgenson would continue to publish my sacred compositions, while my secular works would be given to Gutheil.

The piano score of *Dobrynya Nikititch* was, like all of Gutheil's publications, a luxurious edition, printed in Leipzig by Breitkopf and Härtel. Simov, stage designer of the Moscow Art Theater, designed the attractive title page. The first edition sold out quickly, and a second edition was published long before the opera's première which was scheduled for the season of 1902-1903. I selected the best singers of the Bolshoy Theater; they were to prepare their roles during the summer. The stage direction was entrusted to Vasilevsky, and the scenery to Lavdovsky. Rimsky-Korsakov showed great interest in my opera. I sent him the piano score, and in due time received a letter from him, in which he wrote:

"Here are my comments in brief, point by point: (1) On the whole, the opera impresses me very favorably. (2) Most of the music reflects the Russian spirit, and often the spirit of the ancient Russian epics. (3) I believe that you have succeeded best in the choral sections, and in the arias conceived in folk-song style. (4) The music is very melodious and well written for the voices. Generally speaking, I find in your opera the influence of Borodin and (if I may be permitted to say so) at times my own influence—naturally not in every section of the music. I am not interested in detecting such borrowings. I believe that without slight similarities, particularly in short musical phrases, one can hardly compose anything at all. I myself never stand on ceremony in this respect."

In the rest of his letter, Rimsky-Korsakov listed the numbers he liked best, and wrote in conclusion: "All told, I rejoice in your opera, and regard it as a fine contribution to Russian operatic literature."

How happy I was to receive such a high appraisal of my music from my adored teacher, who was always so reticent in bestowing praise. Rimsky-Korsakov's letter increased my self-confidence and inspired me to continued creative work.

We spent the summer of 1902 again on the banks of the Volga, this time near Svyazhsk. We had a fine country house, situated in an isolated spot. During one of my walks in the fields, a little lamb followed me home, and stayed with us. It was delightful to watch our little puppy Tom playing with the lamb in the garden. This idyllic existence was conducive to meditation, and I felt in the mood for writing sacred music. I decided to compose a new Liturgy, because my first Liturgy was unsatisfactory to me in many respects. I felt at ease and my work progressed well. But when I reached the Credo, I began to wonder whether I should not write something quite different from the first Liturgy. I had two Credos: a long one, which illustrated the text in considerable detail à la Tchaikovsky, and a shorter second Credo, as a recitative. How should I write the third one? I debated the problem for a long time, and then, in a flash, an original and yet essentially simple idea came to me: to give the entire text to the alto, not to sing, but to recite, as the nuns do; while the chorus, in a simple harmonic framework, accentuates, in worshipful whispers, the meaning of the text by repeating the words "I believe," and, towards the end, "I profess" and "I await." This Credo eventually became very popular.

When I returned to Moscow in the autumn, I handed the score of my second Liturgy to the choral director Vasilyev. He assigned the alto part to a gifted young boy. I rehearsed it with him, teaching him the correct pronunciation of the old Slavonic language and the art of rhythmic reading. Vasilyev himself had to make a special study to enter into the spirit of this unusual music,

and he attended my rehearsals with the boy for this purpose. The greatest difficulty was to blend the two independent elements of the music: the free recitative of the alto and the flowing harmonies of the choral accompaniment.

The new Liturgy was performed by Vasilyev's chorus in the main hall of the Moscow Nobility House, on Sunday, March 2 (15), 1903. The hall was packed to the doors, and the Liturgy had a tremendous success, particularly the Credo. The young boy who sang the alto part was showered with presents after the performance: a watch, lots of candy, and some money. The newspaper reviews were full of superlatives. Kashkin wrote: "Gretchaninoff's Credo, conceived in the strict church style, is a work of genius in its inventiveness, its simplicity, and its superb poetic spirit. This Credo made a profound impression, completely captivating the listener." Other reviews were couched in similar terms.

Chapter XVI

MOSCOW PREMIERE OF MY OPERA

Long delays in production at the Bolshoy Theater — Count Scheremetieff performs excerpts from the opera in St. Petersburg — My meeting with Chaliapin — His strange attitude towards his part in the opera — Mistakes in production — Conductor Altani and his lifeless performance — The première attracts great attention, but I feel unhappy about it — Attacks on me by Moscow critics — Production of Dobrinya Nikititch in other cities.

THE PREMIERE of *Dobrinya Nikititch* at the Bolshoy Theater was, for some mysterious reason, postponed several times. Also postponed was the première of Rimsky-Korsakov's opera *Servilia*, and this postponement infuriated him. "The Director of the Bolshoy Theater tells me that *Servilia* will not be produced during the current season," he wrote me. "And when will your opera be finally scheduled? They are such dullards, such sleepyheads!" Rimsky-Korsakov wrote me in another letter: "The attitude of the rulers of the Bolshoy Theater is outrageous. I can imagine how all this must be annoying to you. I confess that I have so little faith in their promises that I do not believe that *Servilia* will be given even during the next season. I have similar misgivings about the production of your opera. What fools, what scoundrels they are! I hope Kashkin will castigate them according to their deserts. Will the time ever come when they will be thrown out, and will cease to disgrace Moscow?"

In the autumn of 1902, I received a letter from Count Alexan-

der Scheremetieff, the founder and conductor of a choral organization in St. Petersburg, with an offer to perform excerpts from *Dobrynya Nikititch* at one of his concerts. I agreed, and on February 9 (22), 1903, Scheremetieff conducted in St. Petersburg the overture and the entire third act of my opera, with Mesdames Dunkovska and Przebyletzka, and Messrs. Kedrov and Bogdanovitch in the leading roles. There was a great deal of applause after Aliosha's narrative and after Dobrynya's aria; the choral numbers in the wedding scene and the dance had to be repeated. I received a laurel wreath. Scheremetieff's performance of a large part of my opera was an important event in my career. There was much comment about it in St. Petersburg society and in the press.

The excitement aroused by *Dobrynya Nikititch* in St. Petersburg caused me considerable trouble. Those singers and music lovers who knew the opera from the piano score might have overestimated the quality of my music, and this created a reaction against me. Some people obviously wished to drag me down from a pedestal that they believed was too high for me. They began a campaign against me, declaring that my opera had no merit whatsoever. Unfortunately, Chaliapin, who had agreed to take the principal part in *Dobrynya Nikititch*, was surrounded by such people, enemies of my music, and was unconsciously influenced by their attitude. It must be said that the role of the noble knight Dobrynya, a good family man and defender of the downtrodden, did not give ample scope to the great talent of this remarkable artist. In Borodin's opera *Prince Igor*, Chaliapin gave a magnificent characterization of the merry Prince Vladimir Galitzky, and of the easy-going Polovtzián prince Kontchak, but it would have been difficult to imagine him in the role of the righteous Prince Igor.

However that may be, Chaliapin cooled off to my opera, and failed to attend rehearsals. I had a very unpleasant correspondence with him about the situation. In addition to this unpleasantness I was prevented from engaging the services of the tenor Leonid Sobinov, who was eager to sing the part of Aliosha in the première of my opera, and wrote me insistent letters about it

from St. Petersburg where he was concertizing at the time. The point was that the administration of the Bolshoy Theater had a rule forbidding the participation in the same opera of two first-rank artists of the calibre of Chaliapin and Sobinov.

The dress rehearsal took place the day before the première, in the afternoon. The hall was packed. I must say that I and many of my friends were disappointed by certain details in the production. For instance, the Dragon was a travesty of the legendary monster. It looked more like a withered herring than a dragon. I repeatedly told Lavdovsky, who designed the scenery, that the dragon had to be of monstrous appearance, horrendous, and winged. I showed him pictures, and even a little statue of the Dragon as it should look, but to no avail. The herring stayed.

In the third act Chaliapin was given a miniature toy gush instead of a full-sized instrument. At the dress rehearsal he bluntly asked in a loud voice: "Can't the property department of the Bolshoy Theater supply a real gusli?"

Only Walz distinguished himself. He built a magnificent fountain for the first scene of the second act, and contrived an ingenious setting for the magic transformation of Marina's castle in the forest scene. The conductor Altani failed to bring out the musical qualities of my opera, and this despite his conscientious work and his friendliness towards me. I must admit that in the St. Petersburg performance under Count Scheremetieff, an amateur conductor, the music of my opera fared much better. Altani lacked artistic temperament, and under his direction the music sounded colorless and uninteresting. As to Chaliapin, he was not sure of his lines, which was particularly noticeable in his duet with Marina.

I awaited the première in a highly emotional state. The first two performances had long been sold out; in the general rush for tickets, there was much wrangling over the quota of tickets for the performers. Even I, the composer of the opera, could not get enough seats for my friends and acquaintances. My apartment was besieged by total strangers seeking tickets, and I hardly knew how to keep them away.

At last, the momentous day, October 14 (27), 1903, arrived; there were rumors that a celebration was planned for me after the première, but the festivities began much earlier. Early in the morning messengers arrived bringing gifts, among them a magnificent framed portrait of Beethoven, a writing set, a hand-tooled leather portfolio, and other presents.

My wife, the Röhrberg family, and I occupied a loge. After the second song of Aliosha Popovitch in the first act there was a salvo of applause. The singer Donskoy had to encore the song. At the end of the act I was called on the stage to acknowledge the applause.

In the second scene of the second act, Nezhdanova had to repeat the aria of Zabava (it was sung backstage), despite the fact that this repetition interfered with Chaliapin's acting on stage.

The real festivities began during the intermission between the second and third acts. I was presented with laurel wreaths in the name of the public, and a silver wreath from the cast.

In the third act Chaliapin had to encore Dobrinya's aria. After the final curtain I was recalled to the stage many times, with the singers, and alone. It was a triumphant success, such as rarely happens in a composer's life.

It is difficult to give an adequate idea of what I felt on the day after the performance. From morning on, a series of congratulatory telegrams from friends and acquaintances, poured into my apartment. The trophies of my triumph, wreaths and gifts, were on exhibition in my workroom. And yet I could hardly repress a painful bitterness that drove me to the point of tears. What was the reason for my depression? I had a vague suspicion of what it might be, but finally it all became clear to me. First of all, the music itself fell short of my expectations. Altani dragged the tempi, driving me to distraction. I prodded him at rehearsals, but what can one do with a conductor lacking artistic temperament? Secondly, I realized that because of this, some of the audience must have remained unimpressed. And thirdly, I felt that behind this tumult of success, there were elements in the hall who wished me ill: I had enemies and jealous rivals.

There were brief notices in all the Moscow newspapers, reporting the successful première of my opera, but I knew only too well that in another few days I would be thrown to the savage dogs, the music critics, recruited mostly from the ranks of unsuccessful composers, who could not forgive me for my success. I had never been under fire before, and took the attacks of these scribblers too much to heart.

There were serious and friendly articles by Engel, Kashkin, and some St. Petersburg critics who had made a special trip to Moscow to hear my opera. But as I had expected, there was also unprintable abuse in some of the reviews. The composer Sakhnovsky and the columnist Doroshevitch particularly distinguished themselves in this respect. Sakhnovsky wrote something like this: "The music of Gretchaninoff's opera is conspicuously lacking in originality. The cast merits every praise, with the exception of Chaliapin. Pot makers are no gods, says the Russian proverb. Then why should one of the gods engage in pot making?" As to Doroshevitch, he devoted to *Dobrynya* a long column full of offensive buffoonery.

Unfavorable newspaper reviews cannot but affect adversely the fate of the composer and his work. The critical attacks on my opera must have in some way influenced its future. However, the Bolshoy Theater continued to present *Dobrynya Nikititch*. I received from Gutheil the sum of one thousand rubles, as agreed, for the ten performances of my opera during the first season.

Dobrynya Nikititch was produced with much greater acclaim at the People's Opera House in St. Petersburg, which presented my opera twice a week for several months until the October Revolution cut short all theatrical activities. The opera was also given at the People's Opera House in Moscow, and in Kiev; the Revolution prevented its production in Odessa.

Chapter XVII

I TEACH AT A CHILDREN'S SCHOOL

The Gnessin School in Moscow — I write music for the school chorus — My rehearsals and performances with children — I join the Ethnographic Committee and arrange folk songs — One of my own melodies is mistaken for a folk song.

MY TWO MARRIAGES, the first with Vera Ivanovna, and the second with Maria Grigorievna, were childless. But I adore children, and their company has always been a great joy to me. When my sister Nadezhda Imberch visited us during our summers on the Volga, bringing her four little children with her, I even abandoned my music and placed myself entirely at the disposal of the little ones. We played games together, in which we showed a great deal of imagination and invention; we went boating, gathered mushrooms and flowers, and sang folk songs to piano accompaniment. These pastimes followed one another, and filled our days with merriment and joy. I always felt on an equal footing with children, and did not have to "pretend." The fact that I felt at ease in their company explains why I wrote music for children with such facility and interest.

In Moscow there was a music school founded by the Gnessin sisters. Many well-known Russian musicians were graduates of this school. At one time I taught music theory there. The elder of the Gnessin sisters had organized a choral class for children. There was very little choral music for children in the Russian language—just a few songs by Tchaikovsky and Arensky, so Miss Gnessin

asked me to write something for the children to sing. I gladly undertook the task. The result was a collection of six nursery rhymes for two voices, published under the title *Ay-doo-doo!* These songs, which were very successful, were the first of a whole series of my children's albums: *Little Rooster*, *The Seasons*, *In the Country*, and others. It became an established rule that every year I compose two or three new songs for the public concerts of the Gnessin School, to be performed by the children. I wrote these songs effortlessly, and it was always a joy to hear the little choristers sing them under the expert direction of their teacher.

Some years later I took over a children's chorus at the Berckmann School, and I derived a great deal of satisfaction from my direct contact with the children. During rehearsals I accompanied the chorus at the piano and conducted at the same time, and I also adopted this practice at the school concerts.

With my back to the audience, I sat at the piano surrounded by children, so that I could watch them and they could watch me. This innovation turned out to be very practical, and it helped me make friends with my little pupils.

At Miss Berckmann's request, I wrote some elementary pieces for piano, later published in my *Children's Album*. Other collections followed: *On the Green Meadow*, *Beads*, *Grandfather's Album*, etc. I also wrote a collection of pieces for violin and cello, *De bon matin*, and several little operas for children: *The Dream of a Little Christmas Tree*, *The Castle of a Little Mouse*, and *The Cat, the Rooster, and the Fox*. *The Castle of a Little Mouse* was successfully produced at the Gnessin School, and later, under my direction, at the Berckmann School. *The Dream of a Little Christmas Tree* has been performed many times in Paris and New York.

I have also written songs about children for adults, among them *Snowflakes*, *The Brown Hen*, and *The Little Footpath*.

Other activities engaged my interest early in the century. In 1903, the University of Moscow organized a Music Division of the Ethnographic Society. The chairman of the Ethnographic Committee was Nicolai Yantchuk, who was also in charge of the

Ethnographic Department of the Rumiantzov Museum. He was a student of folk songs, Russian as well as of national minorities. I was elected vice-chairman of the Committee. Other members were Eugenie Lineva, a well-known collector of folk songs, A. Maslov, D. Araktcheyev, Karasev, Sr. and Karasev, Jr. Kastalsky, Engel, Korestchenko, and Paskhalov. The task of the Committee was to collect samples of Russian folk songs that still survived in some regions, to arrange these materials, and to publish them. Special expeditions were sent by the Committee to remote corners of Russia. They were equipped with phonographs, and recorded songs and melodies worthy of preservation. During the fifteen years of its existence this organization published several volumes of *Works of the Musical Ethnographic Committee*, a most valuable contribution to the study of folk songs.

There were periodic concerts featuring arrangements of songs gathered on these expeditions, as well as lectures by members of the Ethnographic Committee.

I enjoyed my work with the Musical Ethnographic Committee. I knew the songs of Great Russia from my childhood. In St. Petersburg, I became acquainted, through Rybakov's help, with Bashkir and Tartar songs. Working with the Committee, I was now able to learn folk songs of all the national groups in Russia. I particularly liked White Russian songs.

Phonograph records were made of Don Cossack songs, highly original in their melody; Georgian, Mingrelian, and Jewish songs. Occasionally, we had an opportunity to transcribe western European songs: Carpathian songs, folk songs of Brittany, and others. Many of my arrangements were published in the volumes of the Committee as well as in other music collections.

Our amiable chairman, Yantchuk, once played a practical joke on me. He brought two White Russian songs to me: *Oh, My Fate*, and *I Sit by My Hut*, and asked me to arrange them for voice and piano. When they were published, I gave a presentation copy to Yantchuk, and played the songs for him. After I finished, he gave me a sly look, and said with a smile:

“Wonderful, only you forgot to mention that the words and the music of these songs are mine.”

I was dumbfounded, so perfect was Yantchuk’s imitation of the folk-song style. I realized that he was not only a connoisseur of folk songs, but also a fine amateur composer. However, none of his own compositions was ever published. Needless to say, I gave him full credit in a new edition of these songs: Words and Melody by Nicolai Yantchuk.

I wish to add that chorus directors often mistake my song *Beyond the River a Vine Grows* for a folk song, describing it as “an arrangement by Gretchaninoff,” whereas the melody is entirely my own.

Chapter XVIII

MARIA GRIGORIEVNA

I fail to obtain a Glinka prize — My disappointment — I win three Belaieff prizes for my string quartets — My friendship with the Aksakov family — I meet Maria Grigorievna at their home — My passion for her — The unhappiness of Vera Ivanovna — Four years of torment — My new life — A marked change in my musical style.

MITROFAN BELAIEFF, the respected and beloved publisher and benefactor of Russian music, established in 1884 an annual prize of three thousand rubles, the Glinka Prize, for the best published works by Russian composers. The winning works were chosen by Belaieff himself, but he did not wish this to be known, and distributed the prizes through Vladimir Stasov. The awards were made each year on November 27, the anniversary of the first performances of Glinka's operas *Life for the Tsar* and *Ruslan and Ludmila*. The first recipients were Balakirev, Borodin, Rimsky-Korsakov, Tchaikovsky, Cui, and Liadov. In 1885, Glazunov was awarded the prize, and after that he received prizes almost annually. Belaieff died in 1903, and the awards were placed in the hands of the Council for the Encouragement of Russian Composers and Musicians. Its founding members were Rimsky-Korsakov, Glazunov, and Liadov. Every year, beginning with 1904, I scanned with morbid interest the list of recipients of the Glinka Prize. These were the names of composers who received the prize: Arensky, Liapunov, Rachmaninoff, Scriabin, Taneyev,

Vihtol, Glière, Sokolov, Tcherepnin, Medtner, Spendiarov, Blumenfeld, Vasilenko, Gnessin—but— alas! my name was never on the list. I wondered about the reason for this discrimination against me. Why did Rimsky-Korsakov, who wrote me that my opera was an important contribution to Russian music, treat me so unjustly?

As long as Rimsky-Korsakov was a member of the Council, I could not question him, but when he resigned in May, 1907, I wrote him frankly about it. His reply was evasive. Indeed, what could he say? There were two other members of the Council—Glazunov and Liadov, who determined the selection of the winning works.

Besides the Glinka prizes, Belaieff established a special prize for a string quartet. This was an anonymous contest, in which the composer was to submit his work under a motto. In this contest I received, in 1894, a prize for my first String Quartet. In 1914, I wrote my second String Quartet, and sent it to the jury, composed of Glazunov, Liadov, and Artzibushev. This time, too, I was awarded the prize. I was triumphant! I had proved to my own satisfaction that, if I failed to win the Glinka prize, it was for personal reasons best known only to the jury members. My suspicions were again confirmed when I received two more prizes, for my Second Trio and for my Third Quartet. What a perfect *revanche*!

In Moscow, I became friendly with the Aksakov family, distantly related to the famous Slavophile writer. This family — father, mother, daughter, and two sons—occupied a sumptuous mansion on Pretchistenka Boulevard. They lived on the income of their large estate in the Samara district. The Aksakovs engaged me as a teacher of piano and music theory for their youngest son Serge, a very gifted boy. The head of the family was a sickly but good-natured man who busied himself with the affairs of his estate. The mother was the living soul of the family; intelligent, with interests ranging from art to politics.

Russia's ill-fated war with Japan in 1905 produced a violent resurgence of the theretofore dormant political consciousness of the masses. Protests against the tyrannical and short-sighted policy of the government were voiced with increasing boldness. All over Russia, there were rumblings of discontent and indignation meetings, culminating in the workers' public petition to the Tsar on January 9 (22), 1905, and the resulting blood bath on Winter Palace Square in St. Petersburg.

When the news of the massacre reached Moscow, I was indignant and outraged. As an outlet to my pent-up feelings I began a collection of funds for the families of the slain workers. I appealed first of all to the Aksakovs, who responded with great sympathy. And I wrote a threnody for the fallen victims.

The Aksakovs attracted me greatly. The older boy, Constantin, had a likable disposition, always friendly and gay; he inherited from his mother a fine sense of humor. The daughter, Marie, an attractive girl, was the personification of kindness, grace, and innate nobility of soul. The intimacy and spiritual harmony among the members of the Aksakov family appealed to me, and I liked to visit them informally in the evening whenever I was free from my occupations. Sometimes I went alone; sometimes with Vera Ivanovna.

One morning after my lesson, Madame Aksakov told me that she had met at a political meeting at the Moscow University a young woman of great charm, the wife of the painter Sredin. The Sredins had three small daughters, and lived on the same street as the Aksakovs.

"Madame Sredin is coming to see us next Sunday," Madame Aksakov said. "Would you care to come, too? I am sure you will enjoy meeting her."

I accepted the invitation, and it was then that I met Maria Grigorievna Sredina.

The Aksakovs were extremely hospitable, and liked to arrange parties to which they invited a great number of people, both young and old. Sometimes there were costume balls. At one of these balls I was dressed as a grotesque old woman wearing

an enormous crinoline skirt. I wore a mask, and for some time was not recognized. At this ball I met Sredin, Maria Grigorievna's husband. I invited them both to my house, and soon they became frequent visitors. My wife, Vera Ivanovna, ever on guard for our domestic peace, showed at the very first meeting with the Sredins her displeasure at this friendship. She immediately realized, and not without good reason, that Maria Grigorievna was a rival, dangerous to our happiness. The deep impression that Maria Grigorievna made on me, which, in the end, proved so decisive, could hardly escape my wife's observant and jealous eye.

The advent of the Sredins in my life coincided with a change in the character of my creative work. This was the time when the new music of Debussy, Ravel, Richard Strauss, and Max Reger began to be heard, and their music did not leave me unmoved. Even before I heard their music, I felt a certain dissatisfaction with my own somewhat antiquated musical language; I sought new harmonic possibilities. My two songs, *September* and *October* (*Autumnal Sketches*), dedicated to Maria Grigorievna, bear the imprint of this search for novelty. There followed more songs in which my new harmonic procedures became clearly outlined: *Fleurs du mal*, after Baudelaire; *Poème Dramatique*, to the texts by Heine and by Vladimir Soloviev; then, three songs to Minsky's poems *Feuilles mortes*, with string quartet accompaniment; and, particularly, the cycle of five songs *Ad Astra*, to words by several authors. My friends and critics berated me severely for the new direction in my music. But now, with the passage of time, nobody would see a self-betrayal in my works of that period. They are now regarded as truly "Gretchaninoffian," an organic part of my entire creative output.

In the spring of 1911 my personal life reached a crisis. No amount of travel, no change of residence could suppress my overwhelming passion for Maria Grigorievna. Three and a half years of desperate wrestling with my soul produced no effect on my emotions. Vera Ivanovna kept vigil over me; her loving heart sensed my inner conflict. Cruelly suffering for both of us, she

finally decided to give me my freedom. It was during this emotional crisis that I wrote my two song cycles *Fleurs du Mal* and *Poème Dramatique*. The melody of a musical letter that I sent to Maria Grigorievna when she was in the Crimea is reflected in these songs. Years of torment passed, and our lives were at last united.

The Aksakovs always showed great interest in my music. They, too, detected a certain change in my style of composition, and they greeted this change with sympathy. My young pupil Serge was making fine progress, but soon I was to leave Moscow and go to Berlin. For what purpose? Of this, later.

At present, in 1952, of the entire Aksakov family only Serge remains alive. He settled in Shanghai; his compositions are fairly well known in China.

Chapter XIX

MY OPERA SISTER BEATRICE

The Moscow performance of Maeterlinck's play Sister Beatrice inspires me to write an opera — I spend a summer with Alexander Olenin on the Oka River — His musical talent, undeveloped because of laziness — My trip to Berlin — I break with Gutheil when he refuses to publish my songs, and sign a contract with the German publisher Zimmermann — The interest of the Imperial family in my music — The Tsarina sings my songs — The Tsar grants me an annual pension of 2,000 rubles — The Holy Synod objects to the subject of Sister Beatrice as blasphemous, and the Imperial Opera House in St. Petersburg cancels its production— The opera is finally accepted for performance by a private opera enterprise in Moscow — Savage attacks in the press on the supposed irreverence of my opera.

IN 1907, the famous dramatic actress Vera Kommissarzhevskaya made several appearances in Moscow with her troupe. Her acting impressed me deeply, particularly in the title role of Maeterlinck's mystery-play *Sister Beatrice*. Returning home after the performance, I thought that *Sister Beatrice* would make a wonderful opera. The play could, in fact, be used as a finished libretto. The idea of universal forgiveness, which pervades the drama, moved me greatly. It seemed that music poured in an inaudible flow from every scene of this masterpiece: all one had to do was to listen to bring this hidden music to life.

After reading *Sister Beatrice* in the translation by Baltrushaitis, I could see at once that hardly any changes were necessary in the libretto. The text could be set to music without further ado, much as Dargomyzhsky did with Pushkin's *Stone Guest* and as Rimsky-Korsakov did with Pushkin's *Mozart and Salieri*. The only omission I made in *Sister Beatrice* was the part of the priest, which I felt was not essential. I arranged the blank verse of the play in measured prose. When the French text was required, I used the original almost without alterations.

In order to get away from the Russian inflections in my ecclesiastical writing, I made a thorough study of Gregorian chant, and succeeded in mastering its style. At least, neither my admirers nor my critics found anything in my opera that was contrary to the Catholic spirit of the play.

As was the case with *Dobrynya Nikititch*, I did not write out the score of *Sister Beatrice* all at once. After I had composed a considerable part of the music, I temporarily abandoned my work on the opera, and did not resume it until two years later. I finally completed the score during the summer of 1909, at the country house of the Olenin family on the Oka River.

At the Olenin house I also wrote a number of other works, intimately related to my profound spiritual experiences during that period. I must say that the beautiful landscape of the Oka River can induce poetic inspiration even without additional inner impulse. This country house was jointly owned by the Olenin brothers and their sisters Barbara and Marie, the latter a well-known singer, admirer and propagandist in Russia and abroad of Moussorgsky's songs. The house stood at the point where the Oka River turns towards Kasimov, in the Riazan district. In the vicinity, on the forest-covered foothills close to the river, was a laborers' barn. This barn was my refuge during the summers of 1906, 1909, and 1910. I spent my days working and taking walks; I spent most of my evenings with the owner of the estate, the late Alexander Olenin. He was a talented composer; among his works are the opera *Kudayar* and several remarkable arrangements of folk songs, mostly from his native Riazan district.

During my stay at his estate Olenin often played fragments of his opera for me. His music was conceived in a straightforward folk-song style. It was expressive and spontaneous, and I liked it.

"Why don't you write it down?" I asked Olenin.

"I am too lazy," he replied with disarming frankness.

It was an enormous effort to force Olenin to sit down and work, and I had to resort to all kinds of subterfuge. I would come to him with manuscript paper and a pencil, and would ask him to play the music on the piano, while I jotted down on paper as much as I could. Then I would give him an assignment to finish a number for our next meeting. In this way, little by little, I induced him to work. He admitted to me afterwards that he was very much impressed by my regular working habits, and that thanks to my perseverance he was forced to finish his opera. The opera was accepted by Zimin's Opera House in Moscow, and was successfully produced, although it did not remain in the repertory for long.

Olenin's sister, Marie Olenin d'Alheim, often included her brother's songs on her programs. I could never understand why these songs, and particularly Olenin's excellent arrangements of folk melodies, did not enjoy the success they so amply deserve.

My work on *Sister Beatrice* dragged on into the winter of 1910. Olenin's country house, in which we continued to live, was not suitable for use in winter. Even though window sashes were sealed with putty, the rooms were very cold, and we suffered great discomfort. However, I managed to complete the score of my opera, and wrote the last page on October 16 (29), 1910. On the following day we departed for Moscow, which was this time but a brief stopping place on our way to Berlin. It took us only three days to arrange our business affairs, and, accompanied by Vera Ivanovna, I took the train to Germany. Our friends and relatives came to the station to see us off. And so we left our beloved Moscow for the distant and alien German capital.

My late friend, the pianist and composer Samuel Maikapar, who lived in Berlin at the time, found two excellent rooms for us

on Schlütterstrasse at Kurfürstendamm, near his own house. Our landlady, daughter of the well-known composer Ferdinand Hiller and wife of the pianist Kwast, treated us like friends, and made every effort to make us comfortable. The walls of our rooms were adorned with pictures of famous musicians—Anton Rubinstein, Liszt, and others—as well as autographs, among them a precious one of Schumann with Clara. The piano manufacturer Ibach placed an excellent instrument at my disposal, free of charge, in appreciation of the fact that I had for a long time used his piano in Moscow.

Through Maikapar I met many musicians in Berlin, and became particularly friendly with the pianist Leonid Kreutzer and his wife Julie, who composed and published music under the name of Weissberg. She later divorced Kreutzer, and married Andrey Rimsky-Korsakov, the composer's son and biographer. Living with the Kreutzers at that time was the violinist Altschuler. I stayed with the Kreutzers, too, when my wife went back to Moscow.

I took some lessons in German with Frau Kwast, but my progress was as slow as in my high school language courses long ago!

Shortly after my arrival in Berlin, I decided to show the score of my opera *Sister Beatrice* to my friends and acquaintances. A large number of people came to hear it, among them the German music publisher Julius Zimmermann. My opera made a deep impression on the listeners. Musicians and laymen alike praised it with seeming sincerity and predicted great success for it. On the following morning, Zimmermann arrived unexpectedly and offered to publish my score. I gladly accepted, because I had shortly before then left Gutheil. Why I left him, makes an interesting story.

Marie Olenin d'Alheim had announced in Moscow a competition for the best harmonization of some Scotch poems by Burns. I entered the contest and sent in my arrangements. My songs, however, failed to win the prize; it went to Sergei Tolstoy, son of the great writer. Whether the decision was just, let others judge, for both my songs and Tolstoy's songs have been pub-

lished. I was in Berlin when I received word of my failure to win the prize. Still, I believed that my songs were good enough for publication. I offered them to Gutheil. I did not conceal from him that these songs were submitted to the competition, but were not awarded a prize. Gutheil replied with a request to submit my songs "on approval." I wrote back that I had passed the stage where I had to submit my works to publishers on approval, and that I would let him have the manuscript only on condition that he would take them without question, on the strength of my reputation, as he had always done. However, Gutheil, who up until then had given me every consideration, was apparently disturbed by my failure to win the prize, and stubbornly insisted on my submission of the manuscript in advance. I wrote him again, refusing to agree to his terms. This led to a break between us.

Zimmermann appeared on the scene at just the right time. I gave him the score of *Sister Beatrice* and my Scotch songs. From then on, Zimmermann was my publisher.

Vera Ivanovna and I spent the summer of 1910 in Olenin's house on the Oka. In the autumn of that year we moved back to St. Petersburg. By now my songs and my sacred works had acquired considerable vogue, and the salons of aristocratic music lovers were open to me. I was received at Countess Karlova's, at Madame Saburova's, and in the home of Alexander Taneyev, uncle of Sergei Taneyev, and himself an amateur composer. Professor Natalie Iretzkaya and some others at the St. Petersburg Conservatory began using my songs in their class work. The Tsarina herself sang my duets with a lady of the court. I was told that the Emperor Nicholas II was so moved by my *Credo* that he commanded the Court Chapel to perform it in their church services every Sunday.

By an arrangement made through Alexander Taneyev, who was close to the Imperial Court, I was given an annual pension of two thousand rubles by the Tsar.

I drew a sigh of relief. From then on I could live without worrying about finances, and without having to give lessons; the

Tsar's pension and the royalties from my compositions were sufficient to cover my living expenses. Alas, this material prosperity did not last very long. It ended abruptly with the Russian Revolution of February, 1917.

I played the music of my opera *Sister Beatrice* many times in the salons in St. Petersburg, and finally decided to submit it to the Executive Committee of the Imperial Opera House. The members of the Committee seemed pleased with the work and accepted it for production. However, the opera was never performed at the Imperial Opera, for reasons that had nothing to do with my music. Someone in the ruling circles declared my opera blasphemous; it was unthinkable to represent the Mother of God on the stage. I was informed through private sources that despite the formal acceptance of my opera, there was no hope for its production. I decided then to offer my opera to Zimin's Opera House in Moscow.

The première of *Sister Beatrice* was scheduled for October 12 (25), 1912. I arrived from St. Petersburg just in time for the last two rehearsals. I had little hope for a favorable reception of the opera. In the first place, the sketch of the scenery betrayed a grave error in judgment. The center of attention in the dramatic action of *Sister Beatrice* is the statue of the Madonna. All the inner yearnings of the personages on the stage and their words are addressed to her. According to Maeterlinck's idea, as interpreted by Vera Kommissarzhevskaya, the dimly visible statue of the Madonna should occupy the foreground, so that actors addressing her would face the audience. In the production of the Zimin Opera House, the statue was placed in the background, and was draped with incongruously tinsel curtains. The singers were thus given the choice of either bending in a ridiculous manner, as if trying to look towards the statue, but in reality towards the audience, or else of addressing the Madonna, but singing with their backs to the public. Thus, the central idea of the play was distorted for a dubious stage effect. I saw the flaw as soon as I was shown the preliminary sketches of the stage design. However, the designer Egorov, the director Olenin, and

the impresario Zimin insisted that they were right, and I was wrong. "What does a mere musician know about stage designing?" they seemed to say. I was powerless. Naturally, their opposition depressed me. In addition, I heard that there were very few rehearsals, that mysterious obstacles were being put in the way of the production, and that the opera was being staged in haste, without sufficient preparation.

My dark premonitions proved only too true. Everything seemed to be going wrong—even the orchestra, under Palitzin's direction, sounded unsure. I attended only two rehearsals, and could not remedy the situation at the last moment.

Despite all these obstacles the first performance went very well. The theater was packed; Madame Druziakina gave a fine interpretation of Beatrice. There was much applause, and we received the customary floral tributes.

In due time, reviews appeared in the newspapers. As with my first opera *Dobrynya Nikititch*, so with *Sister Beatrice* there were good reviews and bad reviews. But this time, abusive criticisms were in the majority. I think that sometimes it is beneficial to a composer to be the target of critical invective. In the case of *Sister Beatrice* these attacks proved fatal. Worst of all was the assault in the newspaper *Kolokol* (The Bell), which was the organ of the Church groups. It published an indignant article, under the caption "How Long Will This Go On?" It is impossible, without direct quotation, to give an idea of the style of this article. Here are some excerpts:

"The Moscow newspapers report a new affront against our religious feelings. On the same stage where naked women disport themselves night after night, there will appear—it is horrible to utter!—the image of the Purest Virgin, More Glorious than the Seraphim. We shall not discuss the morality of the play. The heinous plan is to place the Sacred Image of the Mother of God on the obscene spot which is our theater today. As if this were not enough, the Purest Virgin will be represented by a godless and depraved woman, for no woman who has the fear of God in her heart, and sacred love for the Most Holy Protectress of Christ-

ianity, would dare commit the horrible blasphemy of acting the Mother of God. What is Moscow coming to? Is it being transformed into a dissolute Babylon, invoking God's wrath against Russia, a vengeance more horrible than Napoleon's invasion of 1812?"

As a result of this article, and others written in a similar vein, a detailed report was presented to the Holy Synod, advising that the production of the opera *Sister Beatrice* by Gretchaninoff at the Zimin Opera Theater be canceled. A few days later, Zimin received a formal order to remove my opera from the repertory of the theater, and it was done accordingly after the third performance.

And so my poor *Sister Beatrice* was buried alive; and the score reposed on my library shelf for nearly twenty years. In 1931, I decided to revive the opera in a private performance in Paris. In Madame Sadoven I found an excellent Beatrice. Bellidor was ably represented by M. Seletzky; and Mother Superior by Mile. Dauly. The chorus was composed of pupils of Mile. Dauly, Mme. Yan-Ruban and Bernardi, and was supplemented by members of Afonsky's Choir. The opera was presented in French in three private salons: Madame Stern's, Count St. Martin's, and the Italian Embassy. I accompanied at the piano. Count St. Martin played the organ in the performance at his home. In the Italian Embassy and at Madame Stern's the physharmonica replaced the organ. The music of *Sister Beatrice* did not suffer by being presented in concert form, and made a deep impression on the listeners on all three occasions.

Alas, the managers of the Paris opera houses did not respond to the invitation to come and hear my opera. I wonder whether my ill-starred offspring will ever see the light of day again. In Tsarist Russia, *Sister Beatrice* was banned as sacrilegious. In Soviet Russia it is unacceptable because of its religious and mystic character. Here, beyond Russia's borders, I have no friends who are in a position to sponsor its production.

Chapter XX

I BUY A HOUSE!

We plan a trip to Spain — My meeting with Manuel de Valla in a Paris café — He gives me letters of introduction — Maria Grigorievna and I inspect a house for sale on the Spanish border, but decide not to buy it — I sing and play my Russian songs at the Conservatory of Cadiz — Bullfight in Seville — Maria Grigorievna faints — We take a cottage at Chambre d'Amour — The assassination of the heir to the Austrian throne and the rumble of war — We return to Moscow.

THE SUMMER OF 1913 was the first in many years that we spent away from my beloved Volga. We took a house near Moscow; the countryside was beautiful, but it could not compare with the Volga.

Our plans for the summer of 1914 were much more ambitious than usual. At that time I was greatly impressed by Glinka's Spanish-inspired music: *Night in Madrid* and *Jota of Aragon*. I also heard music by Manuel de Falla, Granados, and other Spanish composers. Their colorful works made me think about making a trip to Spain.

I mentioned the idea to Maria Grigorievna: my plan was to go to Spain for a few weeks and then settle somewhere near Biarritz for the rest of the summer. She welcomed the idea—she was as fond of travel as I.

"Shall we go then?" I asked her.

"By all means!" was the reply.

We were told that there was a house for sale in southern

France for only a thousand rubles. It was on the route to Spain—very convenient for our plans. To own a house in France—what a grand idea!

We completed our preparations for the journey by the end of April. Our equipment included a bicycle, folding beach chairs, and—very important!—a supply of fly paper. What if there was no fly paper in France? The flies would pester us to death! En route we spent a few days in Pairs, where we stayed in a hotel off the Boulevard Italien. After a short rest I went out for a walk. The first sight to attract my attention was a large hall with its swinging door wide open. Inside a crowd of people stood near the walls, pressing little tubes to their ears. What could it be? I wondered. A phonograph! People were listening to records! Program sheets on the walls listed the titles. I looked—and suddenly I saw “Gretchaninoff: two songs from *Dobrynya Nikititch*, recorded by Nezhdanova and Sobinov.”

With what excitement I picked up a receiver and heard my own music! Then I rushed back to the hotel to fetch Maria Grigorievna so that she could hear it too. It was not often that I was so pleasantly surprised.

A few days later, walking by the Café de la Paix, I met one of my Moscow acquaintances. He was accompanied by a gentleman whom he introduced to me: Manuel de Falla. I was delighted to meet this renowned Spanish composer whose music I liked so much. We took a table in the cafe, and I told Falla that I was on my way to Spain. He showed great interest in my plans, but when I told him of my intention to buy a house on the Bay of Biscay he was horrified:

“What? You are going to buy a house in that swamp?” he exclaimed. “I know the place. It is a muddy beach, bleak and barren. You will never find a suitable place to live there.”

I was discouraged by his words, but, I thought, if worst comes to worst, we could get a cottage near Biarritz.

Manuel de Falla had many friends and acquaintances in Spain, and offered to give me letters of introduction to musicians in every town we were planning to visit.

We did not tarry longer in Paris. Despite Falla's discouraging words I was still intent on buying a house, and we were eager to continue our journey.

And so, loaded with our belongings, we took the train. We felt exhilarated by our adventure, and joked about our prospects. We left Paris in the morning and reached our destination by nightfall. The moment we got off the train we realized how right Falla was. A monotonous landscape, devoid of vegetation, spread before our eyes. A piercing wind was blowing. The village was a long distance from the station, and we had to hire a horse carriage to get there. When we arrived, we saw two isolated houses: a hotel and a bistro. A little further away, on the other side of the road, was a miserable looking cottage.

An attractive young woman met us at the hotel entrance. We asked her about the house for sale. She nodded and, with a pleasant smile, pointed towards the cottage across the road. While the porters carried our luggage into the hotel she chattered incessantly, extolling the beauties of the countryside. She assured us we would enjoy living there. Then she took us to the house. Although we were now certain that we would never buy it, we went along just to be polite.

"Tell us, Madame," I said. "This wind, does it blow like this all the time?"

"O, toujours, Monsieur, toujours," she answered gaily. "Tantôt du Sud, tantôt du Nord. It never gets hot here. Très bien, très bien!"

Maria Grigorievna and I were amused by her chatter. Back at the hotel we had to tell her frankly that the house was not suitable for us. We had supper and went to bed. *Nitchevo!* tomorrow—Spain.

Thanks to Falla's letters of introduction, we were welcomed everywhere in Spain. We passed through Barcelona, visited Algeciras, crossed the straits to Tangier, then went north to Cadiz, and on to Seville, Madrid, and San Sebastian.

I was enthralled by this trip through Spain. One might say that it fertilized the soil of my creative imagination. Granada!

What sweet memories are evoked by the very sound of its name!

At that time, 1914, France was the darling of Europe. In Spain everyone, even the simple folk, spoke French. For some reason, most Spaniards thought that Russians spoke better English than French. This led to a curious misunderstanding in Cadiz, where the local music conservatory arranged a reception in my honor. We were met by the director, a middle-aged priest of prepossessing appearance. He welcomed us in English, a language that neither Maria Grigorievna nor I knew. Naturally we were embarrassed, but Maria Grigorievna got out of the predicament by replying in French. I am not sure that her reply corresponded to the director's welcoming speech, but as always in such awkward situations she resorted to generalities, and —*nitchevo!*—her little oration was met with hearty applause.

After the reception a student orchestra played some classical music. The priest conducted, using a fan for a baton. Occasionally he sat down, letting the orchestra play by itself, while he fanned himself—the weather was very hot.

When the concert was over, the guests begged me to play something for them. Although I was out of practice I consented to play.

“All right,” I said, “I will play for you. I will sing for you one of my children's songs, entitled *Ay-doo-doo*.”

I made my announcement in Russian. *Nitchevo!*—they all seemed to understand!

This gay little song never fails with the public. Its ending, in which the unaccompanied refrain *Ay-doo-doo, doo-doo, doo-doo!*—imitating the crow call—is repeated ad libitum until it is suddenly interrupted by a fortissimo chord, bringing the song to an abrupt end, always arouses applause and laughter. *Ay-doo-doo* in Cadiz, Spain—what a delightful incongruity!

After the concert we returned to the hotel, accompanied by a crowd of children and guests, with the priest-director leading the way.

We arrived in Seville two days before a big bullfight. Traditionally, everybody in town goes to the outskirts to view the

next day's heroes, the hapless animals, innocently grazing in the fields. Manuel de Falla's friends, with whom we were staying in Seville, took us there too.

Russian hospitality is proverbial, but Spaniards excel in it to a much higher degree. They place themselves almost entirely at your disposal, often neglecting urgent business to entertain their guests.

A carriage was hired, and, in a milling crowd of pedestrians, we were taken to see the bulls. The next day we attended the bullfight. Never before had I witnessed such a noisy, colorful, and enthusiastic crowd! Impatiently, they awaited the appearance of the bull. At last the trumpet signal was sounded, the gate was opened, and, blinded by the sun and without the slightest premonition of impending disaster, the bull entered the arena. The savage spectacle began. The matador's task is to force the bull to assume a certain stance before the final blow, but our matador failed to do so.

The miserable bull, covered on all sides with banderillas, and suffering agonies, collapsed near the wall of the arena. Instantly, like a *deus ex machina*, another bullfighter bent over the bull and administered the coup de grace.

An interesting detail: the victorious matador usually receives the bull's ear as his trophy, or the bull's tail for a particularly brilliant performance. This time our matador got no trophy at all.

While all this was going on, Maria Grigorievna fainted and had to be escorted from the arena by our Spanish friends.

I cannot refrain from adding a bit of gossip: during our stay in San Sebastian, Maria Grigorievna, unbeknownst to me, went to another bullfight with some of our friends; but this time she did not suffer any fainting spells!

We spent about a week at San Sebastian and then went on to Biarritz. We found a comfortable little cottage near Bayonne, in a small village named Chambre d'Amour (!). However, after three days in Biarritz we could no longer bear to stay in a foreign land away from the beloved birch trees of our fatherland. We packed up and returned to Moscow.

The suburban country house which we had occupied during the previous summer was still available, and we rented it again. We shared it with Lea Luboshutz, the violinist, and her three children, of whom one, Boris Goldovsky, has since become a well known figure in the musical world.

We settled down for a peaceful and enjoyable summer, when, all of a sudden . . . Princip! An obscure Serbian named Princip assassinated the heir to the Austrian throne. Austria accused Serbia of the crime. First Austria, then Germany, declared war. After a period of indecision, Russia, the traditional defender of Slavic nations, declared war on Austria and Germany. In a single day Europe was thrown into a turmoil. How fortunate we were that we had not bought a house in France, that we did not settle for the summer in a *chambre d'amour*! We blessed the fate that decreed that we should not be separated from our fatherland at that critical time.

Chapter XXI

REVOLUTION AND MY HYMN OF FREE RUSSIA

Defeats at the front — Rasputin is assassinated — The Revolution — I write a Hymn of Free Russia, which attains great popularity in Russia and abroad — I turn to church music to calm my spirits in the revolutionary turmoil — My departure from orthodoxy in a choral work with instrumental accompaniment — My Cantata is performed by Koussevitzky in Moscow.

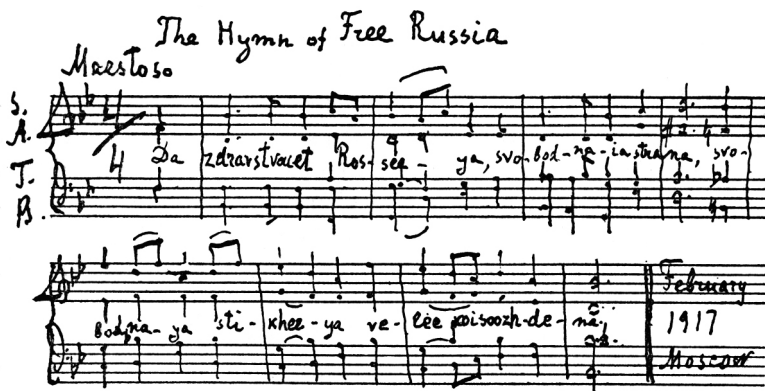
THE FIRST TWO years of the war were indecisive: defeats were followed by victories; victories by defeats. Towards the end of 1916 there was a marked deterioration in Russian affairs. Rasputin, the "Holy Man," appeared on the scene and cast a spell upon the Imperial family, particularly the Tsarina. A conspiracy was formed among men close to the Court, resulting in Rasputin's assassination. This event and the continued setbacks on the battlefield signaled the approach of Revolution. And then it struck!

The news of the Revolution of February, 1917, was greeted in Moscow with enthusiasm. People poured into the streets wearing red flowers in their lapels. Strangers embraced each other with tears of joy in their eyes. Maria Grigorievna and I joined the crowd, but not for long. An idea suddenly struck me: I must write a new national anthem! I hurried home, and in half an hour I had composed music of the anthem. But what about the words? The first two lines, "Long live Russia—The country of the free," I took from a poem by Fedor Sologub, but I did not like the rest of the poem. What was I to do? I telephoned Constants Balmont, the poet. He came to see me without delay, and in a few minutes wrote out the text.

Manuscript in hand, I went to see Gutheil. Without wasting

any time he sent the music to the printer, and on the following afternoon the Gutheil store displayed copies of my *Hymn of Free Russia*. The proceeds from the sales were turned over to the liberated political prisoners.

The Bolshoy Theater was closed for only a few days. As soon as it reopened, my new anthem was performed, along with the *Marseillaise*, by the chorus and orchestra of the Bolshoy Theater led by Emil Cooper. Thanks to the simple melody and fine text, my anthem soon became popular, not only in Russia but also abroad. My American friends, Kurt Schindler and his wife, translated it into English, and it was published by the G. Schirmer Company. The *Hymn of Free Russia* was still sung even when there was no more freedom left in Russia.



When I arrived in America in 1928 and visited Schirmer's music store, a salesman recognized me from my pictures and told a lady customer who I was. She came up to me and began to sing my hymn. This tribute deeply moved me.

The intoxication of liberty did not last long. The spectre of a new and bloody revolution appeared in sight. October arrived, and in its wake came famine, cold, and the almost complete extinction of all spiritual life.

In those evil days I experienced a yearning to write religious music, to forget what was going on around me.

In my Liturgies, the Passion Week Music, the Vespers, and several large and complex choral works, I had exhausted all the technical resources of choral writing *a cappella*. What was to be my next step? By what method could I enhance the expressive power of sacred music?

My first work of instrumental church music was a psalm for chorus with orchestra. No Russian composer had as yet attempted a composition of this nature; while in western Europe every composer, whether important or not, had, as a matter of course, written a Mass, a Requiem, or a Passion for voices with instruments. This difference is easily explained: in the West, instrumental music has its rightful place in church services, whereas in the Russian Orthodox Church musical instruments are not admitted. I repeatedly stated, orally and in writing, that our church ritual would gain tremendously by the introduction of the organ or a physharmonica into the church service. Few Russian churches could afford a good chorus, and as a result Russian church singing was in a lamentable state. Usually an ill-assorted chorus, led by an ignorant conductor, performed works of dubious quality. No church-goer with a minimum of musical taste could worship undisturbed by such singing.

The Russian Church prays daily for the reunion of the Catholic and Orthodox faiths, but this reunion is hardly possible without mutual concessions. The mere suggestion of introducing the organ into the Russian Orthodox Church is a major heresy in the eyes of the keepers of the traditions. Yet the Psalmist sings:

*Praise God in His sanctuary,
Praise Him with the sound of the trumpet,
Praise Him with the psaltery and harp,
Praise Him with the timbrel and dance,
Praise Him with stringed instruments and organs,
Praise Him upon the high sounding cymbals,
Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord.*

Here you have an organ, and almost a full orchestra, which the Prophet summons for the Glory of God! The Western Church

follows the Scriptural injunction, while the Russians consider it a temptation of the Evil One. Why?

Since my childhood I have loved church music, ours and Western. I often attended services in the Catholic Church on the Lubianka in Moscow to hear the organ. On important holidays the organ was sometimes combined with vocal and instrumental music. Listening to this music I was deeply affected by its infinite tenderness and its profound religious feeling. I envied the Catholics. Why should all this musical opulence be vouchsafed them; and why should the Russian Church be denied this bounty? Why should we not conduct our religious rites to the harmonious accompaniment of such a truly divine instrument as the organ? We are told that this would be against our established tradition. But traditions are made by man and they can be, and sometimes should be, altered.

The psalm *Praise Ye the Lord*, quoted above, was the first religious composition I wrote with orchestral accompaniment. Later I wrote music to the psalms *Bless the Lord, O My Soul*, and *The Heavens Declare the Glory of God*, scored for a large chorus and an invisible children's choir behind the stage. These three works were later incorporated into a cantata, *Laudate Deum*, performed for the first time on March 9, 1915, in Moscow under the direction of Serge Koussevitzky. To relieve the monotony of continuous choral singing, I later added to my cantata a psalm for tenor solo, *Show Me Thy Ways, O Lord*.

In this final version my cantata was presented, with a French text, in Brussels on December 7, 1932, conducted by Gaston Pellaert. I was very pleased to learn that the Brussels critics unanimously approved of my music. According to a report published in the Russian emigre paper, *Les Dernières Nouvelles*, the Brussels music critics found considerable merit in my cantata, and particularly noted my novel treatment of Russian religious music.

Unfortunately my material circumstances did not permit me to go to Brussels for this performance, and so I could not hear my cantata in its complete version.

Chapter XXII

MY LIFE IN REVOLUTIONARY RUSSIA

Fighting in the streets of Moscow — Our home is invaded by Bolshevik soldiers — Resumption of concert life — My experience as conductor and accompanist in recitals of my songs — I go to a sanitarium to regain my strength — My apartment is burglarized — Our fantastic trip to the Crimea — A cold and hungry winter in Moscow.

MANY MUSIC LOVERS like to sing church music while accompanying themselves at the piano. Yet the average amateur experiences considerable difficulty in trying to play from a choral score written in four parts. I decided to write a simple sacred song for a single voice with piano accompaniment, to the words "O Holy God." Later I added several liturgic chants to it and put them together under the ancient name *Demestvennaya*, that is, Domestic Liturgy.

I wrote this Liturgy in the autumn of 1917 during the Bolshevik uprising in Moscow. The bitterness of the *Hallelujah* in this Liturgy is explained by my horrible experiences during that period. Every time I hear this Liturgy the memories of those dreadful days come to mind. Peaceful citizens kept vigil in their homes. There were trenches right in front of our house. No one dared appear in the streets. Gunfire and the sound of the cannonade broke the ominous silence. At any moment a stray bullet or a cannonball might have hit our house which stood between the battle lines.

The Bolsheviks imagined that they were being fired upon from our house. One day there was a deafening ring of the doorbell, then another, and still another. I opened the door. A Bol-

shevik soldier stood outside. He had a wild look in his eyes.

"We will have to search the house," he muttered breathlessly. "There are snipers here."

"Go ahead," I said, "but why this panic, this loud ringing?"

"What?" the soldier gasped, "You dare to talk back? Step back five paces!"

He crouched, set his gun on his knee, and aimed it at me. I barely had time to run back into the house.

After searching the house the Bolsheviks sealed off all the rooms facing the street. As a result I could not use my piano or my writing desk. My work was stopped, and with it my only means of keeping my mind off the murderous struggle.

During the day Maria Grigorievna and I took walks in the courtyard like prisoners; so did the other tenants. In the evening we spent long hours playing chess to the point of complete stupor. After an uneasy night's sleep, to the accompaniment of incessant cannon fire, we went out to buy bread and milk. By a tacit agreement between the two warring sides, the cannonade was stopped each day for an hour or so. Women milk vendors appeared out of nowhere. In feverish haste the population stored up provisions, then again went into hiding. Once more the streets were deserted, and the internecine slaughter was resumed.

The Bolsheviks won. We began a life full of privations—if our wretched existence could be called living. At first, newspapers continued to publish, theaters still functioned, and there were concerts. Koussevitzky resumed his symphonic series and invited me to conduct my *Domestic Liturgy*. I scored it for tenor, string orchestra, organ, harp, and celesta. But the tenor Alexandrovitch could not come to Moscow from St. Petersburg, and his part, interchangeable with a soprano voice, was taken over by the well-known singer Pauline Dobert. Four years later Koussevitzky conducted the *Domestic Liturgy* at one of his Paris concerts. This time Alexandrovitch sang the solo part.

Later I amplified the *Domestic Liturgy* by adding four choral numbers and a new solo with choral accompaniment to the original eight solos. This was the opposite of what I had done in

the final version of my Cantata—there I added a solo number to the original choral sections. In this amplified version the *Domestic Liturgy* was much more impressive. I conducted the new version for the first time in Paris, at the Church of Notre Dame des Blancs Manteaux, on March 25, 1926, and repeated it at the Salle Gaveau two years later. Of the thirteen numbers of the new version of the *Domestic Liturgy*, the most effective, in my opinion, is the Litany with Threefold Responses, recorded by Chaliapin with Afonsky's chorus. This recording was awarded first prize at one of the annual competitions organized by the Paris weekly *Candide*. In 1929, I conducted two performances of the *Domestic Liturgy* in New York.

I rarely had an opportunity to conduct an orchestra. Yet, conducting always attracted me, and I gladly accepted occasional invitations to conduct my own music as well as works by other composers.

There is an ironic expression, "a composer's voice," descriptive of a composer who attempts to sing his own songs for an intimate circle of friends. A similar ironic attitude is often taken towards composer-conductors. Yet, Glinka, according to the testimony of his contemporaries, sang his songs very well. Richard Strauss was an excellent operatic and symphonic leader. Among Russian composers, Balakirev did a great deal of conducting; but it was before my time, so I am not in a position to judge his ability. As to Rimsky-Korsakov and Tchaikovsky, they were indeed very poor conductors—particularly Tchaikovsky, who almost ruined his great Sixth Symphony when he conducted it a few days before his death.

A conductor needs experience. In order to acquire this experience I would have had to conduct some amateur orchestra in the provinces. That is how Safonov began his career. During his directorship of the Moscow Conservatory he organized a student orchestra and worked with them for a long time before he ventured to appear in public.

I had no desire to live in a provincial town, and I had no stu-

dent orchestra at my disposal. At a result, I remained a perennial guest-conductor. Yet the very first orchestral concert I led proved to me that I possessed a natural gift for conducting. This was in 1905, when the Russian Imperial Music Society in Kazan invited me to conduct one of their concerts. The program included classical works by Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, and my own compositions. My debut was successful, and the Kazan newspapers unanimously agreed that I was talented. I also conducted in Moscow, St. Petersburg, Kiev, Saratov, and later in Rome, Paris, and New York.

I recall with particular satisfaction the concerts I gave in 1910 in Saratov at the invitation of the local branch of the Russian Imperial Music Society. The director was a lawyer named Skvortzov, a fine man and a great music lover, who perished during the Revolution. In Saratov I spent ten wonderful days at the home of the pianist Ecksner, head of the local music school. The concerts I conducted in Saratov were favorably received as were the two recitals I gave there with my good friend Madame Devet, an excellent concert singer from St. Petersburg. At the second recital I was presented with a silver wreath.

I had known Ecksner for many years. In 1905 we spent three unforgettable weeks together in Gersau on Lake Lucerne. We trekked on foot through St. Gotthard Pass, ascending the Alps from Fluhén and coming down into the little town of Airolo in the Italian part of Switzerland. The fine weather and Ecksner's cheerful disposition made this adventure one of the most pleasant experiences of my life.

In 1913 the Saratov Music School was reorganized and became a conservatory. Ecksner was offered the directorship. Because of his modesty he declined but suggested my name. He and Skvortzov came to see me in Moscow, and I also declined, first, because I did not have much confidence in my ability as an administrator, and second, because I feared that the directorship of a music school might interfere with my primary task—to write music. I also refused a similar offer from the Conservatory of Tiflis.

As I have said, I rarely appeared in public as a conductor. However, I made frequent appearances as accompanist in programs of my own songs. My first appearance in this capacity took place in Moscow at a concert of my works for children, where I accompanied the soloists as well as the chorus. After that I played for many well-known Russian singers: Mesdames Butomo-Nazvanova, Coerner, Devet, Dobert, El-Tour, Konshina, Koshetz, Kurenko, Makushina, Mirzoeva, Yan-Ruban, and others.

In the early years of the Bolshevik Revolution, lecture-recitals for workers' children were given in various districts of Moscow. I, too, was called upon to participate in these special concerts. I gave the children some general ideas about music, and then commented on the specific works on the program. The singer Pauline Dobert and the violinist Lea Luboshutz often took part in these concerts with me. During the intermission we were given herring and horrible black bread to sustain our physical strength. In lieu of an honorarium we received flour, cereal, and sometimes, as a special premium, a little sugar and cocoa. Triumphant, I carried this "honorarium" home; it sweetened our beggarly fare which consisted mostly of frozen fish and millet *kasha*.

I also played in many sanitariums that had sprouted all over Moscow and in the suburbs. After a while I myself became an inmate in one of them, for my health had been undermined by undernourishment and cold to such an extent that I could hardly drag my feet. My hands suffered from frostbite, and I could not touch the piano.

After a month in a sanitarium I regained my strength and returned to the task of spreading musical culture among the young proletarians.

I spent the summer of 1919 in a suburban children's home where I was in charge of the chorus. During the famine of 1920, I held a similar position in a children's home near Volsk on the Volga. To see my beloved Volga once more was a source of great happiness for me. Besides, I had a chance to barter the silk ribbons from my laurel wreaths for flour, vegetables, apples,

and other farm products. The concerts that I gave with the singer Fedor Gontzov in many towns and villages around Saratov were also “productive” in this sense, and enabled me to replenish our scant food supply.

Somehow I managed during those dark years to arrange professional tours in St. Petersburg and other cities. Particularly successful were my appearances in St. Petersburg, which included several recitals of my songs and duets; a chamber music concert featuring my newly-composed second and third quartets, and my song cycle *Feuilles mortes* for mezzo-soprano and string quartet, excellently performed by Madame Tamovskaya with the Glazunov String Quartet.

I was several times a victim of burglars. The first robbery occurred during one of my concerts in St. Petersburg, where I conducted my Third Symphony with the Philharmonic Society. On the morning after the concert I discovered that my clothes and my wife’s clothes—fur coats, hats, dresses, everything except my full dress coat—had been stolen, along with the clothes belonging to the Zakut family at whose home we were staying.

We returned to Moscow attired in rather grotesque apparel borrowed from our friends in St. Petersburg. By that time it was virtually impossible to buy clothes. Even the most elementary commodities could be secured only at the cost of great effort. A year later we were burglarized again, suffering still greater losses.

In the summer of 1921 one of my American friends, Charles Crane (about whom I will have more to say later on) sent me, as a gift, a million, (or billion!) rubles in the *Krenka* currency. (*Krenkas* were nicknamed after Kerensky, whose short-lived government issued this money in uncut sheets of large square stamps.) With this fortune in our pockets, my wife and I decided to enjoy ourselves by taking a trip to the Crimea.

The talent of a Dickens is needed to describe this fantastic adventure: how we secured travel permits; how, after strenuous effort, we managed to get seats in an ambulance train (passenger

trains were no longer running between Moscow and the Crimea); how the train was halted at virtually every station for hours and sometimes for days; how, by a stroke of luck, we were overtaken by the train carrying Lenin's brother, the well-known theater director Meyerhold, and other important personages, who let us have two seats in their train; how we finally reached the Crimea after a journey of eight days instead of the customary two.

Our trip back to Moscow, after a month in the Crimea, was even more fantastic. We were stranded in Yalta and could not get transportation to Sebastopol. One day we spotted, on the seaboard highway, a truck going in our direction. It was loaded with empty wine barrels. Responding to our frantic signals, the driver stopped and we begged him to take us with him. One of the riders in the truck was a commissar in charge of liquor distribution. He was quite drunk, but when I told him my name he began to pay me elaborate compliments, and immediately gave us seats next to the driver who was also drunk. On the way to Sebastopol we could at any moment have been thrown off the truck and buried under a pile of barrels on the ground. Fortunately, the only accident we had was when the truck grazed a stone wall, and a pillow was torn, covering us with an avalanche of feathers that floated down on us like snow.

We stopped for the night in Haspra, former estate of Countess Panina, occupied at that time by the composer Vladimir Pol and his wife, the singer Anna Yan-Ruban.

While Maria Grigorievna was busy mending the pillow-case in an attempt to save the rest of the feathers, Anna Yan-Ruban and I tried our best to entertain the drunken commissar, the driver, and our other road companions, by singing and playing. Wine appeared on the table, and our soiree threatened to continue well into the morning hours. We excused ourselves and went to bed.

The following morning, as we were about to take our seats in the truck, a shiny car stopped in front of the house, and out of it stepped an important-looking Soviet dignitary. He politely inquired about our plans, and offered us a ride to Sebastopol

in his car. Thus we were saved from the peril of another day of travel by truck.

In Sebastopol we had to use all our ingenuity to get aboard the Moscow train. We finally secured the necessary permits. But when we arrived at the railroad station we found it mobbed by people trying to fight their way into the same train. They all held the same blue strips of paper that we thought were our exclusive tokens of privilege. The situation became desperate.

Maria Grigorievna had a fine sense of humor. One of her favorite sayings was: "Once in a while everyone should enter the door bearing the sign: No admission." There was such a sign on the office door in the Sebastopol railroad station. Using all sorts of subterfuge, Maria Grigorievna made her way into the forbidden room. Once inside, she gave the commissar in charge several unanswerable reasons why we had to get back to Moscow: her children were ill, her husband had to give concerts, etc., etc. The commissar, plainly enjoying her distress, bantered with her, but finally signed the necessary pass. In the meantime I had somehow fought my way through to the platform. I anxiously awaited Maria Grigorievna, who had been pushed back by the crowd and was held behind the protective cordon of Red Army soldiers. The suspense seemed interminable. Finally I saw her, out of breath, her dress torn, running towards me.

We found two seats in a third-class car by a window with a broken pane. It was October and we could easily have caught cold in the chilly air. Much worse, we might have become infested with lice from our very untidy-looking neighbors and might easily have contracted typhoid fever which was spread by lice all over Russia.

Fortunately, all went well. We did not catch typhoid fever; we did not even catch cold. We were returning to Moscow; we were in high spirits. As we rode home in a droshky, Maria Grigorievna asked me:

"Are you glad to be back home?"

"Wait," I replied. "We are not home yet."

Indeed, I must have had a premonition that all was not well.

I walked up the stairs to our apartment on the fourth floor; Maria Grigorievna stayed downstairs with our baggage. I rang the bell—there was no answer. I rang the bell of my neighbor's apartment. An old family nurse opened the door and cried out at the sight of me.

"Your apartment was burglarized, and your daughter is dying in the hospital."

We were horror-stricken. The old woman's words about the gravity of the girl's illness were exaggerated, but the apartment had been indeed thoroughly ransacked. Our clothes, our shoes, our linens, all the household goods that we had replaced with great difficulty after the St. Petersburg burglary, were gone. Only the furniture, the piano, and my books and music were left untouched. I thanked God for that.

Clothing was rationed, and it was increasingly difficult to obtain supplementary ration cards to replace our stolen goods. From the good old times we had saved a stock of fine linens; now only coarse materials were available, and we had to be thankful that we were allowed to buy anything, however poor the quality.

The winter was long, hard, and cold; food was scarce. We were under the constant threat of being forced to share our apartment with strangers, because of the lack of living space in the city. It was almost impossible to obtain fuel. Thanks to my wife's inexhaustible energy we survived that winter, and had sufficient food for five people—her three daughters were by then fully grown young ladies.

With the coming of spring, incorrigible vagabonds that we were, we began making plans for a trip abroad. Charles Crane invited us to London where he was staying. We did not have much trouble in securing passports and exit visas for a six months' trip, because we were leaving the three girls in Moscow as human pledges of our return. Our projected journey promised at least a temporary respite from our nightmarish existence. Besides, I had plans to present concerts of my music in the principal European cities.

Chapter XXIII

CHARLES CRANE AND OUR TRIP ABROAD

We spend a summer in the Caucasus — Charles Crane visits us — Hard times after the Bolshevik Revolution — I am arrested when I enter the American Consulate in Moscow to collect the money left by Mr. Crane for me — I am released after a brief detention — We leave Russia — My concert in Riga — Crane invites us to London and lavishes luxuries on us — I lead a Russian chorus in Prague — Our return to Moscow.

IN THE SPRING OF 1917, I made an extensive tour of Russia with the soprano Madame Dobert. Our tour was completed in May with a concert in Rostov-on-the-Don. Maria Grigorievna joined me there, and together we journeyed to Sochi, in the Caucasus, where we planned to stay for the summer. But Maria Grigorievna could not endure the excessive humidity of that port city, so we went to Kislovodsk to take a cure in the Narsan waters there. We arrived in the middle of July. The town was overcrowded and it was with the greatest difficulty that we finally found a place to stay—a tiny room in the building of the Narsan Baths Company.

It was impossible to escape from the crowds and the noise. Music blared night and day. Summer was always my best working season, but I could not write a note under such conditions. Enforced idleness made me extremely irritable; I could hardly wait for the cure season to end, so that we could return to Moscow.

One morning, as we sat in our small, uncomfortable room, trying to concentrate on reading despite the din, there was a knock at the door. A middle-aged man with a short, white beard and trimmed mustache, obviously a foreigner, entered.

"Mr. Gretchaninoff?" he inquired.

"*Da.*"

"I see that you speak a little Russian," observed the visitor in a facetious tone of voice, with a twinkle in his eye. He spoke in broken Russian.

"*Da.* What can I do for you?"

"My name is Charles Crane."

He continued in French: "Safonov told me that you were here, and I came to pay my respects."

Charles Crane was a great admirer of Russian church music; the choir of the Russian Church in New York was maintained exclusively by funds provided by him. This chorus often performed my sacred works. Charles Crane was fond of my music, particularly the Credo, and he expressed his pleasure at meeting the composer in person.

Safonov, who owned a house in Kislovodsk, told me that Crane was a generous, rich American, a man of great kindness who had helped many needy artists and intellectuals in all parts of the world. Crane was a great traveler, and had made several trips around the world.

Our acquaintance with Charles Crane soon developed into an intimate friendship. When the time came to return to Moscow, we all took the same train. Food shortages were becoming acute, and Maria Grigorievna had to forage for flour and eggs from peasants at the stations en route. Crane spent almost the entire trip in our compartment. To my astonishment, he relished raw eggs which he sucked out of the shell.

During the three months of our absence from Moscow, living conditions had changed for the worse. Mr. Crane treated us to meals at the Moscow Grand Hotel, but its restaurant no longer served the appetizing and opulent food for which it was once so justly famous.

Crane realized that hard times were in store for Russia, and suggested that we go to America, promising us financial support. For various reasons we were unable to accept his magnanimous offer. Crane soon left Russia and returned to America.

Indeed, those were dark days. The pension granted me by the Tsar was stopped after the Revolution of February, 1917. I petitioned the Provisional Government to restore my pension but received no reply—they had graver problems to deal with.

Fortunately we had some savings in the bank, and were spared extreme hardship. But after the October Revolution our real troubles began. I lost all my pupils; music publishers stopped publishing. The preposterous jobs I was given at the Music Center, Theater Center, and other Bolshevik organizations, provided starvation wages.

One day we received a letter from a lady of our acquaintance who had married the well-known American musician Kurt Schindler and had emigrated to America. She knew Mr. Crane, and he sent us a message through her that if we needed money we should apply to the American Consulate in Moscow where Crane had deposited a certain sum for us. Our economic distress was acute, and we were overjoyed by Crane's offer.

I went to the Consulate to make inquiries. As I was about to enter the building a Red Army soldier blocked my way, and asked me my business. I told him, whereupon he led me to an automobile parked nearby and took me to the Lubyanka Prison, the central office of the Cheka, the Extraordinary Committee to Combat Counter-Revolution and Speculation, later re-named GPU, that is, Government Political Unit. At that time the Bolsheviks suspected that funds were being sent to Moscow from abroad to stir up a counter-revolution. I had no idea what it was all about, and could not imagine that there was anything illegal in my actions.

This affair might have ended very badly for me had it not been for one fortunate circumstance. After my arrest I wrote to the Chairman of the Extraordinary Committee, petitioning him to look into my case as soon as possible and to let me go free, as

I was not guilty of any offense. As I was waiting in the place of detention, along with others who were similarly trapped, a young fellow, no more than twenty years old, called my name and told me to follow him into his "office." On the way he spoke to me in an extremely familiar manner. I recognized him as a poet, or rather a wretched versifier, with whom I had appeared at one of the proletarian literary and musical evenings. He had pestered me then with requests to set his poems to music. Naturally, he was pleased at this opportunity to lend me his authoritative protection, hoping, no doubt, that I would reciprocate by complying with his wishes. Anyway, he let me go free. But I repaid him with stark ingratitude; I never wrote music to any of his poems.

I failed to collect the badly needed money left for me by Mr. Crane, but I was lucky to escape further trouble. I remained under arrest only three hours; others, not so fortunate, had to wait several weeks for questioning.

My connections with Mr. Crane were severed. He reappeared in my life rather unexpectedly four years later, in 1921, when he passed through Moscow en route from Mukden to Prague, where his son Richard was American Ambassador to Czechoslovakia. During his trip through Siberia and European Russia, the authorities placed a special railroad car at his disposal. He carried with him from China a trunkful of gifts for his friends. The trunk was ransacked by robbers when Crane got off the train at Rostov Veliky to hear the famous Rostov chimes.

During his stay in Moscow, Mr. Crane supplied us with provisions and delicacies that average Moscow citizens had not tasted for a long time. At his departure he left us money—we used it for our adventurous trip to the Crimea—and invited us to be his guests in London the following year. Needless to say, we accepted his offer enthusiastically.

During the season 1921-1922, I was in a depressed state. I could not compose, and the whole year passed without fruitful Work. I impatiently awaited the coming of spring when we were to go abroad. As the time for our departure grew near, I had to

use all my ingenuity to raise the necessary funds for the journey. We were helped by Mr. Hudson, charge d'affaires at the British Embassy in Moscow, who supplied us with money, later refunded to him by Mr. Crane.

We started on our trip early in May, 1922. Our friends came to the station to wish us bon voyage. As a special favor the railroad placed an upright piano in our car, but I was in no mood for music, and hardly touched the piano during the trip.

Soon we arrived in Riga, the capital of Latvia, the first town beyond the Russian border. What impressed me most were the well-dressed crowds and the expression of contentment on people's faces. There was no discussion of "minimum living space," of billeting, or rations. There were no queues in front of the stores; people talked freely without fear of eavesdropping spies; they could buy and read newspapers of any political party. I felt like a prisoner who had escaped to freedom after serving a long term in jail.

In London we lived at the luxurious Curzon Hotel at Mr. Crane's expense. He gave us money to buy new clothes; having been robbed twice, our attire presented a grotesque appearance.

We went on sightseeing tours, visited museums, dined at first-class restaurants. At night Mr. Crane took us to the theater in his car. After the theater we would spend an hour of pleasant conversation in a cafe. We felt as if we were magically transported from the dark land of horrors into a land of freedom and fabulous luxury. May the name of Charles Crane be forever blessed for having given us this fairy-tale interlude!

Tatiana Makushina, the well-known singer who lived in London, came to see me and offered me a series of recitals in the principal cities of Europe during the following autumn. I knew her by reputation as a fine artist, and was glad to accept. In the meantime, I had to leave for Prague to direct a chorus of Russian students in whose welfare Mr. Crane was interested.

In Prague the Russian students accorded me an enthusiastic reception. I led their chorus until July, and then went with Maria Grigorievna to Marienbad, returning to Prague late in August

to prepare a public concert. The program included, besides my choral works, my first Piano Trio, performed by Jan Hirshmann, pianist, Lhotski, violin, and Fingerland, cello; and my songs, performed by Mme. Viren.

In another song recital in Prague, I was assisted by the Czech baritone Pavel Ludikar. He did not speak Russian, but he sang my songs astonishingly well, almost without any accent.

Mr. Crane advised me to remain in Prague and continue my work with the Russian chorus there. But we had to go back to Moscow because of Maria Grigorievna's daughters who had been left behind as hostages. I promised Mr. Crane and the members of the chorus that I would find a competent choral director to take my place. Fortunately I was able to fulfill my promise. Upon my return to Moscow, I went to see Alexander Archangelsky, an excellent choral conductor and composer of church music, and asked him if he would be willing to go to Prague and take over my work with the chorus. He gladly accepted. In Prague he succeeded in raising the standard of performance of the chorus to a very high degree. The students idolized him.

Archangelsky's health had been impaired by hardships he had suffered in Russia, and his spirit was nearly broken by moral indignities—even members of his own chorus in Moscow were rude to him. He worked only a year and a half with the Prague chorus; then he fell ill and died. The students deeply mourned the loss of their beloved instructor, and, as a token of respect to his memory, renamed their chorus the Archangelsky Choir of Prague.

My first concert with Mme. Makushina in London, which was also my first appearance in Western Europe, took place on October 21, 1922. We repeated our program at the Salle Gaveau in Paris, and later in Berlin.

Early in November of 1922 we returned to Moscow. With the advent of the N.E.P. (New Economic Policy), life in Russia became a little easier: I forgot my past trials and tribulations and resumed a normal working life.

Chapter XXIV

THE ACADEMY OF IRREPRESSIBLES

Famine in Moscow — Dr. Hellmann and the gatherings at his home, jocularly called the Academy of Irrepressibles — Our enjoyment of the food served at Dr. Hellmann's home — My musical toast for the poet Viatcheslav Ivanov — He receives a gift of two logs of wood instead of a laurel wreath — The New Economic Policy brings relief from hunger.

1919-1921 were the worst famine years in Moscow. God only knows what we ate, and how we ate. Conditions were especially bad during the winter. People sank to the point of complete physical exhaustion. In order to survive, many of us tried to enter a sanitarium.

Health institutions and children's homes received the greatest consideration of the Soviet Government. The doctors employed there were also in a privileged category. One of them, Dr. Hellmann, a close friend of ours, literally saved us from starvation by giving us extra rations. He helped many people, even total strangers. Dr. Hellmann visited us often, and never came empty-handed. He brought us mineral oil, a little flour, or millet, and sometimes even candy.

Once Maria Grigorievna said to him:

"We have friends who are literally starving. I wonder if you would sometimes, say, once in two months, invite us all to your house and give us something to eat."

Dr. Hellmann immediately agreed. At our first gathering at

his home there were present the poets Viatcheslav Ivanov and Constantin Balmont; the artists of the Moscow Art Theater and the Maly Theater, Moskvín and Lebedev; the pianist Nicolai Orlov; the painter Uliánov; Madame El-Tour; my wife and myself.

Our eyes were riveted to the table, covered with a white cloth, on which were arrayed a pitcher of vodka, a plate of herring, cream butter, white bread, and *kulebiaka* with cabbage stuffing. What a feast! We had almost forgotten the existence of such delicacies, and the sight of a table covered with food cheered us up tremendously.

Lebedev and Moskvín entertained the company with humorous stories; Madame El-Tour imitated a Swiss peasant girl and “yodelled” in grand style. Her best number was a dance she performed, hands akimbo, with deliberate clumsiness, emphasized by her rather ample figure and short stature.

We called these gatherings the “Academy of the Irrepressibles.” At each meeting we paid honor to one of the members. The first evening was dedicated to Viatcheslav Ivanov, whom we all loved. One of the members wrote a essay on his poetry; I composed a musical toast. Dr. Hellmann, our jovial host, kept the minutes of the meeting.

The evening in honor of Viatcheslav Ivanov, which was held six weeks after our original gathering, was highly diverting. My musical toast opened the festivities:

Viatcheslav, Slav, Slav!

Our poet, our pride!

Our friend, our guide!

Viatcheslav, Slav, Slav!



The whole company joined Madame El-Tour in her dance. As we were leaving, Dr. Hellmann solemnly handed to Viatcheslav Ivanov two large logs of birch wood. It is difficult to imagine how valuable such gifts were in those years. Dr. Hellmann's generosity was greatly appreciated: to obtain an extra fuel ration, it was necessary to have friends in high places. Then those fortunate ones had to spend hours carting the wood home and piling it up in the apartment. Timber left in the courtyard would have been immediately stolen.

And so we took leave of Dr. Hellmann, and marched from his house towards the opposite bank of the Moscova River, near Pretchistenka Boulevard where most of us lived. Trudging along the deserted dark streets, our procession looked like a band of conspirators or thieves. Viatcheslav Ivanov, the venerable white-maned poet, led the way carrying the precious two logs under his arm, instead of a laurel wreath.

The evenings of the "Academy of Irrepressibles" were sometimes attended by visitors from other towns. We had the pleasure of meeting the poet Fedor Sollogub and his wife, the literary critic Anastasia Tchegotarevskaya, who came from St. Petersburg.

The New Economic Policy, which went into force in 1922, made it possible to buy almost anything, if one had the money, and the evenings of the "Academy of Irrepressibles" lost their *raison d'être*. Besides, many of its members had left Moscow. The "Academy" was disbanded, but these meetings, so convivial, so friendly, so gay, have not been forgotten by the surviving members of the "Academy of Irrepressibles."

Chapter XXV

MY LAST YEARS IN RUSSIA

I conduct my Third Symphony in Kiev — My sixtieth birthday — My friendship with the Italian Ambassador — My stepdaughter marries a commercial attaché at the Italian Embassy — I write music for the Belorussian Theater, but have difficulties in collecting my fee — I leave Russia forever.

MY ACTIVITIES DURING the last two and a half years of my life in Russia were manifold: I conducted choral classes, made up of adults and children, at the Berckmann School in Moscow; I concertized with Mme. Mirzoyeva; and I worked on my third and fourth symphonies. The Third Symphony was completed in 1923. I conducted it in Kiev in the summer of 1923; not very successfully, I regret to say.

My tour with Mme. Mirzoyeva included a song recital in Kiev, and a local newspaper, in a notice about me, announced the completion of my Third Symphony. Several musicians of the Kiev Symphony Orchestra came to see me and asked me to conduct my new symphony for their benefit performance. I was reluctant to give the première of my new symphony on such an informal occasion; but, yielding to the insistence of the orchestra, I agreed. We had only two rehearsals, and one of them was wasted on correcting a lot of errors in the parts.

Summer concerts in Kiev took place in a public park in the evening. Because of insufficient lighting, I could barely see the music, and felt very nervous. As a result, I gave an ineffective

performance, achieving no more than a *succès d'estime*. The Third Symphony fared much better when I conducted it that autumn with the Philharmonic Orchestra in St. Petersburg. This time it achieved an unqualified success.

On October 25, 1924, I was sixty years old. My birthday was celebrated at an intimate gathering of my closest friends in my Moscow apartment. Two churches in Moscow marked my sixtieth anniversary in December; the talented choral director Yukhov gave two performances of my Second Liturgy. There were valedictory speeches, and I was called upon to say a few words. Both times the church was crowded.

I was also honored at a children's concert presented by the united choruses of the Gnessin and Berckmann Schools, in the Maly Hall of the Moscow Conservatory. The children in the chorus presented me with a huge laurel wreath.

At that time I found a new friend in the person of the Italian Ambassador, Count Manzoni, a great music lover and a fairly good pianist whose wife was a singer. Their house, and the house of the British Ambassador Hudson, were the two oases where we could find relief and relaxation from the primitive living conditions in Moscow.

My eldest stepdaughter Nina became engaged to Signor Mariani, a commercial attaché at the Italian Embassy. Their wedding was held at the Ambassador's house with a splendor unthinkable in those years.

The Manzonis often visited us, and we called on them informally. Gradually we became great friends, and this friendship played an important role in my life. Realizing how bleak our existence was, the Manzonis tried to persuade us to leave Russia and settle abroad permanently. Now that Nina was married, we could have taken my youngest stepdaughter Masha with us; the third, Valia, was to remain in Moscow and complete her courses in medicine. The Manzonis promised to take care of her in our absence.

The plan sounded enticing. Yet, I had my doubts. How could I risk leaving Russia without a reasonable assurance of financial

prospects abroad? After much deliberation I decided to take the risk, counting on concerts in various European cities, and hoping for the best. My friend, the singer Fedor Gontzov, was in Riga, Latvia, and I wrote him asking him to arrange a concert there.

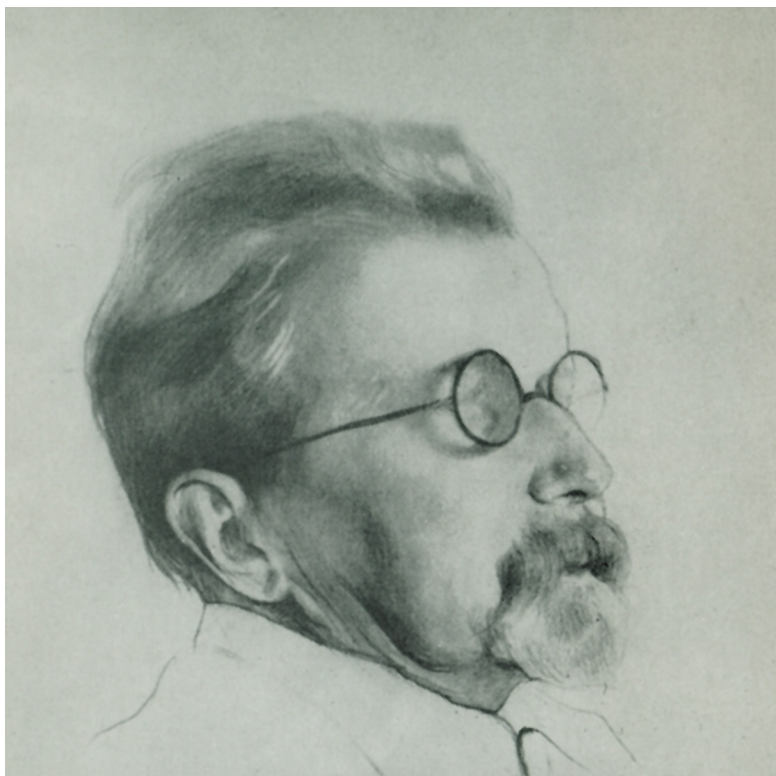
As before our first journey abroad, we went through the interminable process of getting passports and visas; once again I had to find ways and means of raising funds for the trip. One of my financial prospects was a commission that I had received a few weeks before my departure from the Belorussian Theater in Moscow, to write music for a rather absurd play by some newly discovered Belorussian playwright. My fee was to be 900 rubles, enough to cover our traveling expenses and the initial period abroad. I was always interested in Belorussian folk songs, and I enthusiastically set to work on the score, making use of authentic Belorussian folk melodies.

I delivered the manuscript on schedule, expecting to collect my fee at once. But it was not as simple as that. I was told that my music had to be approved by the Committee of Control. Nobody had mentioned such a committee before. What could I do? Take legal steps to collect my fee? I had neither the time nor the desire to do that. So I had to submit and wait. In the meantime, I had to think of the fast approaching date of my concert in Riga.

The Committee of Control failed to appear at the first rehearsal of my music. I was furious, and had to exercise all my self-control to refrain from telling the bosses of the Belorussian Theater what I thought of their conduct. Finally, on the very eve of my departure from Moscow, the Committee gave my music a hearing and "approved" it. But even after that, I had to go through a lot of bureaucratic red tape before I received my money.

I had not decided whether I was going to settle abroad permanently. So I left my music library, my books, my archives and the many cherished mementoes in our Moscow apartment. My stepdaughter used one of the rooms, and the remaining three rooms were rented to an Italian resident recommended by Manzoni.

Professionally, my last years in Russia were very successful. My new string quartets, Third Symphony, and the cycle of songs *Feuilles mortes*, had excellent performances in St. Petersburg. There were also several concerts of my music in Moscow. I particularly enjoyed the recital of my songs and duets given by the artists of the Bolshoy Theater, Mesdames Barsova and Obuknova, who sang my old and new songs with irresistible charm.



Portrait by S. Sorine

Chapter XXVI

PARIS AND AMERICA

My second concert in Riga — My successful concerts in Paris — I conduct my works in Rome — I leave behind in Paris some parts of my Third Symphony, which causes me several days of great anxiety before the parts are retrieved — My first trip to America — I visit California, and salute Russia across the Pacific Ocean — My return to Paris — The moving observance of my seventieth birthday — Koussevitzky refuses to perform my Fourth Symphony, which is finally played by the New York Philharmonic fourteen years later — Stokowski visits me in Paris — His enthusiasm for my Fifth Symphony, which he performs in Philadelphia.

MOSCOW IS MY native town, and my first love. Next to Moscow, I liked Paris. Everything attracted me in Paris: its vast culture, its graceful parks and boulevards, its magnificent palaces, its majestic cathedrals, its great museums, its luxurious shops, indeed, the very odor of its pavements. The vivacious temperament of the French people always set me at ease. How happy, how proud must the Parisians be! They are citizens of one of the most enchanting places in the whole world.

Maria Grigorievna shared my affection for Paris. It was natural, then, that we decided to make Paris our first pied-à-terre after leaving Russia.

On the way to Paris we stopped in Riga, where I gave a concert with Fedor Gontzov. The hall of the Conservatory of Riga,

where our concert took place, was crowded. The audience demanded encores; there were compliments and flowers. This cordial reception proved to me that my music was known and appreciated in Riga. Several years later I appeared again in Riga, in a recital with Maria Kurenko. It was as successful as my concert with Gontzov.

Upon our arrival in Paris, Mme. Rosenthal, wife of the well-known pearl merchant, arranged a gala reception for me at her luxurious home. Later she organized a private concert of my songs performed by Nina Koshetz. As there were no expenses, Mme. Rosenthal turned the entire receipts over to me—quite a large sum of money. I also received some money from the Société des Compositeurs which I had joined in 1922. All this was highly encouraging.

Early in August of 1925 we went to Italy—we could afford it then without worrying too much about finances. I was invited by our Moscow friend, Mme. Erlanger, to stay with her family at Nervi. Maria Grigorievna went to Civita Castellana, near Rome, to visit her eldest daughter, Signora Mariani, who was expecting a child.

The Erlanger house was inconvenient for my work, and after two restful weeks there I moved to an excellent hotel by the sea-shore, with a garden of fragrant orange trees. This hotel was quite different from the usual commercial hotel. It was the former palace of an old Italian family, and its curious architectural plan and furniture showed exquisite taste. There was an excellent piano in a spacious salon with two large windows.

The town of Nervi is not a summer resort. I found myself the sole tenant at the hotel, which made it possible for me to play the piano to my heart's desire. I was not bothering anybody, and nobody bothered me. I enjoyed my stay there enormously. I worked on a regular schedule, and kept my own hours for swimming, resting, or taking walks. I was completely free of financial worries. And I enjoyed my solitude—I liked to be alone for a while.

In Nervi I continued my work on the Fourth Symphony which

I had begun in Moscow. I also worked on my “School of Singing,” a project that had long been in preparation. I organized my materials and added several new exercises and vocalises.

During one of my walks along the seashore I met Michel Calvocoressi, the well-known writer on music and translator of Russian songs into French and English. When I told him about my “School of Singing,” he became interested, and expressed the desire to see the manuscript. He then proposed to have it published by the Oxford University Press in London, where he was in charge of the Music Department. I accepted his offer, and we agreed on terms. That autumn, upon my return to Paris, I received a check for 150 pounds from the Oxford University Press. My financial situation during these first years abroad was decidedly favorable.

In December, 1925,¹ I gave two concerts in Rome: a song recital with Nina Koshetz at the Santa Cecilia Academy, and a symphonic concert of my works, including the Third Symphony and excerpts from *Dobrynya Nikititch*, at the Augusteo. Both appearances were successful with the public; as to the critics, they praised my songs, but found my Symphony uninteresting—at that time the Italian critics liked only modernistic music.

Incidentally, I had terrible trouble preparing my orchestral concert in Rome. Maria Grigorievna and I arrived in Rome a week before the concert, and went to the opening of the symphony season at the Augusteo. Bernardino Molinari conducted. After the concert a reception was held for him, and we were invited, too.

I felt nervous, as I always do before a concert, and slipped away from the reception, leaving Maria Grigorievna with the guests. I returned to our hotel and took out the score of my Symphony to check on some details in the wind instrument parts. I opened the valise where I kept my music. The string parts were on top. I dug deeper looking for the wind parts, but found instead the string parts for another work! I reached the bottom of the pile—nothing! I turned the whole suitcase inside out—still

nothing! Then it dawned on me—I must have left the parts in Paris! “Heavens! What shall I do?” I thought. The first rehearsal was scheduled for the following morning at ten o’clock. I paced back and forth like one possessed. I could hardly wait for Maria Grigorievna to come home—the hand of the clock moved slowly! At last she came. One glance at me was enough for her to guess that I was in trouble.

“What happened? You look like a ghost!” she exclaimed.

When I told her, she, too, was horrified, but quickly regained her composure.

“Let us send a telegram to Strimer,” she said. Joseph Strimer, the composer, lived in the apartment next to ours in Paris. “The concierge knows him and will let him into our apartment,” continued Maria Grigorievna. “Strimer will give the music to Nina Koshetz who is leaving for Rome tomorrow, and she will deliver it to you!”

“Do you believe the plan will work?” I asked.

“I am sure of it,” replied Maria Grigorievna. “Please, stop worrying! You can rehearse something else instead of the Symphony!”

The telegram was duly sent, and I calmed down somewhat.

Conductors of Roman orchestras were given twelve rehearsals for each concert. What an embarrassment of riches! My first two rehearsals were held on Monday morning and evening, and passed without incident. I devoted the rehearsal time to the finale of the second act from my opera *Dobrinya Nikititch*, which is a fairly extensive score.

Early Tuesday morning, Maria Grigorievna went to the railroad station to meet Nina Koshetz. I remained at the hotel, impatiently awaiting their arrival. Soon Maria Grigorievna came back—alone! No sign of music, no sign of Koshetz! I conjectured that Nina Koshetz had stopped over somewhere en route to Rome. But—oh horrible thought!—what could I do at the next rehearsal? Play the same music? Why, oh why, was I given two rehearsals a day? And what if Nina Koshetz failed to arrive on Wednesday?

Well, Nina Koshetz did arrive Wednesday morning—with her hands empty! It seemed that Strimer had been unable to find her in Paris, because she had been staying at a friend's house for the last days before her departure.

Now I was really in trouble. I could no longer conceal the situation from Molinari; I felt I had to ask him to announce that I was suddenly taken ill or some such thing; and then I would have to leave Rome without delay. What other alternative was open to me? Send a bullet through my brain?

Maria Grigorievna tried to comfort me: "Miracles do happen—let us wait another day." I took her advice and gave fate another chance.

Somehow I mustered enough energy to go to the Augusteo and rehearse my Symphony—the string section only. In the intermission several orchestra men asked me why I had excused the wind instrument players from rehearsal. I mumbled something unintelligible in reply. It was a nightmare in real life!

I felt quite ill at the evening rehearsal, and thought I would faint at any moment. Then some strange instinct made me turn my head—and there was Maria Grigorievna coming towards me, her face radiant with joy, and in her hands—I knew it!—a telegram!

I became so excited that I was unable to go on with the rehearsal, and I dismissed the orchestra for the day. Strimer's telegram contained the following news: He could not locate Nina Koshetz, and his attempt to send the music through a conductor of the Wagons-Lits had failed because railroad employees were forbidden to transport packages. But he had induced a passenger who was going to Rome to take the music with him. In his telegram Strimer gave the Rome address of that passenger.

I could hardly sleep a wink that night. What if the train was late? What if something had happened to the passenger, and to the music?

I was still in bed when Maria Grigorievna came into the bedroom and proudly tossed the package on my chest. So the mira-

cle did happen! Fate had mercy on me! The calamity that had threatened to engulf me passed me by! Praise be to Heaven!

My two concerts in Rome were financially profitable. I now had enough money to live for a year or so, and could stay abroad without worrying too much about my material situation. As time went on, the idea of going back to Russia appeared less and less attractive to me.

Even before my first trip abroad, I was in correspondence with the French composer and organist Count St. Martin, who had arranged the first Paris performance, on March 25, 1926, of the revised version of my *Domestic Liturgy*.

Of all my Paris concerts, this particular occasion stands out in my memory as the most gratifying. The augmented Afonsky choir sang splendidly; Moszhukhin gave an impressive reading of the Litany with Threefold Responses, and Count St. Martin performed on the organ the *Lento* from my Second String Quartet, and also my music to the psalm *Praise Ye The Lord*.

In December, 1928,¹ I received a cable from Nina Koshetz, now in America, offering me several joint recitals in New York with a guarantee of one thousand dollars. For a long time I had wanted to visit America, and so I gladly accepted her offer. I enjoyed the six days of invigorating ocean travel on the great liner S. S. *Berengaria*, the carefree life on board, the excellent cuisine, the new acquaintances among the passengers. We celebrated New Year's Eve on board ship. The sea was remarkably calm; it seemed that we were anchored on solid ground, living in a luxurious palace. The dancing and merry-making continued late into the night.

Words cannot describe my impression of the fabulous panorama at the approach to New York City, with the Statue of Liberty towering over the harbor. I made six ocean trips in six consecutive seasons, and every time the entrance to New York Harbor gave me the same overpowering impression.

My first concert with Nina Koshetz took place in Carnegie Hall on January 17, 1929. On March 25 of the same year, I conducted,

also in Carnegie Hall, my *Domestic Liturgy*. Both concerts were tremendously successful. After the performance of the *Domestic Liturgy*, the well-known pianist and conductor, Alexander Siloti, came to the green room. I never counted him among admirers of my music. This time, however, he embraced me warmly and said: "Well, old man, you hardly realize yourself what a remarkable work you have written."

Naturally, I was gratified by this praise from an artist of Siloti's rank. But despite this pleasant encounter we never became friends.

Between 1929 and 1934, I spent about three months each year in America. I made appearances in almost all the principal cities of the United States, and made many new friends. In Los Angeles, I met several Russian friends from St. Petersburg and Moscow. I was particularly glad to see Professor Alexey Kahl, pianist and musicologist, whose guests we were in Los Angeles. Kahl lived like a true Bohemian, surrounded by his students who idolized him. He was always in good spirits, gay and happy, and his pleasant disposition made his friends feel happy too. The two weeks that I spent with Kahl in California remain one of my most pleasant memories.

California was in full bloom in February, 1931, during our stay in Los Angeles. Between concerts we made excursions. I visited the film studios, and had a chance to observe Hollywood life at close range.

During our stay in California, we made a motor trip to the shores of the Pacific. I thought of my native land that lay across the waters. Greatly moved, I bowed low in salute.

During my trip to America in 1933, I fell ill with double pneumonia. During my illness I realized how many friends I had in America. With an especial feeling of gratitude I recall Dr. Silberstein, who treated me without remuneration, and the families of Salmanovitch and Jacobson, who showed such touching solicitude towards me.

The material welfare that marked the initial period of my stay abroad did not last long. Beginning with 1927, there were times

when I was in great need. Nobody seemed to be interested in a composer who was not safely dead.

Fortunately, the world is not without kind-hearted people. At one time, when I was in very bad financial straits, I received unexpected assistance through Miss Howard, daughter of a former American ambassador to Tsarist Russia. She had learned about my difficulties, came to visit me, and gave me a check for a large sum of money. This money was a gift from Mrs. Luckemeyer, a wealthy, eighty-year-old widow who was a passionate lover of music. Her husband was a brother of Mathilde Wesendonck, the friend of Wagner. Through this connection with Wagner, musical traditions were strong in the Luckemeyer family. She invited me to give recitals of my works in her home and paid me a generous honorarium. This helped me to make ends meet, at least for a while.

Some Russian writers complain that they cannot continue their creative work away from their native soil. I never experienced this difficulty. Quite to the contrary: I worked productively abroad, and my compositions of this period are imbued with the Russian folk spirit to an even greater degree than the music I wrote in Russia. Here, from afar, I feel more intimately all things Russian, and my attachment to my native land grows ever deeper. Besides, I am surrounded almost exclusively by devoted Russian friends who appreciate my music, particularly my sacred works which are constantly performed in American churches.

My seventieth birthday, October 25, 1934, was affectionately observed in Paris. Metropolitan Eulogius came to my apartment one afternoon and said the prayers; a choir led by Afonsky sang my sacred works. After the service, the Metropolitan addressed a few profoundly moving words to me. In the evening at the Salle Gaveau there was a concert arranged by my personal friends, a program consisting mostly of my more popular works. The only novelty was the first performance of two songs to the words by Tiutchev, for soprano, cello, and harp, performed by Anne El-Tour, André Lévy and Marcel Grandjany. Tatiana Makushina,

who came specially from London to take part in this concert, contributed greatly to its success.

I spent the summer of 1927 in St. Jean-de-Luz, near the Spanish border, and there I completed my Fourth Symphony. It was played by Emanuel Bay and Boris Goldovsky, in a four-hand arrangement, for a few musicians who happened to live in the neighborhood. They gave an excellent performance and everybody seemed to like the music. However, when a musician pays a compliment to another musician one can never be sure that this opinion is sincere and unprejudiced, so I could not judge the real impression that my Symphony produced on that occasion.

Upon my return to Paris, I showed my Fourth Symphony to Koussevitzky. He expressed his willingness to conduct only the Scherzo—he did not like the rest of the Symphony. Of course, I could not let a single movement be performed before the première of the complete work, and had to decline Koussevitzky's offer. I then submitted the score to several French conductors and to one or two American conductors, but none would accept it for performance. It was not until 1941, after I had settled in New York, that I sent the score to John Barbirolli, then conductor of the New York Philharmonic. He wrote me a letter full of praise, and offered to perform it during the coming spring. Thus this Symphony, kept in abeyance for fourteen years, was finally given its première on April 9, 1942.

During the rehearsals several members of the New York Philharmonic expressed their enthusiasm for my music. Barbirolli had studied the score thoroughly and gave it a brilliant performance. The audience gave me a real ovation when I appeared on the stage after the performance, and the press was very favorable. I was delighted, of course, but . . . I had to wait fourteen years for this red-letter day! I may add that my Fourth Symphony was also performed in Moscow, in 1944, on the occasion of my eightieth birthday. There, too, it achieved a notable success.

Before I went abroad I had written little for the piano. Since then I have composed many works for the instrument, simple piano pieces for children, and more complex works, including

two sonatas, two sonatinas, two albums of arrangements of Russian dances, etc.

In the spring of 1938, I wrote from Paris to Leopold Stokowski, informing him that I had just completed my Fifth Symphony. He answered by cable, saying that he would be glad to examine the score the following May when he expected to be in Paris. He kept his promise, and came to see me. I played the score for him, and he took it with him to Sweden where he was spending his vacation. He wrote me from Sweden that he was passing through Paris on his way to America, and gave me an appointment for August 4, 1938, "pour parler encore de votre belle symphonie." He faithfully kept his appointment, and again expressed his enthusiasm for the work.

Stokowski was the first great artist, among those whom I met abroad, who showed real interest in any of my large symphonic works. I was tremendously gratified that it was not in vain that I had spent so much effort and time to master the symphonic form, which to me is the ultimate medium of musical expression. I may not live to see the day when my symphonies will receive recognition, but I have faith in their survival after my death.

Stokowski cabled me in Paris that my Fifth Symphony was scheduled for performance, under his direction, by the Philadelphia Orchestra on April 5, 1939. I was distressed not to be able to hear his performance. Another eight years passed before I finally heard my Fifth Symphony, ably presented by the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra under the excellent direction of Vladimir Bakaleinikov.

Chapter XXVII

MY FAREWELL TO EUROPE

While in Italy I receive the sad news of the death of Vera Ivanovna — I win the first prize for my Missa Festiva at a Paris contest, against thirty-eight competitors — I write a Universal Mass — Its performance by Koussevitzky in Boston — Mrs. Anna Block, and her villa in Switzerland — Our visit there on the eve of the war — We leave Europe — Our arrival in America — We settle in Detroit.

DURING THE SUMMER of 1937, I suffered from painful arthritis in the legs. I asked my doctor to recommend a health resort somewhere in Italy, where Maria Grigorievna's married daughter lived. He suggested Acqui, in northern Italy, and we went there.

On August 8, 1937, a few days after our arrival in Acqui, I received a telegram from my sister in Moscow, notifying me of the passing of my first wife Vera Ivanovna, my faithful friend and companion for twenty-one years. It was to Vera Ivanovna that I dedicated my Opus 1, the *Lullaby*, my first string quartet and my first opera.

I recalled the four years of torment, when I alternately left her, and came back to her, until she finally bowed to the overpowering force of my new passion. She packed her belongings, took her little dachshund Marsik with her, and together we went to the Nicolayevsky Railroad Station in St. Petersburg, where we parted in tears, never to live together again.

I am sometimes asked whether Vera Ivanovna ever remarried. My reply is: "A human being of her nature could not even contemplate a second marriage. Having once found her true love, she remained indivisibly faithful forever."

When we separated, Vera Ivanovna took a room near the Sergius-Trinity Monastery some distance from Moscow, where she worked as a librarian. After the Bolshevik Revolution she moved back to Moscow, and stayed with her sisters in the house that formerly belonged to her family. She was seen one spring day on Theater Square selling bunches of flowers from her garden. Oh what bitter pangs of conscience seized me when I was told about it!

Later, Vera Ivanovna took a position as governess to a seven-year-old girl in a family we used to know. I corresponded with her even after my second marriage, and occasionally saw her in Moscow. In the spring of 1937 she fell ill, and moved to the country to stay with a devoted former servant who dearly loved her, as did everyone who had ever known Vera Ivanovna. There she ended her unhappy days, leaving me forever alone with my conscience. For it was I who was responsible for her misfortunes.

In 1937 a competition was announced in Paris for a Catholic Mass and five motets for four-part mixed choir with organ. I decided to enter this competition. It was an open contest—each composer submitted his work under his own name. As a member of the Greek Orthodox Church, I had little hope of winning in a competition with Catholic composers, and composed at first only one motet. I sent it to Abbé Henri Delepin, director of the publishing firm sponsoring the contest, and asked him quite frankly whether it was worth my while to take part in the contest.

Instead of a written reply, Abbé Delepin came to see me personally. He expressed his enthusiasm for the quality of my motet, and urged me to write the remaining four motets. I did so, and sent the motets to him, with a further inquiry as to whether I ought to attempt the composition of a Mass.

“Of course,” he said emphatically.

So I wrote a Mass, too. Abbé Delepin came to see me again. He became quite an admirer of my music, and he practically gave me his assurance that I would carry all the ten prizes for the motets and for the Mass.

"Are you absolutely sure of it?" I asked incredulously.

"So sure that I can even give you some money in advance, if you wish," he replied.

His offer was opportune, because I was going on a concert tour in the Baltic countries with Madame Makushina, and needed travel money. When I reached Stockholm I received an official notification that my motets and my Mass were awarded prizes aggregating to ten thousand francs. This was remarkable, as I was competing with thirty-eight composers, Frenchmen and Belgians, all of them Catholics. The fact that a member of the Greek Orthodox Church received all the prizes was not flattering to their national self-respect, and as a compromise the jury announced additional prizes aggregating five thousand francs and distributed this money among four Catholic composers.

After my return from the Baltic tour I conducted my prize-winning Mass, which I named *Missa Festiva*, in a Catholic Church in Paris. The following season I again conducted it at Notre Dame de Paris, with a chorus of two hundred voices. Cardinal Verdier officiated. The great Cathedral was crowded with worshippers.

The success of my *Missa Festiva* encouraged me to compose another Mass in the grand style. I completed this new work in the spring of 1939. It was written to a Latin text, and scored for four solo voices, chorus, organ and full orchestra. I named the new work *Missa Oecumenica*, that is, Universal Mass, because I made use of Orthodox, Gregorian, and Hebrew chants, while strictly adhering to the text of the Catholic liturgy. I sent a *Sanctus* from this Mass to Koussevitzky. He kept it for a long time, and then returned the music to me without a word of explanation.

Late in August, 1939, with war about to explode, I fled in haste to America, settling first in Detroit and later in New York City. In 1943, Mme. Henriette Hirschman, a friend of Koussevitzky, visited us. Noticing the unusual title *Oecumenica* on the cover of the score lying on top of the piano, she asked what the

word meant I explained. Shortly afterwards I received a letter from Koussevitzky asking me to give him the rights to the first American performance of my Mass with the Boston Symphony Orchestra. He made this offer without having seen the score. He also offered me a fee of one thousand dollars, on condition that the score be dedicated to the memory of his late wife Natalie Koussevitzky. I agreed, and on February 25, 1944, Koussevitzky conducted the work in Boston. He and the orchestra gave a stirring performance. The second performance of the customary pair of Boston Symphony concerts was broadcast all over America, There was a third performance at Harvard University, under the direction of Arthur Fiedler, but on this occasion it was given with only organ accompaniment.

I regard the *Missa Oecumenica* as my most important achievement in sacred music In this connection, I should like to quote here part of an article by Joseph Yasser, published in the *Novoye Russkoye Slovo*:

"Gretchaninoff's *Missa Oecumenica*, composed in Paris in 1935, is a work *sui generis*. Its unique quality is suggested by its title. The juxtaposition of two different concepts, the peculiarly Russian ideal of universality, implicit in the word *Oecumenica*, and the Roman Catholic ideal, implicit in the word Mass, symbolizes the composer's attempt to unite in music the two principal branches of the Christian Church, the Eastern and the Western. Externally, this union is indicated by the Russian character of the music, and the Latin text of the Roman Catholic Liturgy, used in the *Missa Oecumenica*. The intrinsic meaning of this combination goes much deeper. During his whole creative career, Gretchaninoff has consistently aimed at a greater, perhaps extra-musical, synthesis, in conformance with his natural inclination towards spiritual universalism. Gretchaninoff has always fought against isolationism of spiritual faith, and has refused to follow the narrow traditionalism of sacred music. Indeed, he loves Western and Russian church music equally well."

Early in August of 1939, Mme. Anna Block invited Maria

Grigorievna and me to Switzerland, where she lived as an emigrant, to attend the Lucerne Music Festival, which at that time replaced the Salzburg Festival as an international musical gathering.

Mme. Block was a widow; her husband had been a rich Moscow industrialist and a lover of music. He also took a lively interest in modern inventions. When bicycle riding became a fashion, he was one of the first in Russia to practice it, and he tried to induce his friends to ride bicycles too. He owned an early recording machine, and he recorded on it the voice of Tolstoy reading his works, and the piano playing of Taneyev, Arensky, and others. It was fantastic to hear the living voice of Tolstoy speaking to us from this machine.

For an amateur, Block played the piano fairly well. He was a personal friend of Artur Nikisch, and had many mementoes of that famous conductor. The walls of his living room were adorned with pictures of his personal friends among Moscow musicians. Taneyev and other Russian composers dedicated works to him.

The war and the Bolshevik Revolution drove him into exile; he settled in his own villa in Vevey, Switzerland, where he died, at an advanced age, in the arms of his devoted wife. Maria Grigorievna and I used to visit the Blocks rather often in their Vevey home, and we continued our friendship with Mme. Block after the death of her husband.

The concerts of the Lucerne Festivals, with such great artists as Toscanini, Rachmaninoff, Casals, and Horowitz participating, were held on the shores of the enchanting Lake Lucerne. Yet, in the background there was anxiety—crucial negotiations between London and Moscow were then going on. Suddenly, like a bombshell, came the ominous announcement over the radio: Stalin had broken off discussions with the Allies and had gone over to Hitler's side. War was in the air. Without waiting for the end of the Festival, we hurried back to Paris. The French Army was in full mobilization, and our train was crowded with soldiers. We witnessed many heartrending scenes as they bade farewell to their families.

We decided to leave France. But where were we to go? The obvious refuge was America, where Maria Grigorievna had a daughter married to an American engineer, William Mann of Detroit.

We went through days of indescribable anguish before we obtained the renewal of our French passports, American visas, and a cabin on the S. S. *Washington*, the last American liner to leave France, ostensibly carrying only American citizens. It was little short of a miracle that we got aboard, and until the last moment our dream of going to America hung in the balance.

The painter S. Rovinsky met us at the station when we took the steamer train for Le Havre. Rovinsky promised to take care of our Paris apartment during our absence. We had spent fourteen years in that apartment, which was ideally adapted for my creative work, and I wondered whether we would ever see it again. I left there my favorite grand piano, my small library of music and the books collected during our years in Paris. Fourteen years before, we were leaving Moscow under similar circumstances.

The first three days on the boat passed in a state of great apprehension: only a few days before, the British passenger ship S. S. *Athenia* had been sunk by a German submarine. But providence watched over us, and it was with great relief that we sighted New York. We were safe in the New World.

Waiting in a huge crowd at the pier was Maria Grigorievna's daughter Masha. After the customary formalities, we were finally allowed on American soil. We spent a few days in New York and then took a train to Detroit.

Detroit musicians extended to me a warm welcome. The local Bohemian Club and other musical organizations arranged receptions for me. Franco Ghione, the talented conductor of the Detroit Symphony Orchestra, performed the variations from my Fifth Symphony. After the performance the audience of some five thousand persons accorded me a tremendous ovation.

Chapter XXVIII

DETROIT AND NEW YORK

My eyesight is impaired — I accompany a recital of my songs, but can hardly see the notes — I undergo an operation and can see again — We move from Detroit to New York, where I find many friends — I continue to compose, but most of my works remain unpublished — My great financial difficulties — I am helped by generous friends — My eightieth birthday is observed at my home — Moscow celebrates my birthday with four concerts of my music.

A YEAR AND A HALF before my coming to America, my eyesight began to fail. I changed glasses every two or three months, but soon glasses were of no help. Dr. Prokopenko, whom I consulted in Paris, found a sclerotic condition in both eyes. The most horrifying sensation to me was seeing multiple images: four moons in the sky, four identical men walking in the street, etc.

In Detroit I met Dr. Stalker, an ardent music lover who had two grand pianos in his home and an extensive music library. He was an amateur singer, and played the piano fairly well. Once a week he played violin sonatas with another doctor, an amateur violinist. Dr. Stalker owned a bungalow, with a spacious garden, near my stepdaughter's home. We used to visit each other quite often, and soon became close friends. Dr. Stalker advised me to consult Dr. Parker Heath, a prominent American oculist.

Dr. Heath diagnosed my condition as cataracts on both eyes. He

advised an immediate operation. The same diagnosis had been made by Dr. Prokopenko and other specialists in Paris, but they had insisted that the operation could not be performed before the cataracts were completely formed. Dr. Heath, however, thought that it was entirely possible to operate immediately. I had every confidence in his judgment, and decided to undergo an operation without further delay.

On December 10, 1939, Maria Kurenko gave a recital of my songs in Detroit. I played the accompaniments, but I could hardly see the music, and had to play practically from memory. Dr. Heath, who was also a music lover, came to the concert, which naturally pleased me.

The day after the concert I went to the hospital. I could not speak English, but a French-speaking nurse was found, and acted as an interpreter. She and Dr. Stalker held my hands during the operation. As a token of gratitude to Dr. Heath, who successfully removed the cataracts, I dedicated my Fifth Symphony to him.

At Christmas time I was back home, and celebrated the holidays with my stepdaughter's family. With the aid of three pairs of glasses I could read and write. Unfortunately, distant objects still appeared rather blurred to me.

A few days after the operation, I went back to my work. In a comparatively brief period I wrote a clarinet sonata and a number of choral works.

In August, 1940, we moved to New York where I had better opportunities for musical activities. I was surrounded by new and old friends: the sculptor Gleb Deruzhinsky, his wife, and their daughter, who was my godchild, and who studied music theory with me; the painter Mstislav Dobuzhinsky; the composers Joseph Strimer and Nikolai Lopatnikoff; the music theorist Joseph Yasser; the writer Julie Sazonova, and many others. Their frequent visits made my life in emigration seem home-like.

My symphonic and choral works were beginning to be performed. My Fourth Symphony was given by the New York Phil-

harmonic Symphony; the *Missa Oecumenica* by the Boston Symphony Orchestra. My Masses and other sacred compositions were sung in Catholic and Protestant churches. My two Psalms were performed in a Hebrew synagogue—a most unusual distinction for a Russian composer. All this gave me a new impetus for continued creative activity.

Unfortunately, most of the works composed during these years remain in manuscript on the shelves of my room. During the war, publishers were reluctant to accept new works for publication. The Société des Compositeurs in Paris, of which I was a member, could not send me money. I was at the end of my resources. The American Society of Composers and Publishers (ASCAP), learning of my plight, gave me some financial assistance, but not enough to cover even my bare living expenses. Then friends came to my aid. Every year they arranged private concerts for me in the home of the well-known benefactress Mrs. Otto Kahn, and at Mrs. Hammond's. The money from these concerts saved me from complete financial debacle.

The artists on these occasions were all of the first rank: the singers Maria Kurenko and Jenny Tourel, the pianist Nadia Reisenberg, the harpist Marcel Grandjany, the violinist Michel Piastre, the cellist Joseph Schuster, and others of equally high calibre.

Many well-known musicians were also present in the audience, and, despite the fact that the concerts were given in private homes, several music critics attended, too. Jenny Tourel was then making her first appearances on the American concert stage; after singing at my concerts, she received three invitations to appear with symphony orchestras under such great conductors as Toscanini, Stokowski, and Koussevitzky. As to Maria Kurenko, she had long enjoyed a great reputation as a singer, and we had given many recitals together in Europe as well as in America.

On October 25, 1944, I was eighty years old. I thought that it was hardly fitting, at a time when such bloody events were taking place in Europe and in Asia, to hold birthday parties, but some of my friends, headed by the pianist Isabella Vengerova,

secretly formed a "Committee of Conspirators," as they dubbed it, and staged a celebration of my eightieth anniversary at my home. There were speeches with humorous asides, and I was handed a check for a generous sum of money. I also received other gifts. Isabella Vengerova, Maria Kurenko, the cellist Evsey Beloussov, the clarinetist Simeon Bellison, the pianist Gregory Ashman, and others performed my music. Congratulatory telegrams came from all over America, from London, and—this was particularly gratifying to me—from St. Petersburg and Moscow. I was especially moved by the concerts of my music which were presented in Moscow. On my eightieth birthday, a symphony concert of my works was given at the Moscow Conservatory; the program included my Fourth Symphony and excerpts from *Dobrynya Nikititch*. A few days later a concert of my chamber music and songs was given in Moscow, featuring my first Trio; still later, a concert version of the entire opera *Dobrynya Nikititch*, and several of my choral compositions were presented there. Large posters and programs of these concerts were sent to me from Moscow, and I was delighted to receive them.

The New York daily *Novoye Russkoye Slovo* devoted two pages to birthday greetings addressed to me, and reproduced my portrait painted by Dobuzhinsky. The *New York Times* published a letter of greetings from Koussevitzky and an article about my music, written by Yasser. The painter Sorin made a portrait of me. Among my birthday presents was an album of drawings by Sudeikin, Boris Chaliapin, Michelson, Verbov, Ivanov, and Mané-Katz. This album also contained messages from music societies, and from a number of Russian and other foreign-born musicians resident in America. My music was broadcast on the radio.

In London, Madame Makushina gave three recitals of my songs in one day. At one of these concerts she sang for the first time, from manuscript, my *Sonetti Romani*, a cycle of five songs to the text by Viatcheslav Ivanov.

I can hardly find words to express my gratitude for these tokens of affection and devotion. I was truly grateful to the "conspira-

tors” who arranged the festivities. I was especially relieved that there was nothing of the official air of a jubilee, with its bombastic toasts—so often hypocritical and insincere. Everything was done in the spirit of simplicity, gayety, and good fellowship. It was one of the happiest days of my life.

Chapter XXIX

CONCLUSION AND CODA

My opera The Marriage is given a partial performance in America, and a complete performance in Paris — The illness and death of Maria Grigorievna — My loneliness without her — I reach my eighty-fifth birthday — My ideas about musical modernism — Fulfillment of my life's task.

IN THE SPRING OF 1925 Maria Grigorievna and I left Russia, never to return. I have lived, ever since, with an open wound in my heart, a heartache that will persist until the day comes for me to leave this world—a world that might have been so beautiful but which, through the workings of some evil fate, has become so bleak. I live my remaining years in memories: my native Moscow; St. Petersburg, where I studied, and which I loved no less than Moscow; my beloved Volga and the Crimea where I was so happy, and where I wrote so many of my important works. Neither in France nor in America did I find a place I could call my own, where I could work in tranquility and solitude far from the crowds and the noise of city life.

Between the ages of eighty and eighty-seven I have written fewer works than my average output. Yet the list of these works is considerable: *The Marriage*, an opera to the text of Gogol's comedy of the name; several short works for orchestra, among

them an overture, *Grande Fête*; *Poème Lyrique* and *Poème Elégiaque*; *Six Russian Songs*; a suite from my opera *Dobrynya Nikitich*; and a four-part Liturgy, *Novy Obihod*, marked by a simplicity of musical language, and easy to perform.

The Marriage was first sung with piano accompaniment at a private gathering at the home of the pianist Gregory Ashman; the third act was produced by Boris Goldovsky at Tanglewood; a complete performance of the opera was planned in Boston, but for reasons unknown to me the project was laid aside. On February 21, 1950, the third act was performed in concert form in Town Hall by students of the opera department of the New York College of Music; the same group broadcast the third act on the radio. A year after the Town Hall performance, the New York College conferred on me the honorary degree of Doctor of Music.

On October 8, 1950, the Russian Chamber Theater in Paris gave a complete performance in Russian of *The Marriage*. The director of the theater, Karganov, engaged an excellent cast with Natalie Kachouk in the leading part. The Paris production of *The Marriage* was as successful as the New York one.

Maria Grigorievna did not live to hear these productions. After a long illness she passed away on January 26, 1947. My life and my career had been bound with her since 1912. Her brilliant mind, her broad culture, her lively temperament, made my life easier and added zest to my existence. Ignorant of languages, unsociable, helpless in practical affairs, what could I have done without her help? Recall, for instance, my tribulations before my concerts in Rome. Without Maria Grigorievna, I would never have achieved even a limited success in life. To this day I cannot get accustomed to my loneliness.

When I reached my eighty-fifth birthday, I had no desire for any observance of the day. Only a few intimate friends gathered in my apartment. Maria Kurenko gave a moving performance of my song *My Soul Floated in the Lofty Blue*. We all had a feeling that Maria Grigorievna, too, was present among us that evening.

In conclusion, I should like to say a few words about modern music and its influence on my compositions.

In the classical and romantic eras the problem of modernism in music did not exist. It became the issue of the day in Russia when Moussorgsky proclaimed his slogan: "Towards New Shores." In the music of Scriabin, and particularly in that of Prokofieff and Stravinsky, the problem of modernism was brought to the fore.

Men of genius of all times have labored to broaden the scope of the arts, but they did so freely, without ostentation. They strove to interpret their ideas and their emotions. The musical language of Beethoven's last period differs greatly from the language of his predecessors, Haydn and Mozart. But Beethoven did not set out to create a new idiom: he was intent on developing the classical forms, and succeeded in elevating these forms to the ultimate degree of mastery.

Moussorgsky fully vindicated his slogan "Towards New Shores" in his works of genius. After him in time, but independent of him in substance, different "dialects" of the new musical language were developed by Richard Strauss and Max Reger in Germany, and Debussy, Ravel, and their followers in France. The bold and unfamiliar harmonic combinations were slow to take root; our ears resisted the novel sounds. But the new language was victorious in the end. Composers of the new generation in Russia imitated Scriabin and, later, Prokofieff, and regarded their contemporaries, who clung to the old academic ways, as hopelessly old-fashioned.

As to the general public, some expressed enthusiasm for modernistic music, while others, applying critical analysis to modern works, rebelled against modernistic abuse. It was much too easy to disguise spiritual poverty under the cloak of novelty. Average music lovers could hardly be expected to distinguish bad modern music from good, but the public often applauded the modernists out of sheer snobbism.

This snobbism was twofold: on the one hand, it glorified composers of cacophonous music of the type cultivated by Schoen-

berg and his disciples. (In art, Picasso was similarly glorified.) On the other hand, the snobs contemptuously dismissed those who pursued a more moderate tendency in their music.

When Artur Nikisch conducted in Paris early in the century, his friends advised him against performing any of Tchaikovsky's works; he was warned that the snobs would attack him. Among Russian modern composers, Scriabin professed to despise Tchaikovsky's music. How wrong he was in his attitude is demonstrated by the fact that his Third Symphony (*Poème Divin*) bears an unmistakable imprint of Tchaikovsky's influence as well as that of Wagner. (Incidentally, why is the *Poème Divin*, Scriabin's most remarkable work, so neglected by conductors nowadays?)

After a brief eclipse, the prestige of Tchaikovsky's name was restored among Paris musicians. Not a small part of this renaissance was due to Igor Stravinsky's defense of Tchaikovsky. French musicians, and Russian musicians, too, owe him a debt of gratitude for this. In France, as in all civilized countries, Tchaikovsky has now been recognized as a universal genius. No snob will ever attempt to shake Tchaikovsky's pedestal, or question his great and honored place in musical history.

The question may now be asked: What was the influence of modernism on my own creative work? Have I joined the modernists, or have I kept myself outside the sphere of their influence? Readers of this book know that I have composed music in all genres, from sacred music to opera. The multiplicity of musical genres demands different modes of expression. The advanced idioms of the string quartet, and of the ballet, do not fit the mood of sacred music. It is for this reason that I couched my sacred music in a strict academic style, within a simple harmonic framework.

Only once, in my *Missa Oecumenica*, have I allowed myself to introduce some modern elements into my sacred music. In my secular works I have done so quite often, particularly in my settings of the sensitive poetry of Baudelaire's *Fleurs du Mal*, of poems by Viatcheslav Ivanov, and of the *Poème Dramatique* to

the words of Heine and poems of the Russian symbolist poet Vladimir Soloviev. As to my instrumental music, the *style moderne* is in evidence in many of my works, particularly in those of my later period.

One wonders how long musicians will go on discussing modernism, or lack of modernism, in contemporary music. This debate opened a century ago, and reached the heights of acrimony early in this century; it has now all but subsided. Yet it has served its purpose; the horizons of harmony have been broadened; the excessive infatuation with dissonance has abated. Somehow, one can breathe a little more freely, listening to the latest brand of modern music.

The early modernists paid too much attention to the concrete materials of music, forgetting that music is the expression of human emotion. Blessed is the composer who can faithfully communicate his inner emotion to the performer and to the listener! Then, leaving this beautiful world, he can say to himself: "I have fulfilled my life's task."

Shall I be able to say as much when my fateful hour comes?

New York, 1952

Troisième Symphonie I.

A. Gritcheninoff
op. 100

Moderato e poco a poco accelerando all'Allegro
I solo
mit
dolce

dolce ed espress.

p

Вторг Иванович Рерберг

Колыбельная

(Державинское)

A. Terechenkov op. 1, № 5

Andante

Handwritten musical score for the song "Barrow. xu tá - lo." The score is written on three systems of staves. The first system includes a vocal line (Soprano) and a piano accompaniment (Piano). The second system includes a vocal line (Soprano) and a piano accompaniment (Piano). The third system includes a vocal line (Soprano) and a piano accompaniment (Piano). The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The score is written in a handwritten style with some corrections and markings.

Lullaby, Opus 1, No. 5

мн. снхъ э- нннъ бзко- мн- бамъ то- ю cantabile rit.

Сна- ну снхъ- зк. бзъ а снхъ кн, нн снхъ кн сна- ю.

мн- ннъ драмъ, ба- рхнннъ лнбъ- нн, ба- ннн- нн ба- ю.

ба- ю.

ба- ю.

ба- ю.

1887
Моихъ

CATALOGUE OF WORKS
BY
ALEXANDRE GRETCHANINOFF

CATALOGUE OF WORKS BY ALEXANDRE GRETCHANINOFF

I. INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC

Year	Opus	Orchestra
1892		Concert Overture in D minor First performance, St. Petersburg Conservatory, March 1893— <i>Manuscript</i>
1893	6	First Symphony in B minor First performance, St. Petersburg, 26 January 1895, Rimsky-Korsakov conducting— <i>Gutheil</i>
1893		Elegy in Memory of Tchaikovsky First performance, St. Petersburg, 31 December 1898, Rimsky-Korsakov conducting— <i>Manuscript (destroyed by composer)</i>
1909	27	Second Symphony in A major (Pastoral) First performance, Moscow, 14 March 1909, composer conducting— <i>Gutheil</i>
1920-1923	100	Third Symphony in E major First performance, Kiev, 29 May 1924, composer conducting— <i>Belaieff</i>
1923-1924	102	Fourth Symphony in C major First performance, 9 April 1942, New York Philharmonic-Symphony, Barbirolli conducting— <i>Manuscript</i>
1925	117	Idylle Forestière, divertissement de ballet (Also for small orchestra)— <i>Robbins</i>
1936	153	Fifth Symphony in G minor First performance, 5 April 1939, Philadelphia Orchestra, Stokowski conducting— <i>Belaieff</i>

Year	Opus	
1940	147	Rhapsody on a Russian Theme (Also for violin and piano)— <i>Manuscript</i>
1940	186	6 Russian Folk Songs, suite for orchestra— <i>Manuscript</i>
1941		Vers la Victoire, symphonic poem— <i>Manuscript</i>
1944		Symphonic Suite, from the opera Dobrynya Nikitich— <i>Manuscript</i>
1944	175	Poème Elégiaque First performance, 29 March 1946, Boston Symphony Orchestra, Koussevitzky conducting— <i>Manuscript</i>
1946	178	Festival Overture First performance, 15 November 1946, Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra, Sevitzky conducting— <i>Manuscript</i>
1948	185	Poème Lyrique— <i>Manuscript</i>
1949	190	Valse de Concert— <i>Manuscript</i>

String Orchestra

1921	70a	Largo and Finale, from Second String Quartet— <i>Manuscript</i>
1940	163	Triptique, suite in 3 movements for string orchestra and harp 1. En plein air; 2. Méditation; 3. Kermesse (No. 3 also for 2 pianos—4 hands)— <i>Leeds</i>

Small Orchestra

1925	117	Idylle Forestière, divertissement de ballet 1. La forêt qui se reveille; 2. Danse des faunes; 3. Danse des papillons; 4. Danse des scarabées; 5. Danse des sauterelles (Also for orchestra)— <i>Robbins</i>
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Violin and Orchestra

1918	81	In Modo Antico, suite in 5 movements 1. Prelude; 2. Sarabande; 3. Gavotte; 4. Air;
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Year	Opus	
		5. Gigue (Also for violin and piano)— <i>Moscow State Publishing House</i>
1932	132	Concerto in C minor— <i>Manuscript</i>

Cello and Orchestra

1919- 1929	86	Suite, in 4 movements 1. Ballade; 2. Nocturne; 3. Priere; 4. Arabesque (Also for cello and piano)— <i>Gutheil</i>
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Flute and Chamber Orchestra

1938	159	Concerto di Camera— <i>Manuscript</i>
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Chamber Music

1894	2	First String Quartet in G major First performance, St. Petersburg, 7 December 1894— <i>Belaieff</i>
1906	38	First Trio in C minor First performance, Moscow, 30 January 1907 — <i>Gutheil</i>
1913	70	Second String Quartet in D minor First performance, Moscow, 29 January 1914 — <i>Belaieff</i>
1915	75	Third String Quartet in C minor— <i>Gutheil</i>
1929	124	Fourth String Quartet in F major— <i>Schott</i>
1931	128	Second Trio in G major— <i>Belaieff</i>
1933	140	Scherzo, for flute, violin, viola, cello and harp— — <i>Manuscript</i>
1943	171	Concertino, for 2 recorders (or clarinets) and piano— <i>Manuscript</i>
1948	172a	Septet, for clarinet, bassoon and string quintet, arranged from the Second Sonata for Clarinet and Piano— <i>Manuscript</i>

Violin and Piano

1895	9	Regrets— <i>Belaieff</i>
1897	14	Meditation— <i>Manuscript</i>

Year	Opus	
1902	28	15 Bashkirian Melodies (Also for flute and piano; also for 2 pianos— 8 hands)— <i>Moscow State Publishing House</i>
1919	87	First Sonata in D major— <i>Gutheil</i>
1927	108	4 Morceaux— <i>Moscow State Publishing House</i>
1930	126a	De bon Matin, 10 easy pieces 1. Morning Promenade; 2. Homesickness; 3. Funny Man; 4. In the Twilight; 5. Little Horseman; 6. On a Winter Evening; 7. Bur- lesque; 8. In the Castle; 9. Cops and Rob- bers; 10. Waltzes (Also for cello and piano)— <i>Schott</i>
1932	134	3 Morceaux— <i>Schott</i>
1933	137	Second Sonata in C minor— <i>Belaieff</i>
1940	147	Rhapsody on a Russian Theme (Also for orchestra)— <i>Manuscript</i>
1949	191	Poème— <i>Manuscript</i>

Viola and Piano

1940	161	First Sonata (Also for clarinet and piano)— <i>Manuscript</i>
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Cello and Piano

1919- 1929	86	Suite, in 4 movements 1. Ballade; 2. Nocturne; 3. Prière; 4. Ara- besque (Also for cello and orchestra)— <i>Gut- heil</i>
1927	113	Sonata in E major— <i>Schott</i>
1930	126b	De bon Matin, 10 easy pieces (Also for violin and piano)— <i>Schott</i>
1949	192	Mélodie— <i>Manuscript</i>
1946	178	Grande Fête, symphonic overture— <i>Manuscript</i>

Flute and Piano

1902	28	15 Bashkirian Melodies (Also for violin and piano)— <i>Moscow State Publishing House</i>
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Year Opus

Flute and Harp

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| 1930 | 125 | Bashkiria, fantasy on Bashkirian themes— <i>Schott</i> |
| | | Oboe and Piano |
| 1933 | 138 | Brimborions, 12 pieces
(Also for flute, or clarinet, and piano)— <i>Augener</i> |
| | | Clarinet and Piano |
| 1935 | 145 | Suite Miniature, 10 easy pieces
(Also for piano solo)— <i>Leduc</i> |
| 1940 | 161 | First Sonata
(Also for viola and piano)— <i>Manuscript</i> |
| 1943 | 172 | Second Sonata— <i>Moscow State Publishing House</i> |

Balalaika and Piano

- | | | |
|------|-----|---------------------------|
| 1948 | 188 | Rondo— <i>Manuscript</i> |
| 1948 | 199 | Sonata— <i>Manuscript</i> |

Piano Solo

- | | | |
|------|----|---|
| 1893 | 3 | Pastels (first album), 5 miniatures
1. Plainte; 2. Méditation; 3. Chant d'automne; 4. Orage; 5. Nocturne— <i>Belaieff</i> |
| 1905 | 37 | 2 Morceaux
1. Impromptu; 2. Prelude— <i>Gutheil</i> |
| 1911 | 53 | 4 Mazurkas— <i>Zimmermann</i> |
| 1912 | 61 | Pastels (second album), 8 miniatures
1. Prélude; 2. Caprice; 3. Caresses; 4. Conte; 5. Valse; 6. Reproche; 7. Moment douloureux; 8. Epilogue— <i>Zimmerman</i> |
| 1913 | | Danza— <i>Manuscript</i> |
| 1917 | 78 | Moments Lyriques, 3 miniatures
1. Prélude; 2. Berceuse; 3. Mazurka— <i>Gutheil</i> |

Year	Opus	
1924	98	Children's Album, 15 pieces 1. Little Fairy Tale; 2. In the Camp of the Lead Soldiers; 3. Lead Soldiers on the March; 4. Farewell; 5. Hobby-Horse; 6. On the Meadow; 7. Nurse is Sick; 8. Tedious School Work; 9. Lullaby; 10. Little Dance; 11. Dreadful Event; 12. Etude; 13. After the Ball; 14. On a Travel Tour; 15. The Little Would-be Hero (Also for piano—4 hands)— <i>Schott</i>
1924	99	On the Green Meadow, 10 children's pieces 1. On the green meadow; 2. Mother's song; 3. Ballad; 4. Lost in the woods; 5. On a walk; 6. Spring morning; 7. Fairy tale; 8. In the country; 9. In the mountains; 10. Serenade (Also for piano—4 hands)— <i>Schott</i>
1924	104	3 Miniatures 1. Feuille d'album; 2. Prélude; 3. Mazurka— <i>Heugel</i>
1927	109	A Child's Day, 10 easy pieces— <i>Schott</i>
1927	110	2 Sonatinas— <i>Schott</i>
1927	112	Bagatelles, 15 miniatures— <i>Zimmermann</i>
1927	115	Pensées Fugitives, 15 sketches 1. At Early Morning; 2. Reprimand; 3. Happy Encounter; 4. Misunderstanding; 5. Urgent Request; 6. Fairy Tale; 7. Minuet; 8. Roll-Call; 9. Waiting; 10. Sounds of the Night; 11. In Folk-Like Manner; 12. A Night Occurrence; 13. Calm Resolution; 14. Anxiety; Confession— <i>Schott</i>
1927	116	3 Pieces 1. Prelude; 2. Meditation; 3. Mazurka— <i>Schott</i>
1928	118	Historiettes, 12 children's pieces 1. Primavera; 2. Solitude; 3. Sur la prairie verte; 4. L'ombre; 5. Refrain joyeux; 6. Conte; 7. Consolation; 8. Orphelin; 9. En dansant;

Year	Opus	
		10. Heureux évènement; 11. Orientale; 12. Les nuages errants— <i>Leduc</i>
1928	119	Grandfather's Album, 17 children's pieces 1. Maman, ma bien aimée; 2. L'ancienne romance; 3. Goguenard; 4. Sur la prairie; 5. Danse russe; 6. Petite valse; 7. Conte triste; 8. Danse de l'hirondelle; 9. Conte de nounou; 10. Marche; 11. Le chaton malade; 12. A la promenade; 13. Sur la balançoire; 14. Petite ballade; 15. L'heureuse rencontre; 16. Le retour à la maison; 17 Les vacances— <i>Schott</i>
1930	123	Glass-Beads, 12 easy pieces 1. Morning Promenade; 2. Little Beggar; 3. Etude; 4. Sad Song; 5. On a Bicycle; 6. Waltz; 7. Difficult Work; 8. My First Ball; 9. Complaint; 10. On the Field; 11. With Mother; 12. Playing the Accordion— <i>Schott</i>
1930	127	Dew Drops, 16 children's pieces— <i>Schott</i>
1931	129	First Sonata in G Minor— <i>Schott</i>
1931	130	Russian Folk Dances (2 volumes)— <i>Schott</i>
1932	131	Sketchbook, 12 easy pieces— <i>Schott</i>
1932	133	Andriusha's Album, 10 children's pieces— <i>Eschig</i>
1932		Arabesques— <i>Eschig</i>
1933	138	Brimborions, 12 children's pieces 1. Travail du matin; 2. Une journée grise; 3. La fête; 4. Plainte; 5. En route! 6. Pastoral; 7. La demande; 8. Le soir; 9. En avant; 10. Mazurka; 11. Sévère réprimande; 12. L'adieu (Also for flute, or oboe, or clarinet and piano)— <i>Augener</i>
1933	139	Feuilles d'Album, 10 easy pieces— <i>Durand</i>
1933	141	Fragments Lyriques (Album of Nina), 10 miniatures— <i>Schott</i>
1934	143	Promenade au Bois (Suite Infantine No. 1)

Year	Opus	
		1. Préparation pour la promenade; 2. Toujours avec maman; 3. Danse des papillons; 4. Danse des grenouilles; 5. Danse des ours; 6. Les champignons s'en vont en guerre; 7. Il s'est égaré; 8. Fatigue; 9. Retour à la maison; 10. Au lit— <i>Leduc</i>
1934	145	Suite Miniature (Suite Enfantine No. 2) 1. Chanson d'aurore; 2. Chant d'artisan; 4. Bal champêtre; 5. Fanfare de coquelicots; 6. Vers la maison; 7. Souvenir de l'ami lointain; 8. Au foyer; 9. Phantasme; 10. Valse dans le soir— <i>Leduc</i>
1935	146	Aquarelles 1. Chant élégiaque; 2. Dixil; 3. Tendre prière; 4. Vision terrible; 5. Et danser, danser, danser . . . — <i>Augener</i>
1938	156	8 Simple Pieces— <i>Belaieff</i>
1942	167	4 Morceaux 1. Au lointain; 2. Joyeux retour; 3. Conte russe; 4. Orientale— <i>E. B. Marks</i>
1943	170	4 Piano Pieces for Children 1. See-saw; 2. Polka; 3. My first ball; 4. Berceuse— <i>Hargail</i>
1944	173	Petite Suite 1. Au lever du soleil; 2. Aveu; 3. Danse villageoise— <i>McLaughlin & Reilly</i>
1944	174	Second Sonata— <i>Axelrod</i>
1944	176	Petite Suite— <i>Century</i>
1947	182	Petits Tableaux Musicaux, 12 miniatures — <i>International</i>
1947	183	Au Foyer, 10 miniatures— <i>Boosey & Hawkes</i>
1947	184	2 Morceaux 1. Mélodie; 2. Bagatelle— <i>Manuscript</i>
1948	189	Gouaches, 3 easy pieces 1. At joyful work; 2. In solitude; 3. Encounter— <i>Leeds</i>
1950	194	3 Morceaux— <i>Manuscript</i>

Year	Opus	
1950	196	5 Miniatures— <i>Manuscript</i>
1950	197	Lettres Amicales, 6 easy pieces— <i>Manuscript</i>
1951	198	3 Pieces— <i>Manuscript</i>

Piano—Four Hands

1924	98	Children's Album, 15 pieces (Also for piano solo)— <i>Schott</i>
1924	99	On the Green Meadow, 10 children's pieces 1. On the green meadow; 2. Mother's song; 3. Ballad; 4. Lost in the woods; 5. On a walk; 6. Spring morning; 7. Fairy tale; 8. In the country; 9. In the mountains; 10. Serenade (Also for piano solo)— <i>Moscow State Publish- ing House</i>
1944		Etudes Progressives— <i>Manuscript</i>

Two Pianos—Four Hands

1906	18	2 Morceaux 1. Poème; 2. Cortège— <i>Manuscript</i>
	163	Kermesse, from Triptique— <i>Manuscript</i>

Two Pianos—Eight Hands

1918	81a	Sarabande and Gavotte, from In Modo Antico — <i>Manuscript</i>
1923	28a	15 Bashkirian Melodies (Also for flute, or violin, and piano)— <i>Moscow State Publishing House</i>

Organ

1938	158	3 Morceaux— <i>H. W. Gray</i>
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Harp

1943	150	6 Easy Pieces— <i>Manuscript</i>
1943	168	5 Easy Pieces— <i>E. B. Marks</i>

II. VOCAL MUSIC

Year	Opus	
Operas		
1895-1901	22	Dobrynya Nikititch, opera in 3 acts. First performance, Moscow, 17 October 1903— <i>Gutheil</i>
1908-1910	50	Sister Beatrice, opera in 3 scenes. First performance, Moscow, 25 October 1912— <i>Zimmermann</i>
1911	55	The Dream of a Little Christmas Tree, children's opera in 3 scenes— <i>Manuscript</i>
1921	92	The Castle Mouse, children's opera in one act— <i>Gutheil</i>
1919	103	The Cat, the Fox, and the Rooster, children's opera in one act— <i>Manuscript</i>
1945-1946	180	The Marriage, comic opera in 3 acts, after Gogol. First performance, third act only, Tanglewood, 1 August 1948; first complete performance, Paris, 8 October 1950— <i>Manuscript</i>

Stage Music

1898		Tsar Theodore, incidental music to a play by Alexey Tolstoy. First performance, Moscow Art Theater, 26 October 1898— <i>Manuscript</i>
1899		Death of Ivan the Terrible, incidental music to a play by Alexey Tolstoy— <i>Manuscript</i>
1899		Dreams, incidental music to a play by Nemirovitch-Dantchenko— <i>Manuscript</i>
1900	23	The Snow Maiden, stage music for a fairy tale by Ostrovsky. First performance, Moscow Art Theater, 6 November 1900— <i>Gutheil</i>

Cantatas, Liturgies and Masses

1893		Samson, cantata for 4 solo voices, chorus and orchestra, First performance, St. Petersburg, June 1893, composer conducting— <i>Manuscript</i>
1897	13	First Liturgy of St. John Chrysostom, for mixed

Year	Opus	
		chorus a cappella. First performance, Moscow, 19 October 1898— <i>Jurgenson</i>
1902	29	Second Liturgy of St. John Chrysostom, for chorus a cappella. First performance, Moscow, 2 March 1903— <i>Jurgenson</i>
1910		19 February 1861, cantata on the occasion of the 50th anniversary of the liberation of serfs, for 4 solo voices, chorus and orchestra. First performance, St. Petersburg, 19 February 1911— <i>Manuscript</i>
1914	65	Laudate Deum, cantata for tenor solo, mixed chorus, orchestra and organ. First performance, Moscow, 24 November 1915, Koussevitzky conducting— <i>Gutheil</i>
1917	79	Domestic Liturgy (Third Liturgy of St. John Chrysostom), for tenor and bass solo, chorus, string orchestra, organ and harp. First performance, Moscow, 30 March 1918— <i>Gutheil</i>
1936	142	Missa Oecumenica (Universal Mass), for 4 solo voices, chorus, organ and orchestra. First performance, 25 February 1944, Boston Symphony Orchestra, Koussevitzky conducting— <i>Manuscript</i>
1937	154	Missa Festiva, for mixed chorus and organ. First performance, Paris, April 1937, composer conducting— <i>Procure de Musique Religieuse</i>
1939	165	Mass, for women's voices or children's chorus and organ— <i>Manuscript</i>
1942	166	Et in Terra Pax, Mass for mixed chorus and organ— <i>McLaughlin & Reilly</i>
1943	169	Sancti Spiritu, Mass for mixed chorus and organ— <i>J. Fischer & Bro.</i>
1943	177	Novy Obihod (Fourth Liturgy of St. John Chrysostom), for mixed chorus— <i>Federated Russian Orthodox Clubs of America</i>
1946		The Lord Reigneth, cantata for mixed chorus and organ— <i>Manuscript</i>

Choruses A Cappella

Year	Opus	
1892	4	4 Choruses, mixed voices 1. Abendräte; 2. Im Abendrot; 3. Über'm Fluss; 4. Nord und Süd— <i>Belaieff</i>
1895	10	2 Choruses, women's voices 1. Die Nacht; 2. Der Lenz ist nah!— <i>Belaieff</i>
1895	11	2 Choruses, mixed voices 1. Herbst; 2. Flachs— <i>Belaieff</i>
1897	12	2 Tableaux, mixed voices 1. Après le coucher du soleil; 2. La nuit — <i>Belaieff</i>
1898	16	2 Melodies, mixed voices 1. Le matin dans les montagnes 2. Le soleil et la lune— <i>Belaieff</i>
1898	19	2 Sacred Choruses, mixed voices 1. As the Waves of the Sea 2. Oh, Be Joyful in the Lord!— <i>Jurgenson</i>
1905		To the Memory of the Fallen for Freedom, funeral march, mixed voices— <i>Manuscript</i>
1909	24	2 Sacred Choruses, mixed voices 1. The Lord, O My Soul! 2. Oh Gladsome Light!— <i>Jurgenson</i>
1901	26	Hear, O Lord, My Prayer, mixed voices — <i>Boston Music Co.</i>
1904	34	2 Sacred Choruses, mixed voices 1. Lord, now lettest; 2. Praise ye the Name of the Lord— <i>Jurgenson</i>
1905	36	2 Fables of Kryloff, men's voices 1. The Frog and the Bull; 2. The Swan, the Carp, and the Crawfish— <i>Moscow State Pub- lishing House</i>
1908	44	2 Sacred Choruses, mixed voices 1. Communion Service 2. Blessed art Thou— <i>Jurgenson</i>
1911	58	Passions, mixed voices. First performance, Mos- cow, 12 May 1911, composer conducting— <i>Jurgenson</i>

Year	Opus	
1912	59	Vespers, mixed voices. First performance, Moscow, 14 May 1912— <i>Jurgenson</i>
1913	71	2 Sacred Choruses, mixed voices— <i>Jurgenson</i>
1918	80	2 Sacred Choruses, mixed voices 1. Meet It Is; 2. The Lord's Prayer— <i>Gutheil</i>
1921	94	5 Sacred Choruses, mixed voices 1. Hymn to the Trinity; 2. Cherubim Song 3. Hymn to the Virgin; 4. The Lord's Prayer; 5. Communion Service— <i>Raymond A. Hoffman</i>
1926	105	2 Songs, children's chorus or women's voices —Moscow State Publishing House
1927	107	4 Sacred Choruses, mixed voices 1. The Lord's Prayer (also solo); 2. The Lord is My Light; 3. The Lord's Prayer (soprano solo); 4. Lord Have Mercy Upon Me!— <i>G. Schirmer</i>
1932	136	Blessed is the Man, mixed voices— <i>Oliver Ditson</i>
1935	148	2 Choruses, mixed voices 1. Ice Floes; 2. Rainbow— <i>H. W. Gray</i>
1935	149	2 Choruses, mixed voices 1. Echo; 2. Rhyme— <i>Oliver Ditson</i>
1935	151	2 Choruses, mixed voices 1. After the Storm 2. Faith Victorious— <i>Neil A. Kjos</i>
1940	162	3 Choruses for Funeral Service, mixed voices— <i>Manuscript</i> 2 Russian Folk Songs, mixed voices — <i>J. Fischer & Bro.</i> 5 Sacred Choruses, mixed voices 1. The Cherubic Hymn; 2. O Gladsome Light; 3. As the Waves of the Sea; 4. Only Begotten Son; 5. O Be Joyful in the Lord— <i>J. Fischer & Bro.</i> 6 Choruses, mixed voices 1. We Magnify Thee; 2. The Lord's Prayer; 3. The Lord is Gracious; 4. O, Willie Brew'd a Peck o' Malt; 5. Her Daddy Forbade; 6. Bannocks o' Bearmeal— <i>Neil A. Kjos</i>

Year	Opus	
		Nunc Dimittis, mixed voices— <i>Boston Music Co.</i>
		3 Choruses, mixed voices
		1. Have Mercy, O Lord; 2. Night; 3. My Native Land— <i>Carl Fischer</i>
		Hail, O Virgin, mixed voices— <i>C. C. Birchard</i>
		2 Sacred Choruses, mixed voices
		1. Vouchsafe, O Lord
		2. Long Life and Glory— <i>Galaxy</i>
		Hear Me, O Lord, mixed voices— <i>Boosey & Hawkes</i>
		11 Choruses, mixed voices
		1. Holy, Radiant Light; 2. Sun and Moon;
		3. Autumn; 4. Over the Steppe; 5. Lord, Have Mercy Upon Us; 6. O Gladsome Radiance; 7. Hymn to the Virgin; 8. The Lord's Prayer; 9. The Lord is My Light; 10. Cherubim Song; 11. A Poet's Monument— <i>G. Schirmer</i>
		13 Sacred Choruses, mixed voices
		1. To Thee, O Lord, I Cry; 2. I See Thy Kingdom; 3. O Lord, I Have Loved; 4. Cherubic Song; 5. Lord, I Have Cried Unto Thee; 6. Gladsome Radiance; 7. Praise Be the Name of the Lord; 8. Praise the Lord, O My Soul; 9. From My Youth; 10. O Plena Gratia; 11. Of Thy Mystical Supper; 12. The Coolie Song; 13. 3 Funeral Songs— <i>H. W. Gray</i>

Choruses With Accompaniment

1903	31	Ay-doo-dool, 6 Russian children's songs (Also for one or two voices and piano)— <i>Gutheil</i>
1907	40	The Little Brook, 4 melodies for children's voices — <i>Gutheil</i>
1908	45	In the Country, 4 children's choruses— <i>Gutheil</i>

Year	Opus	
1908	46	Four Seasons, 4 children's choruses 1. En hiver; 2. L'appel du printemps; 3. La récolte; 4. En automne— <i>Gutheil</i>
1914	66	L'Abeille, for children's chorus (Also for voice and piano)— <i>Gutheil</i>
1915	67	L'Alouette, 6 children's choruses— <i>Gutheil</i>
1929	90	2 Children's Choruses 1. Chant d'automne; 2. Le printemps est venu— <i>Moscow State Publishing House</i>
1929	121	2 Poems, for women's chorus (Also for soprano, contralto and piano)— <i>Manuscript</i>
1937	155	6 Motets, for mixed chorus and organ— <i>Procure de Musique Religieuse</i>
1941	164	2 Hebrew Psalms, for tenor solo, mixed voices and organ accompaniment 1. Adonoy; 2. Tov L'hodos— <i>Transcontinental</i>
1950	193	2 Sacred Choruses, for mixed chorus— <i>J. Fischer</i>
1950	195	3 Scotch Folk Songs, for women's chorus— <i>Leeds</i>

Vocal Quartets

1902	30	2 Vocal Quartets, for mixed voices a cappella— <i>Jurgenson</i>
1911	56	2 Male Quartets a cappella 1. Tote Schiffe; 2. Ruhiger Hafen— <i>Zimmer- mann</i>
1911	57	2 Quartets, for women's voices a cappella 1. Winterrauch; 2. In der Waldestiefe— <i>Zimmermann</i>
1912	60	Praise the Name of the Lord, for male voices— <i>Manuscript</i>
1917	77	3 Russian Folk Songs, for women's voices a cap- pella— <i>Gutheil</i>
1917	82	3 Ukrainian Folk Songs, for women's voices a cappella— <i>Moscow State Publishing House</i>

Year	Opus	
1939	187	Praise the Name of the Lord, 4 songs for men's voices and small orchestra— <i>Manuscript</i>

Vocal Duos

1897	17	2 Duos, for soprano, contralto and piano 1. Après l'orage. 2. Les rêves— <i>Belaieff</i>
1903	31	Ay-doo-doo!, 6 children's songs (Also for voice, or chorus, and piano)— <i>Gutheil</i>
1907	41	2 Duos, for soprano, contralto and piano 1. Winde Wehen; 2. Der Trauer Wald— <i>Gutheil</i>
1913	62	2 Duos, for soprano, contralto and piano 1. Mittagsschwüle; 2. Bei Sonnenuntergang— <i>Zimmermann</i>
1923	101	2 Vocalises, for soprano, contralto, violin, cello and harp (Also for vocal duo and piano)— <i>Hamel</i>
1929	121	2 Poems, for soprano, contralto and piano (Also for women's chorus and piano)— <i>Manuscript</i>

Voice and Orchestra

1901	21	At the Crossroads, musical scene for bass voice (Also for voice and piano)— <i>Moscow State Publishing House</i>
1903	32	Ne m'oubliez pas!, concert aria for low voice (Also for voice and piano)— <i>Gutheil</i>
1903	33	4 Fables of Kryloff, for medium voice (Also for voice and piano)— <i>Gutheil</i>
1907	42	La Lettre, concert aria for high voice (Also for voice and piano)— <i>Gutheil</i>
1908	47	Snowflakes, 10 children's songs (Also for voice and piano)— <i>Gutheil</i>
1914	68	2 Tableaux musicaux, for soprano

Year	Opus	
		(Also for voice and piano)— <i>Moscow State Publishing House</i>
1918	84	4 Belorussian Folk Songs, (Also for voice and piano)— <i>Schott</i>
1920	88	Bless Me, O Lord, concert aria for contralto (Also for voice and piano)— <i>Moscow State Publishing House</i>

Voice and Strings

1910	52	Feuilles Mortes, 3 sketches for contralto and string quartet 1. Les feuilles tombent; 2. Sous la bourrasque; 3. Apaisement— <i>Zimmermann</i>
1932		2 Melodies, for soprano, cello and harp 1. Un jour d'été; 2. Dernier amour— <i>Schott</i>

Voice and Piano

1887- 1892	1	5 Melodies 1. Nocturnal Voices; 2. When the Ax Falls; 3. The Convicts; 4. My Land; 5. Lullaby (No. 5 also for voice and string orchestra)— <i>Belaieff</i>
1893	5	4 Melodies 1. On the Steppe; 2. Night; 3. Why do the Leaves Fade?; 4. Epicedium (No. 1 also for voice and string orchestra)— <i>Belaieff</i>
1894	7	4 Melodies 1. Jadis tu m'as aimé; 2. Les larmes; 3. Le lointain; 4. Berceuse— <i>Belaieff</i>
1895	8	School of Singing, exercises and vocalises— <i>Oxford University Press</i>
1896	16	2 Mélodies 1. Cloches du soir; 2. La mort— <i>Belaieff</i>

Year	Opus	
1898	20	4 Mélodies 1. Soir 2. Le charmant rossignol 3. La nuit; 4. Le caïptif— <i>Belaieff</i>
1899		Musical Correspondence with Vasily Kalinnikov <i>Jurgenson</i>
1901	21	At the Crossroads, musical scene for bass (Also for voice and orchestra)— <i>Moscow State Publishing House</i>
1901	25	25 Mélodies Musulmanes— <i>Belaieff</i>
1903	31	Ay-doo-doo! 6 Russian children's songs 1. Ay-doo-doo; 2. The Call of the Spring 3. The Oak; 4. The Goat; 5. Berceuse; 6. Ding, dong (Also for two voices or chorus and piano)— <i>Gutheil</i>
1903	32	Ne m'oubliez pas!, concert aria (Also for voice and orchestra)— <i>Gutheil</i>
1903	33	4 Fables of Kryloff 1. Musicians; 2. The Peasant and the Sheep; 3. The Eagle and the Bee; 4. The Bear's Dinner (Also for voice and orchestra)— <i>Gutheil</i>
1905	35	2 Tableaux Musicaux 1. Le jeu de la Baguette; 2. Le Collecteur pour la Cloche— <i>Gutheil</i>
1906	39	The Little Rooster, 20 children's songs— <i>Manu- script</i>
1907	42	La Lettre, concert aria (Also for voice and orchestra)— <i>Gutheil</i>
1907	43	Autumnal Sketches 1. September; 2. October— <i>Gutheil</i>
1908	47	Snowflakes, 10 children's songs 1. Flocons de neige; 2. Les rameaux; 3. Le petit veau; 4. Au bois; 5. Le petit poucet; 6. Gnomes; 7. La nuit; 8. Gel; 9. La perce- neige; 10. Chanson de la fée— <i>Gutheil</i>

Year	Opus	
1909	48	Les Fleurs du Mal, 5 poems of Baudelaire 1. Hymne; 2. L'invitation au voyage; 3. Je t'adore; 4. Harmonie du soir; 5. La mort— <i>Gutheil</i>
1909	49	20 Scotch Songs— <i>Zimmermann</i>
1910	51	Poème Dramatique, 7 songs for high voice 1. Widmung; 2. All mein Sinnen verschloss eine Zelle; 3. Waldwärts geh' stumm ich; 4. In der Fremde; 5. Zur Abendzeit, die allen Lärm verscheucht; 6. Ja, leiden müssen wir; 7. Eine Seele ist verzogen— <i>Zimmermann</i>
1910	54	Ad Astra, 5 poems 1. Prélude; 2. Je souffre encore; 3. Longtemps d'un masque; 4. Midi; 5. Silentium— <i>Zimmermann</i>
1913	63	Crépuscule, 5 melodies for medium voice 1. Der Alp; 2. Verdross'nen Sinn; 3. Nicht weiss ich; 4. Am Waldesrande; 5. Es träumte mir— <i>Zimmermann</i>
1913	64	Aus der Guten Alten Zeit 1. Liebeserklärung; 2. Der Zank; 3. Erinnerung— <i>Gutheil</i>
1914	66	L'Abeille 1. L'Abeille; 2. La Pluie; 3. L'Arc-en-ciel; 4. Dieu t'a créé; 5. Carillon; 6. Berceuse (Also for children's chorus and piano)— <i>Gutheil</i>
1914	68	2 Tableaux Musicaux, for soprano coloratura 1. Lada; 2. Phoenix (Also for voice and orchestra)— <i>Moscow State Publishing House</i>
1914	69	2 Chants de Lada, for coloratura soprano 1. Vers la Pluie; 2. Vers la Rosée— <i>Moscow State Publishing House</i>
1914	72	Le Calme 1. Le calme; 2. Dans la forêt; 3. Le soir;

Year	Opus	
		4. La nuit; 5. Par un brouillard; 6. En languissant— <i>Moscow State Publishing House</i>
1915	73	Triptique, 3 poems by Viatcheslav Ivanov 1. A l'ombre du cyprès; 2. Le puits; 3. Resurrection— <i>Gutheil</i>
1915	74	6 Melodies, to words by Tiutchev and Viatcheslav Ivanov 1. Tout se répète; 2. La reposante humidité du lac attendri; 3. La Sainte Nuit; 4. Au Printemps; 5. L'embarquement amoureux; 6. Que ton ombre brille— <i>Gutheil</i>
1916	76	Chansons de Hafise, for high voice 1. Ne me tente pas, chérie; 2. A nous deux; 3. Question subtile; 4. Il est tant de langages; 5. Oh, si j'étais un lac nocturne— <i>Gutheil</i>
1917	83	2 Belorussian Elegies 1. Destiny; 2. Misery— <i>Moscow State Publishing House</i>
1917		Hymn of Free Russia— <i>Gutheil</i>
1918	84	4 Belorussian Folk Songs 1. Spring; 2. Koupalinka; 3. Lullaby; 4. The Cuckoo (Also for voice and orchestra)— <i>Schott</i>
1919	85	The Brown Hen, 6 children's songs— <i>Gutheil</i>
1920	88	Bless Me, O Lord, concert aria for contralto (Also for voice and orchestra)— <i>Moscow State Publishing House</i>
1920	89	La Sente, 5 children's songs 1. Le docteur Carabe; 2. La première neige; 3. La sente; 4. Le chat; 5. La berceuse du vent— <i>Gutheil</i>
1920	91	2 Russian Folk Songs 1. Sur les monts; 2. Aux premiers rayons du soleil— <i>Schott</i>
1922	93	7 Melodies, to Pushkin's words 1. Prière; 2. Consolateur ailé; 3. La fleur;

Year	Opus	
		4. Ne cherche pas pourquoi; 5. Sanglotant, la jeune fille; 6. Déclaration; 7. Postumia— <i>Gutheil</i>
1923	95	Under the Crescent Moon, 4 children's songs to Tagore's poems 1. Beruf; 2. Papierschiffchen; 3. Mitgefühl; 4. Woher bin ich dir kommen?— <i>Breitkopf & Härtel</i>
1923	96	Ladushki (Patacakes), 7 children's songs— <i>Universal</i>
1923	97	6 Melodies, for high voice 1. Le chalumeau; 2. La jeune fille dans la tour; 3. Epitaphe I; 4. Epitaphe II; 5. Ovide en exil; 6. Un soir— <i>Schott</i>
1926	106	Les Fleurs d'Automne 1. Les fleurs d'automne; 2. Les trois sources; 3. Je ne vous pleure pas; 4. Je vous aimais; 5. La rose et le rossignol; 6. "Toi" et "vous"; 7. Que t'importe mon nom?; 8. Amour éternel— <i>Schott</i>
1927	111	3 Chants Populaires— <i>Manuscript</i>
1927	114	5 Melodies to Lermontoff's words 1. To you; 2. Through Dark Midnight Skies; 3. Lo, in the Spreading Field; 4. I hear, I see. . .; 5. The Stars— <i>G. Schirmer</i>
1929	120	2 Russian Folk Songs 1. Les cloches de Novgorod 2. Tout le long de la plaine— <i>Schott</i>
1929	122	Lady Bird, 4 children's songs 1. Lady Bird; 2. Solomon Grundy; 3. Twinkle Little Star; 4. Three Little Kittens— <i>Manuscript</i>
1933		Polka-Vocalise— <i>Durand</i>
1933	135	3 Mélodies, for high voice 1. Dans les espaces célestes; 2. L'ange; 3. Vers l'au-delà— <i>Belaieff</i>
1934		Agnus Dei, for voice and organ— <i>Hamelle</i>

Year	Opus	
1935	144	8 Belorussian Folk Songs— <i>Moscow State Publishing House</i>
1936	152	3 Chants Elégiaques, for high voice 1. Le Printemps; 2. Derniers adieux; 3. Combien de fois dans mon enfance— <i>Belaieff</i>
1938	157	2 Chansons à Boire, for bass voice, to Pushkin's words 1. Coupe d'honneur; 2. Coupe de l'amitié— <i>Belaieff</i>
1939	160	Sonetti Romani, to words by Viatcheslav Ivanov 1. Piazza di Spagna; 2. Fontana Tartarougha; 3. Fontana Tritone; 4. Il Tramontare del Soli al Pincio; 5. Fontana Trevi (Also for voice and orchestra; also for small chorus and piano or orchestra)— <i>Belaieff</i>
1945	179	2 Mélodies, for mezzo-soprano 1. A l'étranger; 2. Volonté— <i>Manuscript</i>
1946	181	3 Prayers, for mezzo-soprano— <i>Manuscript</i>
1951		Tu as brisé mon pauvre coeur— <i>Société Anonyme des Grandes Editions Musicales</i>

17 Songs published by *Gutheil*

1. Pareille à l'ange
2. J'entends la chanson
3. La sirène
4. Les oiseaux
5. J'aurais voulu passer
6. Si tu voulais, enfant
7. Somnolence
8. Tout s'endort
9. La lettre
10. Les champs s'endorment
11. Une crépuscule magique
12. Je t'aimais alors

13. Le silence
14. Souriant à mes rêves
15. Le coeur stupide
16. Sois joyeux, o mon coeur oiseau
17. Dans le royaume des roses et du vin

5 Songs

1. Crépuscule
2. Lamentation de Yaroslavna
3. Arise!
4. D'abord j'ai souffert
5. Les oeilletons roses

A Song of Spring—*Oxford*
 The Merry Month of May—*Sam Fox*

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Works With Opus Number

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|------|----|--------------------------------------|
| Opus | 1 | 5 Melodies (vocal) |
| | 2 | First String Quartet |
| | 3 | Pastels, 1st Album, (piano) |
| | 4 | 4 Choruses (a cappella) |
| | 5 | 4 Melodies (vocal) |
| | 6 | First Symphony |
| | 7 | 4 Melodies (vocal) |
| | 8 | School of Singing (vocal) |
| | 9 | Regrets (violin) |
| | 10 | 2 Choruses (a cappella) |
| | 11 | 2 Choruses (a cappella) |
| | 12 | 2 Tableaux (chorus a cappella) |
| | 13 | First Liturgy of St. John Chrysostom |
| | 14 | Meditation (violin) |
| | 15 | 2 Melodies (vocal) |
| | 16 | 2 Melodies (chorus a cappella) |
| | 17 | 2 Duos (vocal duo) |
| | 18 | 2 Morceaux (2 pianos—4 hands) |
| | 19 | 2 Sacred Choruses (a cappella) |

- 20 4 Melodies (vocal)
- 21 At the Crossroads (vocal)
- 22 Dobrinya Nikititch (opera)
- 23 The Snowmaiden (stage music)
- 24 2 Sacred Choruses (a cappella)
- 25 25 Mélodies musulmanes (vocal)
- 26 Hear, O Lord, My Prayer (chorus a cappella)
- 27 Second Symphony
- 28 15 Bashkirian Melodies (violin or flute)
(See also 2 pianos-8 hands)
- 29 Second Liturgy of St. John Chrysostom
- 30 2 Vocal Quartets
- 31 Ay-doo-doo (vocal)
- 32 Ne m'oubliez pas! (vocal)
- 33 4 Fables of Kryloff (vocal)
- 34 2 Sacred Choruses (a cappella)
- 35 2 Tableaux musicaux (vocal)
- 36 2 Fables of Kryloff (chorus a cappella)
- 37 2 Morceaux (piano)
- 38 First Trio
- 39 The Little Rooster (vocal)
- 40 The Little Brook (chorus)
- 41 2 Duos (vocal duo)
- 42 La lettre (vocal)
- 43 Autumnal Sketches (vocal)
- 44 2 Sacred Choruses (a cappella)
- 45 In the Country (chorus)
- 46 Four Seasons (chorus)
- 47 Snowflakes (vocal)
- 48 Les Fleurs du mal (vocal)
- 49 20 Scotch Songs (vocal)
- 50 Sister Beatrice (opera)
- 51 Poeme dramatique (vocal)
- 52 Feuilles mortes (vocal)
- 53 4 Mazurkas (piano)
- 54 Ad Astra (vocal)
- 55 Dream of a Little Christmas Tree (opera)
- 56 2 Male Quartets (a cappella)
- 57 2 Female Quartets (a cappella)

- 58 Passions (chorus a cappella)
- 59 Vespers (chorus a cappella)
- 60 Praise the Name of the Lord! (male quartet or chorus)
- 61 Pastels, 2nd Album (piano)
- 62 2 Duos (vocal duos)
- 63 Crépuscule (vocal)
- 64 From the Good Old Time (vocal)
- 65 Laudate Deum (cantata)
- 66 L'abeille (vocal)
- 67 L'alouette (children's chorus)
- 68 2 Tableaux musicaux (vocal)
- 69 2 Chants de Lada (vocal)
- 70 Second String Quartet
- 70^a Largo and Finale (string orchestra)
- 71 2 Sacred Choruses (a cappella)
- 72 Le calme (vocal)
- 73 Triptique (vocal)
- 74 6 Melodies (vocal)
- 75 Third String Quartet
- 76 Chansons de Hafise (vocal)
- 77 3 Russian Folk Songs (women's voices)
- 78 Moments lyriques (piano)
- 79 Domestic (Third) Liturgy
- 80 2 Sacred Choruses (chorus a cappella)
- 81 In Modo Antico (violin)
- 82 3 Ukrainian Folk Songs (vocal quartet)
- 83 2 Belorussian Elegies (vocal)
- 84 4 Belorussian Folk Songs (vocal)
- 85 The Brown Hen (vocal)
- 86 Suite (cello)
- 87 First Sonata (violin)
- 88 Bless Me O Lord (vocal)
- 89 La sente (vocal)
- 90 2 Children's Choruses
- 91 2 Russian Folk Songs (vocal)
- 92 The Castle Mouse (opera)
- 93 7 Melodies (vocal)
- 94 5 Sacred Choruses (a cappella)
- 95 Under the Crescent Moon (vocal)

- 96 Ladushki (vocal)
- 97 6 Melodies (vocal)
- 98 Children's Album (piano-4 hands)
- 99 On the Green Meadow (piano-4 hands)
- 100 Third Symphony
- 101 2 Vocalises (vocal duos)
- 102 Fourth Symphony
- 103 The Cat, the Fox and the Rooster (children's opera)
- 104 3 Miniatures (piano)
- 105 2 Songs (chorus a cappella)
- 106 Les Fleurs d'automne (vocal)
- 107 4 Sacred Choruses (a cappella)
- 108 4 Morceaux (violin)
- 109 A Child's Day (piano)
- 110 2 Sonatinas (piano)
- 111 3 Chants populaires (vocal)
- 112 Baguettes (piano)
- 113 Sonata in E major (cello)
- 114 5 Melodies (vocal)
- 115 Pensées fugitives (piano)
- 116 3 Pieces (piano)
- 117 Idylle Forestière (small orchestra)
- 118 Historiettes (piano)
- 119 Grandfather's Album (piano)
- 120 2 Russian Folk Songs (vocal)
- 121 2 Poems (vocal duo)
- 122 Lady Bird (vocal)
- 123 Glass-beads (piano)
- 124 Fourth String Quartet
- 125 Bashkiria (flute and harp)
- 126 De bon matin (violin or cello)
- 127 Dew Drops (piano)
- 128 Second Trio in G major
- 129 First Sonata (piano)
- 130 Russian Folk Dances (piano)
- 131 Sketchbook (piano)
- 132 Concerto (violin)
- 133 Andriusha's Album (piano)
- 134 3 Morceaux (violin)

135	3 Melodies (vocal)
136	Blessed is the Man (chorus a cappella)
137	Second Sonata (violin)
138	Brimborions (piano)
139	Feuilles d'Album (piano)
140	Scherzo (quintet)
141	Fragments lyriques (piano)
142	Missa Oecumenica
143	Suite enfantine (piano)
144	8 Belorussian Folk Songs (vocal)
145	Suite miniature (clarinet)
146	Aquarelles (piano)
147	Rhapsody (orchestra)
148	2 Choruses (a cappella)
149	2 Choruses (a cappella)
150	6 Easy Pieces (harp)
151	2 Choruses (a cappella)
152	3 Chants élégiaques (vocal)
153	Fifth Symphony
154	Missa Festiva
155	6 Motets
156	8 Easy Pieces (piano)
167	2 Chansons à boire (vocal)
158	3 Morceaux (organ)
159	Concerto di Camera (flute and chamber orchestra)
160	Sonetti Romani (vocal)
161	First Sonata (clarinet or viola)
162	3 Choruses
163	Triptique (string orchestra)
164	2 Hebrew Psalms (chorus)
165	Mass
166	Et in Terra Pax (Mass)
167	3 Morceaux (piano)
168	5 Easy Pieces (harp)
169	Sancti Spiritu (Mass)
170	4 Piano Pieces for Children
171	Concertino (2 recorders or 2 clarinets)
172	Second Sonata (clarinet)
172a	Septette

- 173 Petite Suite (piano)
- 174 Second Sonata (piano)
- 175 Poème élégiaque (orchestra)
- 176 Petite Suite (piano)
- 177 Novy Obihod (Fourth Liturgy of St. John Chrysostom)
- 178 Festival Overture (orchestra)
- 179 2 Melodies (vocal)
- 180 The Marriage (opera)
- 181 3 Prayers (vocal)
- 182 Petits Tableaux musicaux (piano)
- 183 Au Foyer (piano)
- 184 2 Morceaux (piano)
- 185 Poème lyrique (orchestra)
- 186 6 Russian Folk Songs (orchestra)
- 187 Praise the Name of the Lord (chorus)
- 188 Rondo (balalaika)
- 189 Gouaches (piano)
- 190 Valse de Concert (orchestra)
- 191 Poème (violin)
- 192 Melodie (cello)
- 193 2 Sacred Choruses
- 194 3 Morceaux (piano)
- 195 3 Scotch Folk Songs (chorus)
- 196 5 Miniatures (piano)
- 197 Lettres amicales (piano)
- 198 3 Pieces (piano)
- 199 Sonata (balalaika)

Works Without Opus Number

Agnus Dei (vocal)
 Arabesques (piano)
 Arise! (vocal)
 As the Waves of the Sea (chorus a cappella)
 Autumn (chorus a cappella)
 Bannocks o' Bearmeal (chorus a cappella)
 Les champs s'endorment (vocal)
 The Cherubic Hymn Chorus (a cappella)
 Cherubic Song (chorus a cappella)

Cherubim Song (chorus a cappella)
 Le cœur stupide (vocal)
 Concert Overture (orchestra)
 The Coolie Song (song a cappella)
 Crépuscule (vocal)
 Une crépuscule magique (vocal)
 Dans le royaume des roses et du vin (vocal)
 Danza (piano)
 D'abord j'ai souffert (vocal)
 Death of Ivan the Terrible (stage music)
 Dreams (stage music)
 Elegy in Memory of Tchaikovsky (orchestra)
 Etudes progressives (piano—4 hands)
 From My Youth (chorus a cappella)
 3 Funeral Songs (chorus a cappella)
 Gladsome Radiance (chorus a cappella)
 Hail, O Virgin (chorus a cappella)
 Have Mercy, O Lord (chorus a cappella)
 Hear Me, O Lord (chorus a cappella)
 Her Daddy Forbade (chorus a cappella)
 Holy, Radiant Light (chorus a cappella)
 Hymn of Free Russia (vocal)
 Hymn to the Virgin (chorus a cappella)
 I See Thy Kingdom (chorus a cappella)
 J'aurais voulu passer (vocal)
 J'entends la chanson (vocal)
 Je t'aime alors (vocal)
 Lamentation de Yaroslavna (vocal)
 La lettre (vocal)
 Long Life and Glory (chorus a cappella)
 Lord, Have Mercy Upon Us (chorus a cappella)
 Lord, I Have Cried Unto Thee (chorus a cappella)
 The Lord is Gracious (chorus a cappella)
 The Lord is My Light (chorus a cappella)
 The Lord Reigneth (cantata)
 The Lord's Prayer (chorus a cappella)
 2 Melodies (voice and strings)
 The Merry Month of May (vocal)
 Musical Correspondence with Vasily Kalinnikov (vocal)

My Native Land (chorus a cappella)
 Night (chorus a cappella)
 19 February 1861 (cantata)
 Nunc Dimittis (chorus a cappella)
 O Be Joyful in the Lord (chorus a cappella)
 O Gladsome Light (chorus a cappella)
 O Gladsome Radiance (chorus a cappella)
 O Lord, I Have Loved (chorus a cappella)
 O Plena Gratia (chorus a cappella)
 O, Willie Brew'd a Peck o' Malt (chorus a cappella)
 Les œillets roses (vocal)
 Of Thy Mystical Supper (chorus a cappella)
 Les oiseaux (vocal)
 Only Begotten Son (chorus a cappella)
 Over the Steppe (chorus a cappella)
 Pareille à l'ange (vocal)
 A Poet's Monument (chorus a cappella)
 Polka-Vocalise (vocal)
 Praise be the Name of the Lord (chorus a cappella)
 Praise the Lord, O My Soul (chorus a cappella)
 2 Russian Folk Songs (chorus a cappella)
 Samson (cantata)
 Si tu voulais, enfant (vocal)
 Le silence (vocal)
 La sirene (vocal)
 Sois joyeux, o mon cœur oiseau (vocal)
 Somnolence (vocal)
 A Song of Spring (vocal)
 Souriant à mes rêves (vocal)
 Sun and Moon (chorus a cappella)
 Symphonic Suite from Dobrynya Nikititch (orchestra)
 To the Memory of the Fallen for Freedom (chorus a cappella)
 To Thee, O Lord, I Cry (chorus a cappella)
 Tout s'endort (vocal)
 Tsar Theodore (stage music)
 Tu as brisé mon cœur (vocal)
 Vers la victoire (orchestra)
 Vouchsafe, O Lord (chorus a cappella)
 We Magnify Thee (chorus a cappella)

Frontispiece photograph by Oleg Cherny